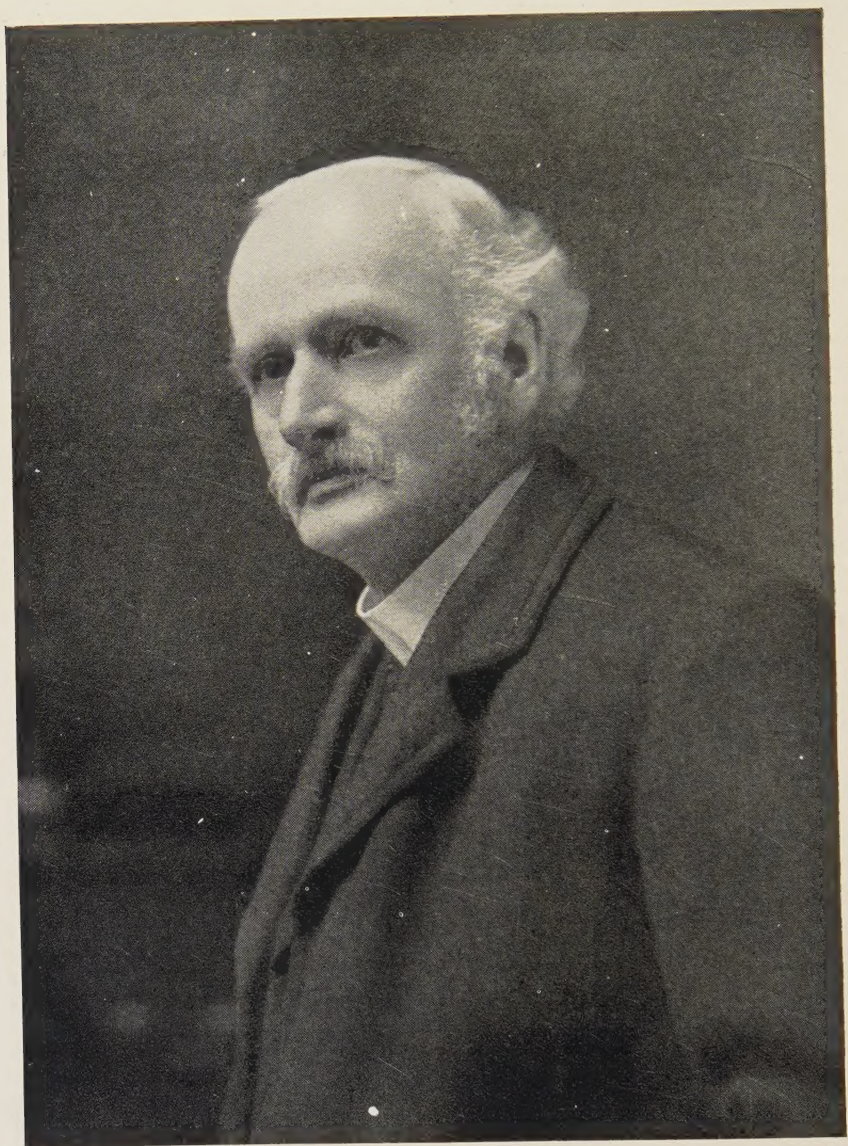


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Yours Most Sincerely  
Henry Jones

*Photo, Annan & Sons, Glasgow*

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF  
**SIR HENRY JONES**

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY IN  
THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

BY

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THE SOUTH-WEST OF ENGLAND, EXETER

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## PREFACE

IN the autumn of 1922 Lady Jones put into my hands the manuscripts of many essays and lectures (some of them unpublished) by the late Sir Henry Jones. Along with these were copies of a large number of his letters to friends which had been sent to his son, Mr. E. H. Jones, in response to a request in the Press, and also a number of private letters and papers. Lady Jones entrusted to me the duty of preparing for publication a selection of this material, and of writing a short biographical introduction. It was hoped that it might be possible to issue the biography, letters and essays in a single volume. It was found, however, that such a volume would be inconveniently large. I have therefore reserved the essays for a second volume, which will shortly be published under the title *Essays on Literature and Education*. This present volume contains five biographical chapters, a short account of Sir Henry Jones's philosophical position, a selection of his letters to friends and to his children, and a short Memoir which he wrote of his son Will, soon after Will's death in 1906. This last I have included with some hesitation. It was meant only for his children's eyes. But its literary and philosophical interest, as well as the light which it throws on Jones's life in his family circle, have moved me to avail myself of Lady Jones's permission to print it.

On Lady Jones's behalf, as well as on my own, I have to thank all those friends who were kind enough to give access to the letters written to them by Sir Henry Jones. These letters were of the greatest value as sources of biographical material. Reference is made in the text to only a small proportion of them. But those to which no reference is made were also of great service.

Most other obligations I must perforce leave without explicit acknowledgment. Many of Sir Henry Jones's pupils and friends have sent me helpful notes on various points. Occasional indications of these are given in the text, but these do not exhaust the number which I have used. I may mention especially the recollections of particular periods or incidents written by Mr. Jenkin Jones, headmaster of Brynamman Council School, Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter, Sir Henry A. Miers, Sir Harry R. Reichel, Dr. Thomas Jones, Mr. J. R. Peddie, and Professor J. H. Muirhead. Professor Muirhead also read the whole of my manuscript with the most friendly and critical care, and made many improvements in it. Mr. E. H. Jones and Dr. I. Levine, Lecturer in Philosophy in this College, have given me much help in seeing the book through the Press. The index is the work of Dr. Levine. My greatest debt of all, however, is to Miss E. M. Mahler, who collected, copied, and arranged the great number of letters which were received, and made a first selection from them. Her most patient, accurate, and judicious help substantially lessened the work of writing the book. I am deeply grateful to her for her unfailing assistance.

I have also to thank Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Messrs. MacLehose, Jackson & Co., Messrs. Williams & Norgate, and Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, the publishers of Sir Henry Jones's books and articles, for permission to quote as freely as I wished. The publishers of the *International Journal of Ethics* have allowed me to quote some sentences from an article of my own which appeared in that journal in January 1923.

H. J. W. HETHERINGTON.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, EXETER,  
June 1924.

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I

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH



## CHAPTER I

### PREPARATION : 1852-1882

THE life of Sir Henry Jones was marked by more colour and a greater variety of outward incident than is usual in the case of one whose main business was philosophical reflection and teaching. It divides itself easily into two long episodes. The first may be said to end with his appointment, at the age of thirty-two, as Professor of Philosophy in the University College of North Wales, Bangor. Thereafter, though his life was seldom empty of zestful and often controversial enterprises, he had at least a secure place and a settled task in the world, and access to the means of doing what he desired to do. He was successively Professor at Bangor, St. Andrews, and Glasgow. But the greater part of his early life was spent in an adventurous and most toilsome struggle for the opportunity of higher education. The story of these years is of the kind that is not unfamiliar to the people especially of Scotland and Wales; for in both countries there have been many men whose love of learning carried them in the face of great difficulty from very humble circumstances to high distinction in science or scholarship or in the professions or public services of the nation. But it belongs to a time that is passing; for with the increase of the public provision for education, a smoother and more friendly way to learning has been opened to ambitious and capable youth. No doubt the struggle did something to prove and sharpen the quality of a man; but Henry Jones himself was certain that the easier was the better way. To help in giving to boys such as he had been a better chance of education, early became one of his most central motives and purposes, and his own life-story was a powerful instrument in the hands of others in shaping a generous educational policy in Wales. In 1880, at the age of twenty-eight, soon after taking his degree in Glasgow,

he wrote a short account of the preceding fifteen years to a friend who wished to use his story in pleading for an enlargement of the means of Welsh education. He ends the letter with these words: 'My health, broken with my last struggle, is again restored;—and I live with the hope of working on. Many have worked more constantly, but few have worked more intensely. I have found kindness on every hand, always; but had I failed in a single instance I should have met with entire bankruptcy. Failure would have been ruinous. Make use, my friend, of any or all of these facts. I have had a kind of melancholy pleasure in looking back upon them. I thank God for the struggle, but would not like to see a dog try it again. There are scores of lads in Wales that would creep up, but they can't. Poverty lays too heavy a hand upon them. If this letter is foolishly frank, burn it and forgive me. But would that it could do some good!'

From the point of view of Wales, therefore, and of Henry Jones's influence on his fellow-countrymen, the record of the first thirty years is perhaps more significant than that of the succeeding forty. And they were, of course, of the highest importance in forming both his character and his thought. Happily, he has himself left an account of them, far more vivid than could be given by any other pen. The recreation of the last year of his life was to commit to paper his *Old Memories*; <sup>1</sup> and that radiant little book, written in the midst of severe physical pain and mental toil, but unclouded by a single trace of suffering or strain, will take rank as a classic of Welsh life. It is permissible, therefore, to restrict this record of the early period to an outline of the salient events and influences.

Henry Jones was born on 30th November 1852 at Llangernyw, a remote upland village in Denbighshire—a district that has given richly to the intellectual and spiritual life of Wales. His father, Elias Jones, was the village shoemaker; but his ancestors, on both sides, were all either small farmers or farm labourers. They gave to their descendant a bodily endurance and vitality which served him well in all the heavy calls he made upon his

<sup>1</sup> Published by Hodder and Stoughton, 1922.



physical strength. Both Elias Jones and his wife, Elizabeth Williams, were remarkable people. They had that refinement of mind which is sometimes found among the best of a peasant people when the pressing and constant duties of the home and the experiences of family life have been dignified and illumined by a profoundly religious habit of thought. The home was small and crowded, and it needed the most skilful management on the mother's part to feed and clothe her growing household on the family income of not much more than £1 a week. But the leaden hand of poverty was never laid upon them. The fare was of the simplest, but it was not meagre. Clothing was 'made down' from the elder to the younger children, but it was serviceable. Henry Jones was over sixteen when he had his first *new* jacket; and when at the age of eighteen he went to Bangor Normal College to sit the entrance examination, he wore a suit borrowed from his elder brother. But though there was little in the way of comfort or convenience, and not a vestige of softness or luxury, the necessaries of life were plentifully provided. And above all, when the boys of the house were bent on trying their powers of flight, they found understanding and sympathy for their ambitions, and encouragement in their work. Material aid there was and could be none. But the spiritual air was free and light.

The father and mother had diverse gifts, and all his life long their son held their memory in veneration. The most striking photograph on the walls of the professor's private room in Glasgow was that of his father; and it kindled many a talk of the ancient days. As the years passed, the physical resemblance between Henry Jones himself and his father's photograph became more and more notable; and it is certain that his father was one of the strongest and most formative influences in his life. Jones thus describes his home: <sup>1</sup>—'The strain, the disposition, the temperament, the character, the whole outlook on life and the way of living it, of the sides of my parentage were distinctly different. On the one side [his mother's] the whole make and bent of the soul, its natural tendencies and its history, were of the religious type. There was

<sup>1</sup> *Old Memories*, p. 16.

intuition, passion, yearning after perfection, imagination of what the best might be, and the pursuit of it; and the soul was so dedicated to the things "beyond," that *this* life, with its opportunities and chances and even ethical obligations, was in the background. On my father's side, on the other hand, we had the thoroughly secular but also thoroughly moral spirit. Honesty, simplicity, industry, truthfulness, fidelity, and above all an abounding neighbourliness and kindness, were the ruling powers. A "slack" job never passed through my father's hands.' The reminiscences of a contemporary of Jones's confirm in part this account of the home: 'There was very little of the artist about Betsy Jones, either in herself or in the way she arranged her house. But there was much of the artist in Elias. He had more the appearance of an artist coming from his studio than of a shoemaker from his bench.'<sup>1</sup>

There is no doubt that the father was the stronger influence. It is clear, indeed, not only from the testimony of his son, but from the part which he played in the religious and social life of the little community, that Elias Jones, though not strongly intellectual, was a man of unusual firmness and sincerity of character and of great modesty of soul. He had, too, a gift of happy and playful friendliness to children, which was part of his son's inheritance. In the last years of his life Henry Jones had no more devoted friends than the school-children of Tighnabruaich, the Argyllshire village where he made his home. Every walk he took was interrupted by his joining a group of children in a game, or telling them some marvellous story, or initiating some cheerful and harmless mischief. He remarked more than once that he could endure any form of evil except the unhappiness of little children; and his wrath was slow to cool against any one or anything which caused them to stumble. In this, no doubt, his father spoke again. And perhaps in deeper things too—in his profound belief in the beneficence of duty, and in the unfailing spiritual good that comes from the simple doing of what is next to hand—the thought of his father

<sup>1</sup> Rev. R. Dewi Williams, Clynog, *Y Cymro*, February 8, 1922. Jones would probably not have agreed with this account of his mother. Cf. *Old Memories*, p. 17.

was never far from his mind. The central theme of his later ethical writing is that morality is not the sphere of 'hazard and hardship,' but of secure and peaceful and self-sufficient attainment;<sup>1</sup> and he knew that this way to the good is open to all the pure in heart.

Both parents passed the common span of human life, and saw their son inaugurate his professorship in Glasgow.<sup>2</sup> During their lifetime Jones spent some part of every year in Llangernyw, and their home became a centre of the affections of his children as well as of himself. Of the children born to Elias and Betsy Jones, only two survived them—Henry and his brother John. One daughter died in infancy, another in early middle life. The eldest of the family, William, spent the greater part of his working life in the skilful and industrious practice of his calling as a gardener at Whitchurch in Shropshire. He died in 1885, before he was forty. John also was a gardener, for many years employed by Sir Harry Reichel, Principal of the University College at Bangor, in which his younger brother began his professorial career. The two brothers therefore saw a good deal of one another, and, widely as their ways of life diverged, their childhood's companionship did not fall into disrepair. On John's death in 1912 his brother felt keenly the breaking of this long association: 'I played with him as a child; he was my guide and captain and sovereign ruler for many a year, and I have tried to care something for him and his afterwards, so that the threads of our lives intercrossed a great deal. Many a love-ruled struggle we had, both when we were bairns and when we were grey-headed and might have been wiser than we were. And now, I alone am left of our household.'

Such was the family circle in which Henry Jones spent his earliest years. His world enlarged as he grew older. The strongest influences of later life as well as the scene of his life's work he found in Scotland. But his ancestry and his first environment were wholly Welsh, and he was himself all his life long immutably and unmistakably Keltic in disposition and in temperament. It is true that the Keltic mind is far more richly sensitive and imaginative than reflective; and even when, as in Jones's case, it turns seriously to the business of

<sup>1</sup> *A Faith that Enquires*, chap. x.

<sup>2</sup> See letter, p. 191.

reflection, its bent and its product are profoundly affected by its native quality. But there is inherent in it a certain force of spiritual energy. Body and mind are finely attuned, so that every kind of physical stimulus awakens lively reactions in the soul, and spiritual activity is natural and constant. The Welsh in particular seem to be extraordinarily responsive to the impact of sight and sound. Their perceptive and emotional life is amazingly vibrant and vivid. Henry Jones had all these gifts of his race. His restless energy seldom let him be still and silent, but often enough he would stand motionless and entranced at the sound of the wind in the trees ; and he could be moved almost to tears by the beauty of a landscape as he walked the hills in Argyllshire or in North Wales. Except in poetry, and to a less extent in music, he had no great interest in the fine arts. But natural beauty stirred him greatly. In later life he was wont to hold that in itself it was proof enough of the presence and loving-kindness of God. It seemed to him so much a gift of grace—so unnecessary in a merely mechanical world—that its abundant ministry showed that our world is not mechanical but the work ‘ of the limitless benevolence of a munificent will.’<sup>1</sup>

The main influence on the heads of this little Welsh household, and through them on their children, was undoubtedly their religion. The service of religion in Wales is adorned by two great native arts—song and oratory ; and the latter was perhaps almost at the full tide of its power during Henry Jones’s childhood. The great John Elias was a very recent memory ; John Jones, Talsarn, died in 1857. And the religious enthusiasms aroused by these men—the most famous of many notable contemporary preachers—dominated the life of the villages. There was an efflorescence of Welsh religious periodicals : some of them, like the *Traethodydd*, of great importance as instruments of popular culture. Everywhere, especially in North Wales, religious life and feeling were quickening towards a culmination in the great ‘ revival ’ of 1859. The Jones family belonged to the Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, and were devoted to its worship. A part of several evenings of the week and all day on Sunday were spent in chapel in

<sup>1</sup> *A Faith that Enquires*, p. 267.



some form of religious exercise—sometimes so prolonged as to seem ‘patches, not merely symbols, of eternity.’<sup>1</sup> There can be no doubt as to the strength of the chapel influence. If it did nothing else, it taught Jones his Welsh Bible. He knew the book, not perhaps with the completeness which he attributes to his maternal grandfather, but thoroughly well. And to the end of his life the Bible was one of the few themes in which he thought more easily in Welsh than in English. Whenever his mind turned to the Bible, as it constantly did, in search of phrase or analogy, he remembered most easily the Welsh words of his youth. His renderings of familiar passages often struck strangely on English ears, for they were translations from the Welsh. Moreover, the Sunday School of the chapel was the scene of the first real teaching of any kind which he received. The Welsh Sunday School was an educational centre of first-rate importance in Welsh life. It brought together members of widely different ages and experiences: its range of teaching covered every topic of religious or ethical interest, and there was, comparatively, much freedom of discussion and variety of view. *Old Memories* recalls very gratefully how the Bible and other things were opened up by the expositions of Robert Hughes, a neighbouring farmer, and ‘one of the best teachers I ever had.’

And in another and contrasting way the direction of the soul’s life was touched by these early days. No sort of question seems to have entered the boy’s mind as to the truth of the stern Calvinist doctrine in which he was brought up. The divine foreordination of the fate of human souls, the division of men into the ‘elect’ and the ‘non-elect,’ the whole scheme of a special salvation provided for ‘believers,’ the ultimate blessedness of some, the destruction of others—all of this was almost simple objective fact, not at all matter for argument or defence. It was not until he met the teaching of Edward Caird that his religious belief underwent serious changes. And though Caird’s method made the transition easy and natural, there is no doubt that the process involved a certain shock to Jones’s vivid and sensitive mind. He felt with special

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Edward Caird*, p. 9.

keenness the larger freedom of his later religious view. He knew that for himself narrowness of religious faith had brought a narrowness of world; that the limitation of salvation had implied the restriction of God's beneficent power, and had shut off the soul from the free enjoyment of all the splendour that is offered to man in the natural and spiritual worlds. Hence it came that though he tried hard enough in teaching not to set himself expressly against the beliefs that were 'orthodox' thirty years ago, he found it difficult, and sometimes impossible, to observe his rule of abstinence. The universality of God's care for men, and the omnipresence of God in nature and in human life, were so central and dominant in his own religious thought and experience, that a faith which left *anything* outside God, which set any limits to His beneficence or His power, seemed thereby to obscure the significance of man's experience and to restrict the range of his intercourse with God. Religion meant liberation, at-one-ment, as he was fond of saying—the discovery by the soul of the infinite friendliness of the world. A creed by which salvation was made something special and miraculous, which denied to the natural order a place in the healing of souls, caused men to miss just that which was easiest of access and most inspiring in life, and which made its little things and deeds of great account. Life lost its spring and joyousness; and Jones never found it easy to be patient with a view which diminished man's hold upon and stake in the ordinary course of the world's providence. He was not unmindful of the strength of the religion of his youth, of its emphasis upon the reality of a kingdom not of this world, upon the severity of the claims of the kingdom on man's service, and upon the gravity of the choice between good and evil. It had taught that every decision was charged with the destiny of the soul, and that every act of the good man was redeemed and enlarged by the operation in it of the saving power of God. Nothing of this lost for him its significance and truth. 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me' seemed to him always a profound and ultimate expression of religious experience. But he passed away from the negative implications of his early belief. He held that *every* form of human experience could become witness to God's presence in

man, and that the ways of approach to God were as many and as open as the mansions prepared for those that love Him.<sup>1</sup> When he spoke hardly, as he sometimes did, of the failure of the Church sincerely to seek the liberation of the human spirit, it was just this negative aspect of orthodoxy that he had in mind. He did not doubt that religion was the greatest and gravest of human experiences, that it required the consecration of the soul which felt its power and set a man upon an arduous and unceasing quest for a good that transcended all particular and finite things. But he believed also that this good, always sought and hardly to be won, was yet always in process of enjoyment, that it was this which all men sought in their blundering ways through many errors and defeats, and that finally it was freely open to all men. Restriction of it seemed to him to offer to man so much less than was there for his acceptance and enjoyment ; and the accent of his teaching fell always on the denial of limitation, and upon the openness and joyfulness of the way of God's service.

Of the reality of the religious influence of these early days there is plenty and some comical evidence. The years 1859 and 1860 saw one of the most vivid of the many Welsh 'revivals.' It did not at once visit the chapel in Llangernyw, but, when it did break out there, it was on an occasion when Henry Jones (a boy of seven) was outside and not inside the chapel. When from the garden he heard the sounds of emotion and exaltation in chapel, which told him that the long-sought revival had come at last, the little boy was overwhelmed by the thought that he could not be 'one of the elect,' otherwise he would not have missed the beginnings of this great experience. But for the most part the current of his religious training flowed quietly enough ; and the effect of it was all the more enduring, since its main instruments had been the piety of the home and the simple offices of the chapel service.

The village school which he attended for about eight years, from the age of four and a half till he began work at twelve and a half, was never afterwards a place of grateful memory to him, except indeed for his recollection

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Letters, p. 215.

that he succeeded his brother John as unmistakable 'cock and captain' of the school. The schoolmaster was energetic, and seems to have taught the rudiments of letters and counting well enough. But he was severe and even harsh in method; and though Jones records that he himself suffered little, being 'something of a favourite,' it is clear that he had no regrets when the time came to throw aside his books and don the shoemaker's apron that awaited him. But for his father's wisdom in insisting on unbroken regularity in his school attendance, and upon his continuing at school until he had gone as far as the school could take him, it is likely enough that his school life would have been shorter and less profitable than in fact it was. One thing only is perhaps worth recording of this period—that though the native and customary language of the village homes was Welsh, the language of the school was English. One word of Welsh was sufficient to bring down upon the speaker the punitive wrath of the master. Hence English was and remained the language of Jones's education. He spoke Welsh, of course, always with ease and purity and power. During his Bangor professorship he even wrote a good deal in Welsh. But Welsh was never his native literary language, and in writing he used English with more freedom and with (he thought) a greater sense of literary form than he could command in Welsh.

All through their school lives the three brothers spent many of their half-days and holidays either earning a little money at some seasonal farming employment or gradually learning to take a hand in the work of their father's shop. When the time came for them to leave school, the two older boys chose the outdoor employment of gardening; Henry, despite the supposedly superior inducements of other trades, decisively chose to bear his father company at shoemaking. At that time of his life, he says, 'I had two mastering ambitions, both of them at once strong and steady. One was to become a first-rate shoemaker, and the other was to be made an elder in the little Calvinistic Methodist chapel, when I was a man.'<sup>1</sup> For nearly four years he worked happily and 'with extraordinary zest and vigour,' feeling himself all the while

<sup>1</sup> *Old Memories*, p. 38.



to be forging ahead towards at least the former of these reasonable ideals. The little workshop was a lean-to at the end of the cottage. It contained only the benches on which the four workmen sat—the father and the son, together with a permanent journeyman employed by the father, and the postman from the neighbouring town of Llanrwst, who plied his craft in the interval between his arrival with the morning letters and his departure with the outgoing mails. Other furniture it had none, except for a bed, which served indifferently as the sleeping-place of the journeyman and as the seat of the many callers who came into the workshop on business or to pass the time of day. The hours of work were as a rule from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M., with short intervals for dinner and tea. But the day was full of varied work and cheerful talk, and the young shoemaker had both pride and pleasure in his ascent through the different degrees of his calling. He knew very well in later life that these years were by no means his least profitable educational period, and he felt deeply the loss of the ethical and intellectual opportunity that the working man suffered by the transition from small- to large-scale industry. At any rate, until he was well over sixteen years of age it did not occur to him to doubt that a life spent in shoemaking and in the social concerns of his native village would offer him all the scope and range which his ambition could desire.

During all these earlier years, both in school and after school, he was not outside the reach of various educational agencies. The music of the Church and Chapel services profoundly attracted him. He had his share of the marvellous Welsh gift of song; and although he was never a trained musician, he loved all his life to sing and to play the old Welsh melodies, and to compose tunes such as those which he heard in his childhood. He learned to read music with facility, and took part in the concerts and festivals of the neighbourhood. He and his brothers were constant competitors at the local ‘eisteddfodau,’ and brought many prizes to their delighted home. Then there were ‘penny-readings,’ instituted in the village hall by some of the neighbouring farmers; and here he sang and recited and took part in the little dramatic per-



formances. One winter he and his brother and two friends formed 'a little club for learning shorthand. We had no teacher: the whole thing was a profound secret. We met in the Squire's gasworks, seated opposite the retorts on a bench supported at each end, I think, with bricks. We plodded on till we thought Welsh shorthand was not a sufficiently large sphere for our talents. So we dropped it and took up nothing else instead of it. Then we got the schoolmaster to open a night school, and left it also. We caught him, as we thought, blundering.'<sup>1</sup>

These four years passed without much outward incident. But the penny-readings had been the means of bringing a new influence into the boy's life which wrought a decisive change on its ambition and course. Mrs. Roxburgh, the Scotch wife of a neighbouring Scotch farmer, had been attracted by the lively looks of the boy. 'She thought I had an intelligent face, and resolved by weekly invitation to her house to induce me to get an intelligent head as well.' Mrs. Roxburgh tried all the arts of persuasion to get the boy to look forward to something 'better than shoemaking,' and told him the story of her brother's career in the University of Edinburgh. She lent books and encouraged him to talk; but for many months made no other impression upon him than to confirm his first resolves. But her patience and persistence had the reward which she desired. The crisis seemed to come suddenly, though no doubt it had been long in preparation. *Old Memories* tells the whole story of the emotional storm produced by a chance remark of a cousin in Llanrwst, who, 'pointing to some of the lounging *sans-culottes* of the village, said, "Look at your shopmates, Harry!"' The thought that he might some time grow into that unlovely indifference to everything except primitive bodily wants shook him profoundly. 'That night, about 1 A.M., on the brink of a little brook, with a friend of my own, a compact was made and sworn to, that with God's help we would get a *degree*. We were both poor. He was a pupil teacher at so many, or rather so few, shillings a week. We had no teacher and nothing to procure one with. He could name the parts of speech, and I could not. He had

<sup>1</sup> Letter (cit. p. 2 *sup.*), Oct. 1880.

struggled with the "pons asinorum," and I had never seen it.'<sup>1</sup> But both of them kept their compact. The partner of his enterprise<sup>2</sup> graduated at Cambridge soon after Jones graduated at Glasgow; and though their paths did not often cross after this common beginning, Jones was always gratefully mindful of this early companionship.

This incident was the real beginning of a long and heroic struggle for learning. Shoemaking had lost all its interest; and though the ordinary routine of life continued restlessly for some months longer, that was only because there seemed to be no way open to the satisfaction of this new hope. It happened, however, 'by what we generally call an accident,' that his mother met the schoolmaster of a neighbouring parish, who had himself worked his way up from the plough. She told him of the boy's uneasiness. The schoolmaster, Mr. Price by name, was wholly sympathetic, and proved himself a most helpful friend. He suggested a plan by which the lad might come to his school for three days a week, and on the remaining days earn his keep by shoemaking. 'My relief was unutterable. I ran home, and that very night seized a geography book and began to learn the counties of England.' From May 1869 till November 1870—the eighteen months that lay between sixteen and a-half and eighteen—this scheme of work was continued. It was desperately hard going. With characteristic zeal, Henry incited John to share the enterprise—John preparing for examinations in horticulture, while Henry worked for his entrance to the Bangor Normal College. The brothers at first rose at 4 A.M. and studied till with breakfast the day's work of the household began. But that was too little time, and the boys persuaded their mother to allow them to sleep in the bed in the workshop, where the quiet was unbroken between 8 P.M. and 8 A.M. They worked in two shifts. Soon after 8 P.M. Henry went to bed, and John read till 1 or 2 A.M. Then they changed places, Henry studying until he went to school or began his day's shoemaking. The pace was too hot for John, whose health began to break. But the village policeman

<sup>1</sup> This shorter account is taken from the letter (cit. p. 2 *sup.*) of Oct. 1880.

<sup>2</sup> The late Canon Redfern, Rector of Denbigh.

on his last round took John's place as 'knocker-up,' and Henry's work went on as before. In November 1870 he left both school and shoemaking for a month's final preparation and revision for the entrance and scholarship examinations. Sometimes walking to and fro in the fields or in the unheated chapel, sometimes enjoying the secret hospitality of the furnace-chamber in the Squire's hall, sometimes through the night in the workshop, keeping his feet warm in a basket of leather chips, sometimes in the crowded little house, sometimes in the more peaceful home of his grandmother, this incessant study continued. It was not the best way to learn—far from it. But (short of joining the Church of England, which would have brought him comfortable aid from the Squire's wife, but which then appeared apostasy to the passionate young Nonconformist) no other way was really open. In December he went to Bangor, clad in borrowed raiment, and sat his examination.

Jones returned home convinced that he had failed. 'The agony of the examination week was fearful. I returned home and wept bitterly,' no doubt worn out and overstrained by the labours of the preceding eighteen months. But he did not abandon his ambition. He meant to compete again in the following December, and in the meantime to seek some practical experience of teaching. During his second school career he had gained by examination some certificates of the Society of Arts and Science: on the strength of these certificates, he applied for and obtained a post as a junior master in a private school near Ormskirk. His experience in this post lasted little more than a week, though it was long enough for him to have a dispute with his employer, and to earn popularity with the boys under the name of 'Copper Knob.' But within ten days of his arrival he received the astounding news from Bangor that, so far from having failed, he had passed into College at the head of the scholarship list.

The master of the school was good enough to release him from his engagement, and even gave him ten shillings for his week's work, without which he would have had to pawn clothes and books to get home. But even this unasked and unexpected gift did not avert calamity. There was an eleven miles midnight walk from the railway station

of Abergele home to Llangernyw. Fatigue and exposure coming after the long strain brought on a very serious and almost fatal illness. The first weeks of the College session, so hardly earned, so deeply longed for, were spent in bed in a delirious fever. But late in the term he was once more able to go abroad, and 'the second time I crossed the threshold of my home, I made for Bangor.'

The years 1871 and 1872 passed happily enough at College. Except for Mr. John Thomas, the mathematical tutor, Jones had no great regard for his instructors, and for the most part thought less than nothing of the way in which they had tried to introduce him to higher studies. But there was something of a library at his disposal, where he made the acquaintance of Carlyle and of other of the great Victorians, who came to have much influence upon his thought. In spite of his unlucky start, and in spite of an established and well-merited reputation for leadership in every form of mischief, he kept his place at the head of his College year. At the end of his course he was asked by the College authorities to stay on for some months as a temporary tutor. He taught music and gave a little help in other subjects. But, perhaps on the principle of the poacher turned gamekeeper, his chief duties were disciplinary. And though the task was none too easy, he seems to have managed it with skill and complete success.

One of the obligations which Jones had undertaken in accepting his entrance scholarship to the Normal College was to teach for at least two years in an elementary school. Accordingly, in the spring of 1873, when he had finished his engagement in Bangor, he applied for and was appointed to the mastership of the Amman Ironworks School (now the Council School), Brynamman, in South Wales. Again he brought his two brothers into the new venture—both of them throwing up their posts and coming south with him to work in the school. William did not long remain; but John stayed during the greater portion of Henry's two years' headmastership. These two years were full of very strenuous work, and of great enjoyment. Conditions certainly were not easy. Almost the whole school of nearly two hundred pupils met and worked in one large room, with infinite noise and confusion. And as the



energy of the new master soon had the result of doubling the numbers, the position became almost impossible. But new class-rooms were added, and classes were divided, so that the work was able to proceed in more orderly fashion. The log-book<sup>1</sup> which Jones kept reveals his constant pre-occupation with the problem of discipline—the solution of which was often costly to him, because, with all his ingenuity in making the punishment fit the crime, he was sometimes compelled to resort to the hated instrument of corporal punishment. His chief pleasure was obviously in the singing of the school. He taught the whole school at least a dozen good songs a year, both Welsh and English. In his second year he even taught them Handel's 'Hallelujah Chorus,' with some miners and ironworkers coming into school and singing the bass parts—a 'daft business,' as he afterwards used to say, but one on which he looked back with great pride, and which all the participants manifestly enjoyed. He found both success and happiness in teaching, and had striking enough evidence in school and out of it that the community appreciated his work. When in November 1915, more than forty years after he had left South Wales, the course of a War Aims campaign took him once more to Brynamman, he spent two days of great delight among the friends and pupils of his young manhood. He visited the school, and wrote in the log-book: 'To-day I had the hardly measurable pleasure of visiting the school which was once mine, and where, if anywhere, I was as nearly useful as I was happy.'

But towards the end of his second year he felt that a further crisis was approaching. His mind was turning to preaching rather than to teaching, and perhaps even more keenly to the further period of study which he knew would be required before he could enter the ministry. The story of the picturesque culmination of his change of plan may be told in the words of a reminiscence of these days by the present headmaster of the school:—

'When Sir Henry Jones was a schoolmaster at Brynamman he threw himself heart and soul into the musical, literary, and religious societies of the district. He was a member of Moriah

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Jenkin Jones, the present headmaster of the school, has very kindly supplied a copy of the entries relating to these two years.



C.M. chapel, and during that time a desire to preach had taken hold of him. Whatever he did to keep his mind in other channels, this desire became stronger and stronger. At last he resolved to compose a sermon. One Thursday evening on his way to the chapel meeting he met Mr. Daniel Dafis, mason, an old and respected deacon at Moriah. Sir Henry, knowing well the old man's love for young men, approached him and said, "Daniel Dafis, shall I have a word with you before you go into the meeting?" "Yes, my boy, hundreds of them if you like," replied the old man. "Now tell me, what is it that you have to say?" "Well, first of all," said Sir Henry, "I want you to promise that you will not divulge what I am about to say, to any one, not even to my brother John." "Very well; let me hear what is preying on your mind." Sir Henry answered timidly and cautiously, "I have a strong desire to become a preacher, and I should like to commence preaching at Moriah, if I am, in your opinion, a worthy person to do so." The old man answered with a tear of joy in his eye and a slight tremble in his voice, "I am more than glad to hear you say so; you are just the sort of a young man to make a preacher. May God bless you!" "I am very thankful for your kind words," said Sir Henry, "but please keep it a secret for some time, Daniel Dafis." The two men then passed into the little chapel. The meeting began in the usual way, a member giving out a hymn tune, reading a chapter from the Bible, and offering up a prayer. Then came the time for members to relate their religious experiences, or for each member to repeat a verse; but this evening, as soon as the "Amen" of the prayer had been uttered, old Daniel Dafis stepped forward and said, "My dear brethren and sisters, I have very good news to give you to-night. I have promised to keep it a secret, but it is too good to keep, so I will tell you. Mr. Jones is anxious to become a preacher, and he wishes to commence preaching with us in Moriah at a very early date." The result of the meeting was that a resolution was passed giving a hearty invitation to Sir Henry Jones to preach. Certain formalities had to be gone through, and at last the day arrived and the sermon was ready. When the sermon was in preparation, Sir Henry confided a great deal in the local poet, Gwalch Ebrill, and many a piece of sound advice he received from him. The two friends read and criticized the sermon, and Gwalch Ebrill was emphatic on one point. He said, "You must not use paper in the pulpit; you must preach your sermon from memory." This was a severe trial, but the schoolmaster decided to follow his friend's advice, though he knew he would suffer from nervousness. So Sir Henry wrote the sermon on a big copybook—"copi mawr iawn," to use his own words. He thought he would be ashamed to open such a huge copybook on the pulpit reading-desk, so he placed it on the pulpit floor and kept his foot on it. All went well for the first ten minutes: then suddenly his mind became

blank—the memory could not recall the next sentence. Sir Henry coolly picked up the copybook, opened it, found the required sentence, placed the book on the floor again, and proceeded with his sermon. This happened four times during the thirty minutes' sermon. "Ah," said Sir Henry, "I have always been thankful that I followed Gwalch Ebrill's advice. It was the best schooling that I have ever had in self-control."<sup>1</sup>

The issue of this new ambition was that in May 1875, having completed his contracted two years of service, and having received his full certificate as a qualified teacher, Jones resigned his school and cast himself once more upon the world.

Some three months after leaving Brynamman he was formally received as a preacher by his denomination. His name was entered in the roll of the 'Vale of Conway' district; and it remained on the books not only during his student days and his professorial life in Bangor, but for many years after he had been appointed to his chair in Glasgow. During the summer of 1875 he preached nearly every Sunday, but his thoughts and energy were given to preparation for a new venture. He had learned that in October there was to be a competition for a Dr. Williams scholarship of £40 a year for three years, tenable at the University of Glasgow, and open to English and Welsh Nonconformist students. He resolved to enter for this examination. The chief subjects were Latin, Greek, and mathematics. 'I knew Latin grammar, and had, with help, translated about half of one of the books of Caesar. Of Greek I knew nothing but the letters and the first declension of nouns. My mathematics had been fair, but were now rusty.' But five months of unremitting and 'fearful' work served its purpose. He went to London for the examination, and won the scholarship. In October 1875 he passed the matriculation examination at Glasgow; and in November, shortly before his twenty-third birthday, he began his university course. He did not know it then, but the worst of the fight was over.

For the next seven years the University of Glasgow was the centre of his work—for three years as an under-

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Jones's account of this incident: *Old Memories*, p. 119.

graduate, and for four years as a Fellow and as private assistant to Professor Edward Caird. They were, beyond all question, the formative, even the decisive, years of his life. He had an interesting group of teachers—George G. Ramsay in Latin, Sir Richard Jebb in Greek, Lord Kelvin in natural philosophy, John Veitch in logic, John Nichol in English literature, and, above all, Edward Caird in moral philosophy. He took the ordinary graduating course; and although he suffered then (as for some years afterwards) from intermittent sleeplessness and other effects of the nervous exhaustion of the preceding years, he took a high place in most of his classes. He stood well in Latin, was a prizeman in Greek and logic, the medallist in English, and *proxime* in moral philosophy. For Jebb he had the liveliest respect and admiration. Jebb was the first great scholar whom he encountered—the first who taught him what scholarship meant. He was never himself a scholar; he had neither the instincts nor the training so to be. But he loved scholarship when he met it. He deferred more easily to the scholar than to any one else in the world, and it is significant that the men who had most influence over him—Caird, Nichol, A. C. Bradley, and one or two others—were all scholars in a sense in which he was not. From Veitch's Hamiltonian philosophy he got comparatively little. Writing in 1878, just at the end of his third college session, he says: 'I do injustice to Veitch, you say. Very probably. But the food he deals to us is rich in bones and poor in meat. Scraggy and lean is his philosophy, my friend; and I must have another mind before I can enjoy it.' Nichol, on the other hand, 'the best of lovers and haters,'<sup>1</sup> meant a great deal to him. Nichol opened to him the book of English literature, and helped him to find, especially in the great Victorians, the intellectual nourishment which he needed. Nichol was very quick to discover the promise in his young Welsh pupil. At the end of Jones's session in the English class, Nichol wrote him a letter of kindly advice and encouragement, ending with the counsel that he should not hurry into a profession. 'Given leisure, something should come of ability like

<sup>1</sup> E. Caird, *Memoir of Principal Caird*, cxiii.

yours.' Until the end of his life Nichol remained a warm friend of Jones, and kept constantly in touch with him. His wise and humorous and sometimes caustic criticism of Jones's early writings was altogether admirable and helpful. Nichol died in 1894, just as Jones was beginning his Glasgow professorship. Jones dedicated to his memory his book on Lotze; and in his inaugural address at Glasgow he spoke of Nichol: 'He stands, for some of us, as the type of chivalry which defends the weak and innocent, because it finds its inspiration in their wrongs. His thoughts, springing from the ardent convictions of his sincere character, kindled in the utterance; and we shall think of him as of a star—his noble nature all one fire.'

But the great influence of his student days, and indeed the dominating philosophical influence of his whole life, was that of Edward Caird. It would be difficult to find any wider apparent contrast than the two men who were thenceforth to live much for one another: Caird with his massive dignity and reserve of character and of speech, his weight of learning, his historical, objective habit of thought and teaching, the routine of his daily and unflagging labour almost unbroken by incident, his whole life secure and elevated, so that it seemed, as Spinoza's '*amor Dei intellectualis*,' already to have touched eternity; Jones, alight with youthful fire and imaginative passion, headlong in pursuit of the new ideals which were opening before him, though they promised to lay in ruins his notions of the meaning and purpose of his life, endlessly combative, and ranging through every phase of feeling and emotion. Caird's teaching caught the young man in its power.<sup>1</sup> He threw himself into the study of philosophy, and found therein not only the inspiration of Caird's rendering of the long Idealist tradition, but the infinite gentleness and friendliness of the man himself. Jones never departed from the doctrine which he received from Caird. He did no more, he sought to do no more, than give his own interpretation, not indeed of Caird's doctrine,

<sup>1</sup> Jones expressed it thus on one occasion when he was telling the story of his life: 'I was born in Llangernyw in 1852, and born again in 1876 in Edward Caird's class-room.'



but of the tradition from which Caird drew his inspiration ; and perhaps he hardly thought that anything else was worth doing in philosophy. And Caird's influence upon him was not only, and indeed not chiefly, intellectual. The impress of Caird's character went deeper even than his philosophy. With the latter he had his differences and difficulties on sufficiently important points of detail ; he was, indeed, anxious to give a new orientation to the main Idealist doctrine. But the former was to him as nearly flawless as any human character could be. The word that came naturally to him when he spoke of Caird was 'Master.' He wrote afterwards of Caird : 'He was not eloquent, like his brother, Principal Caird ; there were none of the sudden splendours which his lifelong friend, Professor Nichol, flashed every now and then into his lectures ; there was neither art nor passion, unless perfect sincerity of soul and simplicity of manner be an art, and unless "the pure eloquence of reflective thought" be a passion. Against the power of these his ardent young hearers knew no defence. There was nothing to rival the sway of their reverence for his strong, calm, thought-laden personality except their affection.'<sup>1</sup> These words 'reverence and affection' sufficiently describe his attitude to Caird. If there were any 'rivalry' in their blending, the reverence exceeded even the affection.

Jones had the good fortune, too, to be one of a group of notable philosophical students whose devotion to Caird and to philosophy was not less than his own. Among his contemporaries at Glasgow were James Denney, afterwards Principal of the United Free Church College in Glasgow, and a great leader of his Church ; Mungo MacCallum, Professor of English at Sydney ; J. H. Muirhead, Professor of Philosophy in Birmingham, and his brother Lewis, a minister of the United Free Church ; J. S. Mackenzie, Professor in Cardiff ; William Smart, the first Adam Smith Professor of Political Economy in Glasgow ; John Herkless, Principal of St. Andrews University ; James Bonar, Deputy-Master of the Canadian Mint ; Hugh Walker, Professor of English Literature at Lampeter ; W. P. Ker, Professor of Poetry at Oxford ; T. B. Kilpatrick, a Scottish

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Edward Caird*, p. 79.



philosophical divine, and other men who gave good service to the thought and practice of their times. With such a company, under the inspiration of Caird's teaching, philosophical discussion ran high and fervent, and Jones found plenty of scope for his argumentative proclivities. He was something of a leader in all this activity; for when the 'seething zymosis' resulted in the formation of one of the most famous of the University societies, the Witenagemote, he was made its first secretary. 'It was the most informal and the most ardent of all student societies, meeting where it could' (often in an inn, for want of a better place), 'and keeping no minutes. The discussion began anywhere and went everywhere; the disputants, ere long, breaking up into small knots, and getting engaged, like Homer's heroes, in single combats.'<sup>1</sup> Jones was very proud that the Witenagemote provided him not only with the spiritual substance but also with the physical basis of much of his future work. A splendid oak desk was his wedding present from the Society.

In March 1878, Jones had completed the courses necessary for ordinary or 'pass' graduation in the University: but he resolved to take in the autumn of that year the examination on which philosophical honours were awarded. During the long vacations of 1876 and 1877 he had lived in Wales, for the most part studying quietly, but also preaching almost every Sunday. In 1878, however, he went with his friend Hugh Walker for the summer to Bonn, to continue there the preparation for the coming examination. There still survive a few charmingly formal letters of this period, full of the almost naïf surprise of the young student at his first contact with foreign peoples, and of his immense patriotic satisfaction that the far-famed Rhine did not rival in beauty his native North Wales. Antwerp, Brussels, and Cologne were all visited on the outward journey. The most vivid impressions were the Rubens paintings in Antwerp, and the majestic glory of the Dom in Cologne. And along with these was the delight of unexpected novelty in the experience of moving in a new environment. 'One might gather from the guidebooks that the great charm of the Continental towns consists in the wonders of art found in

<sup>1</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 90.

them. But to me the air of newness is more refreshing.' 'The *air* of a foreign people, their habits and characteristic doings, breaks upon one in a flood. . . . Looking around gives one a *general* and indescribable pleasure—such a pleasure as can be known only by experience, and on which the guidebooks are silent, perhaps necessarily.' But it was a summer of solid work. 'Our mornings are devoted to philosophy, and our evenings to German-speaking. We rise every morning about half-past five, and study without intermission (except half an hour for breakfast) till 1 P.M. Then we dine and rest a while. At four we begin our study of German; and about eight we put aside all work and enjoy ourselves till ten, when we retire for the day. . . . We have read Aristotle's *Ethics*, Caird's *Kant*, Hamilton's *Logic*, Whewell's *Novum Organum Renovatum*; and are fast doing away with Green's *Hume*, Mill's *Logic*, and Kant's *Metaphysics of Ethics*. Hegel yet remains, as well as the lectures. We intend, however, to read all the works<sup>1</sup> once before we leave Germany, and some of the more important ones twice. We do our best, as you see; but our minds are weak and our memory bad, and we are consequently afraid of the issue. In one respect our gain is certain. We study conscientiously, and thereby, I trust, strengthen ourselves for our life work.'

After such a summer, it was a beneficent inspiration which made Walker propose and insist upon a long fortnight of complete holiday travel. The money difficulty was serious to Jones, but he could just do it by spending *all* his remaining capital. He was persuaded to it by his reflection that the chance to travel might never come again to a Welsh preacher, and by Walker's prophecy that the Alps would furnish him with many an illustration for his sermons, and 'cause the wondering congregations to bow down before their omniscient pastor.'

The two friends sailed up the Rhine, went to Basle and Lucerne, up the lake to Fluelen, thence by the St. Gotthard to Airolo, back to Andermatt, over the Furka and down the Rhône valley, with a *détour* to Zermatt. The tour ended with a few days' climbing in Chamonix; thence by Geneva,

<sup>1</sup> Meaning, no doubt, not all the works of Hegel, but the works prescribed for the honours examination.

Lausanne, Berne, and the Rhine, home—penniless, or rather with half a crown—to North Wales.

Jones borrowed money to bring him to Glasgow, where he kept himself by coaching until the examination was over. The result surpassed his wildest hopes. He got his first-class honours ; and against a very strong field of candidates, so strong that neither by himself nor by any one else was he supposed to have the faintest chance, he won the most valuable award which the University had to offer—the George A. Clark fellowship of £225 a year for four years.<sup>1</sup> It was a fortune to him, and relieved him for some years from all financial anxiety. The winter of 1878-79 he spent in Glasgow, in comparative and very necessary idleness. He did, however, take part in the beginnings of university education for women in Glasgow by giving a course of lectures under the scheme which was then established. He attended, also, some courses in the Theological Colleges of the Free and Established Churches. But mostly he read at leisure, and argued with his friends of the Witenagemote. The summer of 1879 found Walker and himself and James Denney again in Germany, this time in Dresden, where they read classics assiduously. These studies were meant as a preparation for Oxford, where he had resolved to spend the three remaining years of his fellowship. He went up in the autumn of that year, intending to join Balliol. But he did not carry out his purpose. He spent the term as a non-collegiate student, and ended the Oxford venture at Christmas. It was partly that, at the age of twenty-seven, he found it hard and uncongenial to settle down to the acquisition of that exact classical scholarship which was the passport to the best that Oxford had to offer ; and partly also that Oxford did not seem to him to take philosophy sufficiently seriously. He was wrong in the latter judgment ; but he had, or gave himself, no great chance to see what was stirring beneath the surface of Oxford. After a month, he writes : ‘ By this time, I have been very fairly initiated into

<sup>1</sup> Thirty-two years afterwards, Jones happened to meet in the quadrangle of the university the mother of one of his pupils, who had just been elected to the same fellowship. He stopped to congratulate her on her son’s success, and told her the story of his own winning of it : ‘ Do you know how I celebrated it ? I went out and bought a herring for my tea.’

Oxford life. I have much to say in its favour, and but very little against it. What with the social and physical training, my work, though not so interesting as philosophy, is nevertheless very pleasant ; and my life here has been exceedingly happy. My health is once more on a firm basis, and this in itself adds a strong colour to life. . . . The fellows here, that is to say the Snell men,<sup>1</sup> are a very fine set, and we have had lots of sweet society. But there is not such earnestness and anxiety about the problems of life as moved and swayed the Witenagemote. They do not know what it is to fight their doubts. Jowett, with whom we have had the honour of breakfasting twice, has taken up a position of indifference with regard to philosophy ; and the tone of the place is more polished and dilettante. They have a comfortable way of settling questions—they pass them off with an epigram or joke. I don't intend to be severe, but the contrast with Glasgow in this respect is too strong to escape notice.

‘ We go in for reading at a very good pace, and make an average of nine hours a day. A little more than half our time is given to classics, the rest to English literature and history. . . . There is nothing wanting that wealth can procure, and there is no reason why a man should not grow strong and healthy in mind and spirit here.’

But, in spite of his favourable impression, Christmas brought him the conviction that the almost daily intercourse with Caird which Glasgow offered was more profitable to him than Oxford. In the beginning of 1880, therefore, he returned to Glasgow, where the next three years were spent. Except for one thing, these years were almost free from incident. He helped Caird in his examination and teaching work, read widely, and towards the end of that time made his first essay in publication.

‘ I saw most of Jones,’ writes Professor J. H. Muirhead, ‘ in the years 1879-82, when he was in Glasgow with his fellowship, giving himself ardently to the study of Hegel. At that time I spent many a Sunday morning with him on the grass in the Botanic Gardens, Hillhead, reading the *Philosophie des Rechts*. I have still some of the notes I took in my copy interleaved for the purpose. Sometimes we made holiday down the Clyde, or

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<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Snell Exhibitioners from Glasgow to Balliol.



elsewhere. There was one comical little incident about which I used to tease him.

‘Jones could make a pair of shoes, but he could not sail a boat. I thought I could—a belief that I don’t think he shared. On one occasion, on a squally day off Helensburgh, we were out in a hired lugsail with the usual assortment of rotten ropes. One of these broke in a squall when I was at the helm. According to Jones, he heard me mutter, “Now we’re done for!” I believe that this is apocryphal, and that it was merely to justify his own conduct. Anyhow, he retired to the bow of the boat, where my brother, who was with us, assured me he employed himself during the next five minutes in going over the main articles of the Hegelian philosophy in order that he might be prepared for the worst.’

The one significant outward event of this period was his engagement to Miss Annie Walker, of Kilbirnie, Ayrshire, the sister of Hugh Walker, his great friend of undergraduate days and Continental travels. They were married in April 1882, and first in the Lakes, and then during a long summer in North Wales, began their forty years of devoted and helpful companionship. Of what Lady Jones was to her husband no more may or need be said than that which he himself has written. It is certain that if there were any influence in his life more profound and constant than Edward Caird’s, it was hers. Their married life knew joys and sorrows passing the common lot of mortal men, but her quiet wisdom and peaceful strength sustained him in the crises of his life as in his daily work and cares. In the second year of his married life there is an entry in his diary: ‘In my family, all has, as usual, been the very quintessence of peace. Less labour than usual; for the T.’s have been here for seven weeks. But not less peace. For Annie is always here, and her *name* is Peace.’ Forty years after, when the hour of his passing was very near at hand, the last words he wrote were the dedication of his *Old Memories*: ‘To my beloved wife, my strength and my peace during the last forty years.’ It was peace perhaps above all other things that his eager, restless spirit needed; and peace truly was her surpassing gift to him, and to their children.

Until shortly before his marriage, Jones had looked forward to fulfilling his intention of becoming a preacher in the Calvinistic Methodist denomination in Wales. His

theological beliefs, of course, had greatly changed, and he was not unaware of the difficulties which he might have to meet in giving utterance to his larger faith. But that it was the Christian faith which he desired to preach he had no sort of doubt. About 1881 he formally accepted a call to a large church in Liverpool. But Caird's intervention, 'Why, I intend you to be a professor of philosophy!' put a sudden term to this purpose, and Jones began in earnest to prepare himself for a philosophical career.

When he married he had no very settled, though sufficiently varied, prospects. He used to recount how when Mrs. Jones and he were furnishing the little rooms in their first home in Cambuslang, near Glasgow, he made her buy their carpets of the same pattern; for 'they would have to be sewn together some day.' And indeed his cheerful confidence that he would rise in the world to the dignity of a larger house seemed to him to be thoroughly well founded. There were few young men who had at least four professional strings to their bow. 'If I can't get a chair of philosophy, I can preach. If I can't preach, I can teach. And if they won't give me a school, I can make a pair of shoes with any man in Glasgow.'

In the autumn of 1882, at the expiry of the fellowship, Caird appointed him his University assistant; but almost before he had begun his duties in Glasgow he was offered and accepted the lectureship in philosophy in the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. His thirty-first year, therefore, saw him happily married, and enjoying the prospect of a settled office as a university teacher. It saw also the completion of his first important piece of literary work. A paper on 'The Social Organism' was published in a very interesting volume of essays<sup>1</sup> written by ten young philosophical students, every one of whom was later to attain to high distinction. Jones's choice of subject was significant of the direction of his interest

<sup>1</sup> *Essays in Philosophical Criticism*, edited by Andrew Seth and R. B. Haldane, 1883. A list of the contributors may be of interest. They were Andrew Seth (Pringle-Pattison), R. B. (Viscount) Haldane and J. S. Haldane, Bernard Bosanquet, W. R. Sorley, D. G. Ritchie, W. P. Ker, Henry Jones, James Bonar, and T. B. Kilpatrick,

then and afterwards, and the essay is written in his highly characteristic and individual style.<sup>1</sup> It is mainly a criticism of the views which were then current, under the influence of Herbert Spencer, as to the relation between the individual and society ; and argues that if this relation is inadequately represented by the analogy of the relation between the whole and parts of an organism, it is not because, as Spencer held, 'the parts of an animal form a concrete whole, but the parts of a society form a whole that is discrete,' but because the relation of parts to the whole in a social, which is a spiritual, unity has an intensity and concreteness unattainable by any merely physical organism. It is true that that concreteness expresses itself in an apparently absolute discreteness of form, for the self-conscious individuals who are the units of society have an independence which is inviolable. 'They are ethically isolated, in so far as every one is always his own end.' But, isolated or otherwise, man is all through an ethical being, aware of a good, and set upon its realization. Try, if you will, as the Hedonists did, to state the law of the individual life in terms of the exclusive individual himself, and in the maze of subjective and private feeling you lose the objective significance of the ethical ideal which is the strength and substance of the individual life, and with that you lose the reality of freedom. Or try, on the other hand, as Kant did, to derive the law from the form of the universality of obligation of which man is conscious, and you lose all content from it, and find no guidance for any particular way of action. Man, therefore, both brings his individuality to society and wins it there. The intense unity of his own life is the reflection of the unity of the society which makes and is made by him. The unity of society is and exists only in the conscious relation of the individual to the social whole.

As compared with most modern political writing, the

<sup>1</sup> It contains a pretty example of one of his favourite tricks in controversy—the heightening of a contrast by the application and subsequent *bouleversement* of a familiar (preferably scriptural) citation. Thus, speaking of egoism and altruism as exemplified by Rousseau and Comte, he writes: 'Rousseau would not wash the feet of his neighbour. Comte would wash "not his feet only but his hands and his head," and drown himself in addition.'

argument wears, of course, a certain air of abstraction. It is not directly concerned with the problems which are now in the centre of political thought—the problems that arise from the complexity of social organization, and from the relations to one another and to the individual of the different institutions which embody and mediate the individual's attitude to his social environment. But these problems are central now because the fundamental issue of the relation between individuals and society has been settled in terms of spirit and not in terms of mechanism. It is very possible for a modern writer to take a different view of the institution of the 'state' from that which is implied in this essay. But it is not possible for any one to regard the relations of individuals either to one another or to the whole complex of social institutions as merely an affair of external contact. And it was with that issue, rather than with the question of the status of any particular institution within this complex, that Jones and his fellow-workers were concerned. And on the positive side one central conviction emerges—that the basis of all dealing with man is the conception of him as an ethical being. The merely natural man is an abstraction. Man may be very imperfectly moralized. But the fact of self-consciousness, that man is aware of a self over against the world, and that the aspects and experiences of that self are objects of thought, involves the fact and the operation in him of ideal standards of wholeness both in act and in judgment. And these ideals and the obligations thereby implied are social at once in origin and in consequence. Hence, to think of man in terms which suggest that this character of his life is somehow secondary and subordinate, is to think of him without that quality whose presence is the very basis of his humanity, and to falsify his essential being. Whatever the history which lies behind and leads up to the emergence of self-consciousness—and that there is an antecedent evolution in the order of nature is undoubted,—self-consciousness is the principle of human life, and the issue of self-consciousness is no less morality than knowledge. The emphasis on the revelation of man's nature that is found in morality is plain in this early essay. It became the main issue of Jones's rendering of the Idealist doctrine.



It is evident enough, too, both from the structure of this essay and from his correspondence at this time, that he was working hard at Hegel and reading widely in the German and English exponents of the early nineteenth-century Romanticism. All his life these were his main intellectual nourishment; and just at this time he was, in a fashion, possessed by their revelation, and wrestling with their interpretation of human experience. Even the substance and form of his private diary bear the marks of his reading. It is full of Carlylean touches. Thus: 'Afternoon, saw — and other visitors. Not prepossessing; but will not say all, for I must learn not to do so. *Resolved* if possible to return no call: *i.e.* to go into no man's house "except on business." Good rule to become universal. Why should they try to make newcomers "feel at home" by pouring in on them? This is not the way in which friends are made. Man should be too self-sufficient to need such external helps as these are.' 'Fear I must take it easy, for system is down. I want power of restraint: want poise, calmness in all things. Can it be got, I wonder, and *by me*?' 'Things look encouraging, if I had only the bodily and spiritual force *to work*.' 'Patience and work, O ye heavens, as Carlyle would say. "The night cometh," says a far Greater. "Ohne Hast und ohne Rast." Think that Carlyle unsettles and hurries as well as stirs me. Life is never an *art* for him or his reader.' 'Wonder whether hard work and excitement are necessarily concomitants. If so, I must e'en sacrifice the former in order to avoid the latter, till my health has got itself established. God grant me wisdom and guidance in this, and save me from the self-illusion of conscientious idleness—justified sin.'

## CHAPTER II

### LIFE IN WALES: 1883-1891

THE opening days of 1883 saw Jones's entry upon his life's work as a teacher of philosophy. It is clear from his diary that, from the point of view of his own studies, he rather feared the transition from Caird's companionship and the stimulus of his association with a large university to the comparative isolation of a small college town. Nevertheless, he was going to an office of the kind which he most desired, and to his own country. He looked forward very gladly to a period of happy service there.

The event at first proved far otherwise. His life at Aberystwyth was short and chilling, and eighteen months more were still to pass before he found the opportunity which he sought. His disappointment at Aberystwyth was not due to his teaching work. So far as that was concerned, all went favourably. His graduating class in college was small enough—only two men, but both of them were very able. One was to become perhaps the most distinguished of Welsh educational administrators, Sir O. M. Edwards; the other a great Welsh preacher—the Rev. J. Puleston Jones. And in addition to his work with them, Jones gave a public lecture once a week which attracted a large audience of students and of others in the town. He had already begun to display that power which marked him in later life of presenting philosophical conceptions with remarkable clarity and imaginative force. And though, as his diary shows, he had evidence that some regarded him as a 'dangerous young man'—dangerous, that is, to the prevailing form of religious belief,—he had the satisfaction of seeing a kindling of interest in philosophical studies.

But in other ways he was less fortunate. It is evident that from the outset he did not pull well with the Principal of the College—the Rev. Thomas Charles Edwards. The

conditions were perhaps difficult for both men, and there is no need now to discuss the wisdom or unwisdom of their relations. The foundation of Aberystwyth College was a great and splendid adventure in faith. Fifty years ago Wales was very poorly provided with the means of higher education. Between 1843 and 1860, thanks to the efforts of Sir Hugh Owen and his colleagues of the Cambrian Educational Society, the elementary schools of Wales had greatly increased in number and in efficiency, and a beginning had been made with the provision of trained elementary-school masters. But except for a few endowed grammar schools, and the Anglican foundation of St. David's College, Lampeter, there was no higher educational provision in the Principality. Aberystwyth was founded in 1872 at a time when there could be very few students in Wales capable of entering upon properly university work, when no Government grant was forthcoming, and when, therefore, it was dependent wholly on the subscriptions of those Welshmen who believed in the educational future of their country. The interest and support of the organized religious communities, and especially of the Nonconformist bodies, were vital to its success, and it had to make its appeal throughout Wales to this strong and popular religious sentiment. Principal Edwards, who directed the College for the first twenty years of its existence, had a difficult and delicate task, and beyond all question he discharged it with great courage, resource, and energy. It was perhaps inevitable in the circumstances that he should have to keep a somewhat firm hand on all the doings of the small College staff, and hold them rather narrowly to the way in which he would have them walk. His new colleague was not an easy man to control. He burned to serve his people, but he had his own message to give in a form that was not altogether welcome to the strict religious orthodoxy of the time, and he had to give it in his own way. He was fresh from the massive simplicity and directness of Caird—the only type of character to which he could surrender himself—and he was perhaps slow to appreciate the merits of an antithetical habit of mind which was more common among his own countrymen. From the outset he was restive under restraint, and it is clear enough that some

of the Principal's early dealings with him were not well managed. No doubt the difficulties would have passed, had it not been that within a few weeks the two men found themselves in direct opposition on a public question of absorbing interest to both of them.

In 1880 there had been published the report of a Commission of Enquiry into higher education in Wales, of which Lord Aberdare had been chairman. This report contained a recommendation that two University Colleges should be established in Wales—one in North Wales and one in South Wales ; and that both should receive a Government grant of £4000 per annum. Aberystwyth, situated in the extreme west of Mid Wales, could not compete for the favour of either North Wales or South Wales. It found itself, therefore, after ten years of hard struggle, confronted with the prospect of two rivals, both of which were to enjoy a measure of Government support which had been denied to it. Many of the best friends of the College, including apparently Sir Hugh Owen,<sup>1</sup> to whose efforts on its behalf Aberystwyth owed almost everything, were in favour of merging the Aberystwyth College in the new North Wales College. Others, and the majority, were resolved that Aberystwyth should continue its independent existence. Early in 1883 the movement for the foundation of the North Wales College took definite shape, and Jones, as a young North Walian of mark, was asked to undertake a short period of service as secretary of the committee which was making the preliminary arrangements for the establishment of the College. Principal Edwards at first declined to sanction his acceptance of this invitation ; and when, finally, under pressure, the Principal gave way, the President of the College cancelled the Principal's permission. Jones therefore, for the time being, took no part in the North Wales movement. But the episode had an unhappy sequel. The Principal both in public and in private had given Jones to understand that he would be raised to the status of a professor in the College, and had indeed formally offered him immediate promotion if he declined the North Wales invitation. At the end of the term the College Council decided that his lectureship should become a professorship ;

<sup>1</sup> *Sir Hugh Owen*, W. E. Davies, p. 115.



but instead of appointing Jones to the chair, and without giving him notice of their intention, they threw it open to competition, leaving him to take his chance with other applicants. Jones naturally did not compete, and Easter of 1883 found him deprived of his office and once more without a settled occupation in the world.

So sudden an overturning of his hopes was a very bitter experience to the young man. He never quite forgave those whom he thought to be responsible for it. But its economic consequences were not so ruinous as at first sight they threatened to be. He continued to fill the next fifteen months with a variety of duties. He acted as external examiner for degrees at Glasgow—a post which had the immense merit of providing £80 a year. About this time, too, he was involved as the principal witness in a famous lawsuit which Caird brought against a Glasgow bookseller who had published a pirated version of his lectures. The action went through three stages, Caird winning in the first court, losing on appeal, and winning finally in the House of Lords. Jones did a great deal of laborious work in the preparation of the case, making an exhaustive collation of the published book with a version of Caird's own discourses, exposing the similarities and tracking down the apparent divergencies. It was a difficult as well as an important action, but the issue secured a measure of copyright protection to professorial prelections.

And, most important of all his occupations at this period, Jones, now freed from his promise to Aberystwyth, was engaged privately by Mr. William Rathbone, M.P., the leader in the movement for the establishment of the North Wales College, to assist in drafting the constitution of the new college. This, too, brought in a sum of money; and with the small income derived from these various sources, the little household, now enriched by the birth of its eldest son, went along happily enough until the summer of 1884. By that time it had been settled that the new college was to be established at Bangor, and Jones, with some confidence, presented himself as a candidate for the Principalship of the new institution which had already thus greatly affected his fortunes. It was a severe, if short-lived, disappointment to him when the College Council

passed him over in favour of Mr. (now Sir) Harry R. Reichel—a brilliant young Fellow of All Souls. The short duration of his disappointment was due partly to his immediate election to the Professorship of Philosophy in the College, and still more, perhaps, to his discovery that the Council had made the right choice. In later years Jones counted it among the most fortunate happenings of his life that he was not elected to the Principalship, and that he was set to work under a man of far greater patience than he could command, and one for whose wisdom and unselfishness he felt to the end of his life the warmest admiration. He came to recognize very clearly the risks which Bangor would have run in his charge. Thirty-six years afterwards he wrote to one of his pupils who had been appointed principal of a college: 'Have patience: have immense patience. No seed takes longer to grow than that sown in the soil of human nature; the best things far more than a lifetime. Had I at your age got my way and been given the Principalship at Bangor, I would have broken the knees of my team with over-driving, and my own neck. The grass would long ago have been growing over my forgotten grave.'

Jones's induction to the chair at Bangor brought to a close his term of adventurous preparation for his life's work. He had attained an office which gave him a modest but secure livelihood, and which offered the opportunity to devote all his mature powers to the calling which seemed to him the most enviable and honourable to which a man could aspire. There were perhaps two moments in his later life when, had the choice been his, he would have exchanged his office of teaching for that of administration; and there were other times when the opportunity so to do came to him and he declined it. But, as it happened, no occasion ever arose on which inner choice and outward circumstance combined to call him from his teacher's work; and he found in it, to the end of his life, his predominating interest and a great and growing satisfaction.

He spent seven years in Bangor, a member of the brilliant and devoted company of young men whom the College had the good fortune to enlist in its service. Reichel, besides being Principal, was Professor of History. Jones taught

philosophy and political economy. Along with these two there were Andrew Gray in physics (who was later Kelvin's successor in Glasgow), (Sir) J. J. Dobbie in chemistry, W. Rhys Roberts (later of Leeds) in classics, and G. B. Mathews in mathematics. Cadwaladr Davies, the first Secretary of the College, was also a man of great energy and knowledge of Welsh life. In the course of a few years this little group was reinforced by men like (Sir) J. Morris Jones, Professor of Welsh, and E. V. Arnold, in Latin. So far as teaching power could secure it, no college could well have had a fairer start; and its growth has been worthy of its beginnings.

The whole of Jones's professorship was prior to the foundation of the University of Wales. The students of the College, therefore, had to take their degrees by the external examinations of the University of London. The London regulations of that period were not such as to encourage the study of philosophy, and Jones's classes were small. In his first year he had only two students; though here, as at Aberystwyth, he had the good fortune to have men of notable quality.<sup>1</sup> Afterwards his graduating classes, though never large, grew steadily, and philosophy attracted its full share of the abler College students. But he found other opportunities of extending the range of interest in his subject.

On Saturday mornings, in College, he gave voluntary courses of lectures on the philosophy of religion, which were largely attended by students who were preparing for the ministry. In common with other members of the College staff, he gave extension lectures in various towns in North Wales, and found, as a rule, among the theologically disputatious workmen of North Wales, the most eager welcome for what he had to say. Both in and out of College, Jones had audiences of the kind which most keenly engaged his interest, for whom ethical and religious ideas were not remote abstractions, but the very stuff and substance of life. It was to him a time of great activity and happiness.

<sup>1</sup> His first two students in Bangor were the Rev. Principal Silas Morris, of the North Wales Baptist College, and the Rev. John Thomas, afterwards minister of Myrtle Street Chapel, Liverpool.

In other directions important calls were made on his time and energy by the place which he occupied on the College staff. It fell to him both to interpret Wales to the new College and to explain to his own countrymen the ideals and ambitions of this enterprise which they had inaugurated. Sir Harry Reichel has written some reminiscences of these early days, which witness to this aspect of Jones's work :—

‘ My first sight of Henry Jones was at a meeting of the Council of this College in May 1884, when the new Principal was to be appointed. I well remember being struck by the active, buoyant figure and the face radiant with energy and thought, as he strode into the waiting-room where we other candidates were already assembled. Undoubtedly of the eight men there collected his was the most outstanding and inspiring personality. That he was not appointed was probably due to a “sharp contest” between him and the influential Principal of Aberystwyth, the late Rev. T. C. Edwards, who disapproved of his action in throwing himself into the movement for a North Wales College as likely to prejudice the original Welsh College, on the staff of which he was then working. He had thus made powerful enemies, and the appointing body feared injury to the new institution if it should be involved in a personal feud. From that day till he left Bangor for the chair of philosophy at St. Andrews in 1891, he was a close friend of my own, and, along with the first Secretary, William Cadwaladr Davies, the adviser of myself and the rest of the staff in all matters connected with Welsh needs and Welsh life and thought. Looking back to those early days through a long intervening period of steady growth and development, I find it difficult to overestimate the value of the help he then gave us with such generosity and singleness of heart. With one exception, the rest of us were either entirely unconnected with Wales, or had been brought up across the border. The circumstances amid which the College was founded had given rise to much soreness and ill-feeling ; the demon of scholastic jealousy had been provoked, and there was a section of the public which would have regarded any serious mistake on the part of the new institution with ill-concealed satisfaction. The traditions of life and thought in the Principality differ so widely from those that prevail in other parts of the United Kingdom, that without such a source of inner knowledge to draw upon, the original staff, brilliant as it was, could hardly have failed to make some blunder which might have prejudiced the whole future. To these two men we owe it that no such blunder was made, and that no effective handle for the accusation of lack of sympathy for Welsh ideals and Welsh needs was furnished. It was Henry Jones especially who enabled us to realise what possibilities of intellectual and



spiritual idealism were latent in the Welsh nature, in spite of the pathetic lack of training which then depressed the energies of young Wales. Those were the days of elementary work and matriculation classes in the University Colleges, but they were also days of a whole-hearted enthusiasm for study which is now much rarer. It is the same in every new movement. The difficulties which have to be faced at the outset string up the energies to a pitch where no effort seems too great and no achievement impossible. "*Possunt quia posse videntur.*" It was a great thing at such a time to have on the staff "a young Welshman of genius" (to quote a phrase about him from a private letter written by one of the leading men in Oxford at that time), who had fought his way up against apparently overwhelming difficulties, and knew from the inside both the aspirations of his own countrymen and the almost insuperable obstacles that kept them back. He was, so to speak, the liaison officer between the Welsh and English elements in the College. He interpreted the Welsh student to the non-Welsh professor, and he made the shy young Welshman feel that the teacher from beyond the border was a friend and a fellow-worker.'

His ordinary duties, therefore, of College and extra-mural teaching, and of the deliberative and administrative sort that attend the growth of a new institution, were pretty heavy. But he added to them many incidental activities. He preached fairly regularly on Sundays. He was a prominent Liberal, and both wrote and spoke freely on behalf of the Liberal cause in North Wales.<sup>1</sup> And especially he threw himself with all his force into the fight for the establishment of the Welsh intermediate schools. Nothing in all his Welsh experience—perhaps no public purpose in the whole of his life—engaged him more closely or brought him greater satisfaction than this. It was a cause which, after his own struggle for education, lay very near his heart; and the issue of it gave him just reason for pride in his countrymen.

The 1880 Commission, which had recommended the foundation of the North and South Wales Colleges, had recommended at the same time the establishment of a system of intermediate (or secondary) schools in Wales. A Bill was drafted embodying this proposal and presented to the House of Commons. But it remained a Bill for three or four sessions. The Welsh members, apparently,

<sup>1</sup> See List of Publications, p. 303.

did not press the Bill, fearing lest the provision for the raising of a halfpenny rate by the local education authorities would prove unpopular among their constituents. It was at Jones's instigation that Mr. William Rathbone, M.P., put a period to this indifference, and inaugurated the campaign for the passing of the Bill. Writing to Mr. Rathbone in 1899—ten years after the passing of the Act—Jones recalls the circumstances :—

‘ Your letter does not touch upon the movement for improving the schools in Wales. I have no time at present to enter upon it at any length, but there is one little pleasant fact which I should like to recall to your memory.

‘ You have not forgotten, I am sure, how long the Intermediate Education Bill remained a mere Bill, how the passing of it into an Act was postponed from year to year, and how some of the less patient outsiders, like myself, could not guess what the reasons were. You revealed them to me one evening at Treborth. You were going to speak for Mr. Richard Davies, I think, at Llangefni. And on my asking why you did not take up intermediate education, you replied that you were assured by the Welsh M.P.'s that the moment the Welsh people realized that a rate was involved they would reject it; and that this was the reason why the Bill was held back. I ventured to disagree with this opinion; and after dinner was over you took me into a little room, and we two then discussed the matter thoroughly: I vouching with all my heart and soul that if the question were frankly put as between the rate and better education, the Welsh people would choose the rate; and you, on your part, resolving to put the matter to the test on the morrow. About 11 P.M. that night, on making this resolve, you turned me out of the room, and began to put together notes for a speech on intermediate education, instead of the one you had intended giving on some political topic.

‘ From the meeting on the morrow you came straight to the College, and I remember yet how your face beamed with joy as you told me on the College stair of the successful meeting. The people surpassed your most ardent expectations then, as they did afterwards in the whole matter.’

Mr. Rathbone's speech was followed by a campaign in favour of the Bill, organized in North Wales mainly by members of the College staff. Meetings were held in every town, at which the provisions of the Bill were explained. Resolutions poured in on the Welsh members from all kinds of public bodies demanding the schools and accepting the

rate. Jones took his full share in these meetings, speaking in many places, and urging, both in public and in private, the importance of the cause. No one was better able than he to offer testimony.

His most powerful service, however, was given in the second stage of the campaign. The Act was passed in 1889, and immediately there began the effort to translate its provisions into practice. Two policies were being advocated—one to build a relatively small number of large and well-equipped schools, the other to build a considerably greater number of smaller schools. Jones was wholeheartedly in favour of the second plan, pleading that as many children as possible should have easy access to the schools without having to live away from their homes. Mr. Arthur Acland, M.P., and Mr. Tom Ellis, M.P., supported the wider distribution of the schools, and made themselves by voice and pen the leaders of the struggle for the adoption of this policy. Mr. Acland on one occasion convened a small private conference at his own house, at which Jones, Cadwaladr Davies, and some others helped to draw out a scheme for the establishment of the schools. They spread out a map of North Wales, and marked on it with pins the locations of the schools which they thought to be desirable. They were ambitious, and ‘before we had done, the map was bristling with pins.’ But the event showed that they were not ambitious enough. A few years’ time saw the foundation of schools at every one of their chosen places, and at more. During this period Jones was continually active. He wrote a long series of articles and letters, both in Welsh and in English, to which wide publicity was given in the North Wales newspapers. Cadwaladr Davies and he, at their own expense and on their own authority, held at least one meeting a week somewhere in the area, and encountered all kinds of receptions and audiences. But the progress of the movement was a constant inspiration. As a colleague later said, he lived with ‘a passion in his soul, like the force of fire.’

Thirty years afterwards Jones was a member of the Royal Commission on University Education in Wales.<sup>1</sup> In his thoughts on the university problem he drew much

<sup>1</sup> Cf. p. 127.

on the memory of the long effort for the intermediate schools. The response which Wales had then made to the claim of higher education, and the willingness with which the local authorities had undertaken to levy a rate in support of the secondary schools, encouraged him first to put forward and then to press an idea that the local authorities might now pledge themselves similarly to the aid of the University. It is pleasant to record that the response to this second appeal was no less generous than to the first. In 1919 every higher-education authority in Wales agreed to levy a penny rate for the University and the Colleges—accepting thereby a measure of responsibility for university education which is still unequalled by any other national or even regional area in the kingdom. Jones's experience in his own country and of his own countrymen was not always so happy as on these occasions. But these fine decisions were what he chiefly remembered, and were the source of his pride. He rightly believed that it was by them that the temper and quality of his people should be judged; and he rejoiced in their zeal for the things of the mind.

In every way, during these seven years at Bangor, his life, both at home and at College, was full and happy. Four children were born to him there. For most of the time his home was a large farmhouse, 'Perfeddgoed,' two miles from Bangor—a place of space and freedom for his children and for the students who came to spend Saturday afternoons with him. He enjoyed the friendship of his College colleagues, especially perhaps of Gray and Mathews and Morris Jones. Morris Jones and he sometimes amused themselves by writing *englynion*<sup>1</sup>—Henry composing the airs and Morris the verses. Together they began to translate into Welsh Hegel's *Philosophy of Religion*. This particular enterprise did not prosper. But at this time Jones translated some philosophical classics into Welsh for the use of his students, and issued a number of philosophical lectures and papers in Welsh.

His vacations were spent mostly in Wales—sometimes in or near his old home at Llangernyw, and sometimes on the Carnarvonshire peninsula, at Abersoch or Aberdaron.

<sup>1</sup> Four-line stanzas in alliterative metre.



But in one Christmas vacation he made a journey to Italy. He travelled out through Switzerland—‘a silent country floating in transparent air and all in white, and the clear clean frost as if it had come to stay there for ever.’ He visited some of the cities of northern Italy, and then Florence. ‘Especially well I remember (in Florence) the impression of a vast popular passion for art which I felt there and nowhere else.’ He did not get to Rome—postponing that for some future occasion. But the occasion did not come. He was never much of a Continental traveller, though he went far enough abroad in other directions. He had no very strong historical or aesthetic interest; and though his imagination delighted in such contacts with historical settings as came his way, he was under no kind of necessity to make pilgrimage to the birth-places of Western civilization.

Of his doings in Wales at this time, and of the method of them, a number of stories still survive—many of them, no doubt, apocryphal. He was then, as always, the sort of figure round whom stories are apt to grow, for his earnestness of purpose on the one hand, and on the other his daring and buoyancy and sharpness of wit, stamped all that he did with his own individual colour. Two episodes, vouched for by Sir John Morris Jones,<sup>1</sup> are worth preserving. He went on one occasion to speak at a political meeting at Llannerch-y-Medd, a village near Amlwch, famous in those days as the home of a race of shoemakers and cobblers. The audience was unfriendly, and the opening of his speech met with a good deal of interruption. It seemed as if he were not to be heard, until it struck him to remind the audience that he was a brother-craftsman of their own, and to offer to try his skill in shoemaking against any of theirs. He played them on this note just long enough to win their sympathy, then launched into his speech, turning a possible discomfiture into a wildly enthusiastic triumph. The second is more notable. He had preached one Sunday by invitation at the chapel in Llanfair P.G., an Anglesey village, where Morris Jones lived. Henry Jones enjoyed the service greatly; so, by all accounts, did the deacons and congregation. At any rate, at the close of the day it was

<sup>1</sup> In the *Cymro*, February 8, 1922.

agreed by both parties that he should preach again at as early a date as could be arranged. But the months went past and no definite engagement was made. Morris Jones asked the deacons why they delayed their invitation, and was told that, though they had liked Professor Henry Jones' sermon, they had heard since then that he was a 'dreadful heretic,' and that it was not right to ask him to preach. Morris Jones, when next he met his colleague, told him why the invitation had not been renewed. 'They are told,' said Morris, 'that you deny the divinity of Christ.' 'I!' said Henry, 'I deny the divinity of Christ! I do not deny the divinity of any man!'

It is not surprising that the author of this reply should have been the subject of criticism by adherents of more strict religious views. Religious differences in that community were matters of real importance. Jones never felt that his views need put a distance between him and his co-religionists, and he used the ordinary forms of worship to express what was common and significant in his faith and in theirs. But some of the more rigid among them thought otherwise, and Jones was not, as a rule, much given to suffering intolerance gladly. There were occasional controversies. Indeed, at various times in his life, and even after his death, debate as to whether Henry Jones was or was not a Christian was always good 'copy' in Wales, and provided material for much energetic newspaper discussion. The most bitter of the attacks upon him was made by a denominational paper—the *Goleuad*—not long before Jones left Bangor for St. Andrews. It was commonly supposed, indeed, that this attack had something to do with his leaving Bangor—that, despairing of his own people, and weary of their ill-treatment of him, he turned his back on Wales and went to Scotland. The legend dies hard that Wales drove into exile this most prophetic of her sons. But it is baseless. When the time came, Jones was no doubt glad to leave behind him in Wales the opposition and irritation aroused by a not over tolerant or over intelligent canvassing of personal religious and political beliefs. In the old universities of Scotland private opinions were much less matters of public concern, and the greater freedom was welcome

to him. But these petty persecutions did not drive Jones from Wales; they did not disturb him over much. Nor indeed at this or at any other time in his later life had he any reason to complain of the attention which Wales gave to his word. On every serious educational and political issue Wales heard him gladly, and in no case, at least in education, did the national judgment go contrary to his advice. Jones left Wales for excellent but quite undramatic reasons. A Scottish chair offered a larger salary, much more satisfactory conditions of academic work, and better opportunities for the education of his children. And the reasons which induced him to go to Scotland were, in the main, those which kept him there when, if he had so chosen, he might have returned to Wales.

His last session in Bangor was notable chiefly for the preparation of his first book.<sup>1</sup> He had given in Bangor a lecture on Browning's poetry, and soon after Browning's death Jones was invited to give this lecture in Cambridge. The lecture was a considerable success, and Jones was asked to print it. He began, therefore, to prepare the lecture for publication. But he found it grow on his hands to two lectures, then three, and finally into a longish book.

The book has had and has deserved a great measure of success. It is still perhaps the most widely read estimate of Browning's poetical achievement. It was by no accident that Jones was led to make his first important contribution to philosophical literature in the shape of a study of a poet. Nichol's teaching remained in his mind, and he had found Carlyle and the Romantic poets hardly less nourishing than the great Idealist philosophers. Wordsworth and Browning he knew—almost as well as he knew his Bible, and perhaps more intimately than he knew any other writers. He found them inspired by the faith which he had learned and which he tried to teach, and to them—in his last book as in his first—he turned for the imaginative expression of the hypothesis which his philosophical masters had sought to sustain by the more laborious methods of reasoning.

His book on Browning is designedly a study of the content and validity of Browning's philosophical thought. Jones

<sup>1</sup> *Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher*, Maclehose, 1891.

travels widely beyond the range of Browning's own thoughts, reviewing Browning's conclusions in the light of considerations which were not in the poet's mind, and subjecting his theory to the test of philosophical criticism. He was well aware of the difficulty, and even of the injustice, that might be involved in such a treatment of a poet's work. 'A poet never demonstrates, but perceives';<sup>1</sup> and even Browning is most significant when he holds most firmly to his function as poet. 'It is not when he argues that Browning proves; it is when he sees, as a poet sees.' Nevertheless, Browning is consciously philosophical in a sense in which few poets are. 'He often seems to be roused into speech rather by the intensity of his spiritual convictions than by the subtle incitements of poetic sensibility. His convictions catch fire, and truth becomes beauty for him; not beauty truth, as with Keats or Shelley.'<sup>2</sup> The abstraction of content from form, therefore, though it remains an abstraction, and yields less than the whole, does less violence to Browning than to most other poets. One finds in him, if not a proved doctrine, at least one which is capable of proof or of criticism.

Jones's interest centres on the bearing of Browning's metaphysical theory on religion and morality. For Browning, Nature and man were of one piece, different expressions of a single constitutive principle, manifestations of the self-revealing activity of God. The natural order was the cradle of man's moral powers; but in man the potencies of Nature were focussed in a new creative way, so that in the medium of his self-consciousness they were no longer merely natural but spiritual, the agents of higher and more enduring values. Of his faculties—

‘Hints and previsions . . .

Are strewn confusedly everywhere about  
The inferior natures, and all lead up higher,  
All shape out divinely the superior race,  
The heir of hopes too fair to turn out false,  
And man appears at last.’<sup>3</sup>

Hence, in man's understanding of it, Nature comes to a new level of being, and takes on new significance.

<sup>1</sup> *Browning*, p. 84.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 16.

<sup>3</sup> *Paracelsus*, cit. p. 165.



‘ The winds  
Are henceforth voices, wailing or a shout,  
A querulous mutter, or a quick gay laugh,  
Never a senseless gust now man is born.’<sup>1</sup>

And as Nature finds its interpretation in man, so man is to be read in the light of that to which he is tending, in those moments of exalted thought and emotion in which he seems to partake of the being of God.

‘ All tended to mankind ;  
And, man produced, all has its end thus far :  
But in completed man begins anew  
A tendency to God.’<sup>2</sup>

Each level of existence, therefore, is to be read by that into which it passes—the natural order by the moral, and the moral by the insight it affords into the life of God. For Nature and man alike are of God’s making, and in their tendency to Him they find their completion and true being.

What seemed to Jones most deeply significant in Browning’s statement of this Idealist hypothesis was the measure in which he implicated God in the world. Nothing either in Nature or in man was outside of Him ; and man’s moral struggles, above all, were the very heart of His self-revelation. God had given His own nature to man ; ‘ not a semblance of it, an analogon or verisimilitude,’<sup>3</sup> but His own divine being. And the process by which man came to realize that nature in himself, belonged as completely to God’s dealings with the world as any other element in it.

It was on this point that Jones found the essential difference between the teachings of Browning and Carlyle. For both, morality was a central experience in human life—to most men, indeed, the experience by which they could come to the knowledge of God. But for Carlyle, morality was conceived in terms of the Old Testament, as the fulfilment of a duty imposed on man by God. God Himself had nothing at stake in the struggle, beyond that righteousness was His ordinance which He would not suffer to be broken. For Browning, on the other hand, God Himself is partaker in the moral struggle ; and for man, morality

<sup>1</sup> *Paracelsus*, cit. p. 205.

<sup>2</sup> *Browning*, p. 165.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 220.

is not an external commandment, but the intelligible law of his life.

Browning's philosophy, therefore, was profoundly optimistic. If God is truly partaker in man's experience, man cannot ultimately fail to achieve the good. However wayward his choices, however far his wandering, he comes at last, must come at last, to the knowledge of himself and of God. Nothing in his life stands finally outside the purpose of God. In all its stages it is a process of the discovery of God. And since there is no satisfaction for him elsewhere than in this discovery, there is no element or experience in his life which cannot lead him to it.

'Of absolute and irretrievable black,—black's soul of black  
Beyond white's power to disintensify,—  
Of that I saw no sample.'<sup>1</sup>

If any such there were, one single case in which God's purpose was thwarted, his faith would be destroyed :

'such may wreck  
My life and ruin my philosophy  
To-morrow, doubtless.'<sup>1</sup>

Browning, of course, was confronted by the difficulty of maintaining such a faith in the face of the manifold evidence of human life. Can it be held that there is no breach of God's purpose—that no soul ever fails at last to find the good? And even so, is not the way of discovery itself at least a partial failure? If ultimately 'evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound,' it is still evil, and a good which is achieved only through evil must itself be an imperfect good. Browning at least faced these issues—to the point indeed of almost merging the poet in the philosopher; and a great part of Jones's discussion is occupied with Browning's treatment of them. They are indeed crucial for any Idealist philosophy; and Jones was to return to them again as the main theme of the last book of his life.<sup>2</sup> His earlier work gives Browning's answer, and the extent of his own agreement with it.

The answer turned—and so far Jones wholly accepted it

<sup>1</sup> 'A Bean Stripe: Ferishtah's Fancies,' cit. p. 87.

<sup>2</sup> *A Faith that Enquires.*

—on the conception of the nature of God: that nature which He had communicated to all living things, and *par excellence* to man. God's nature is Love, and that which is achieved through the whole upward tendency of life, sentient and conscious, is the fuller knowledge of Love. Love is the principle of all value:

‘ There is no good of life but love—but love !  
What else looks good, is some shade flung from love,  
Love gilds it, gives it worth.’ <sup>1</sup>

Because He is Love, and because Love at its highest is an activity of free, self-conscious beings, God has given man freedom, and has set him the destiny of winning the experience of Love. Because of his freedom, man will sometimes choose wrongly. He will mistake the lesser for the greater good, the baser for the higher Love. Hence he will have always

‘ Somewhat to cast off, somewhat to become.’ <sup>2</sup>

But the process is never sheer failure or negation ; for he is impelled by the divine which is the deepest thing in him to move from the partial to the more complete :

‘ Man must pass from old to new,  
From vain to real, from mistake to fact,  
From what once seemed good, to what now proves best.’ <sup>2</sup>

All this conception of the life of man, Jones thought to be in principle sound. He could himself find no other name for God than Love. He threw (as will be noted later) far more emphasis on man's moral and emotional experience as the clue to his own nature and the nature of God than Caird had ever appeared to do. He rests his whole final reckoning with the world on the hypothesis of a God of Love, communicating Himself to and achieving Himself in man, and finds in the implications of that hypothesis an intelligible account of even the evil in human life.

But, with this fundamental agreement, he finds grave grounds for criticism in Browning's articulation of this principle. For Browning, in his later works at least, combined with this faith in Love a distrust of Reason, and

<sup>1</sup> ‘ *In a Balcony*,’ cit. p. 219.

<sup>2</sup> ‘ *A Death in the Desert*,’ cit. p. 215.

Love itself became for him an inscrutable mystery. It seemed as if somehow he shrank from applying to the most ultimate issues this hypothesis which had carried him so far. Against the final antinomy that omnipotent Love, in order to achieve fullness of being, had to create finite human souls, and therewith admit the contradictory reality of evil, his hypothesis, and indeed every hypothesis, seemed to break down. Browning at least saw no solution tolerable to man's intelligence. He could therefore only reject the requirements of reason, and plead that man must believe even that which overthrew his understanding.

‘ Wholly distrust thy knowledge then, and trust  
As wholly love allied to ignorance !  
There lies thy truth and safety.’ <sup>1</sup>

This sceptical nescience seemed to Jones fatal to the whole Idealist interpretation of experience. The later chapters of his book are a long and detailed examination of the attempt to found the explanation of the world on any non-rational principle. The appeal from the head to the heart deprived (as Browning agreed) the deliverances of the heart of any universality of application ; and it divided the nature of man endlessly against itself. Hence, no principle so founded could safeguard the higher interests of man. For if their security lies in their congruence with the scheme of things, Reason also draws thence its authority. As the instrument of man's enlightenment and the principle of his self-consciousness, Reason is the revelation of God. There can be no final disharmony between its claims and the claims of other elements in the soul. If Love, therefore, is the truth of things, the hypothesis of Love must be grounded on Reason and be capable through and through of rational defence. And such was Jones's final view.

There is no need here to follow the long argument in which Jones examined not merely Browning's scepticism, but the presuppositions of all sceptical philosophies. It has, in Caird's phrase,<sup>2</sup> ‘ real original force ’ ; but it is familiar ground. It turns ultimately, as it must, on the simple enough point that any rational construction of

<sup>1</sup> ‘ *A Pillar at Sebzevar*,’ cit. p. 228.

<sup>2</sup> *Life and Letters of E. Caird*, p. 168.



experience, even the construction that no final synthesis is possible, must rest on the assumption of the competence of Reason. Even if it be true 'that knowledge never attains reality, that does not imply that it always misses it.'<sup>1</sup> It implies, indeed, in the last analysis, precisely the reverse. All that we need note in this uncompromising assertion of the rights of Reason is the concreteness of his view of the nature of Reason. It was fundamental in Jones's view that Reason is not restricted to purely intellectual operations, that it is the principle of all spiritual activities, and that all the constructions of the mind, whether in knowledge, or art, or morality, must satisfy its demand for wholeness. In both aspects of his treatment of Reason he was faithful to the teaching of Hegel. It was the key to his interpretation of every region of man's spiritual effort.

The book, which was published at the end of May 1891, had immediate success. Well over a thousand copies were sold within two months, and in the course of a few years several editions were exhausted. And, what was of greater consequence, it consolidated Jones's reputation in his subject. The first fruits did not take long to mature. In the summer of that year he stood for the vacant chair of logic and metaphysics in Edinburgh. He was not appointed. But the election of Professor Andrew Seth (Pringle-Pattison) to Edinburgh created a vacancy in the logic chair at St. Andrews, and Jones's candidature there was successful. In the autumn of the year he closed the period of his Welsh life and moved again to Scotland.

<sup>1</sup> *Browning*, p. 274.

## CHAPTER III

ST. ANDREWS : 1891-1894

EXCEPT for the writing of one important book, his work on Lotze, Jones's brief period in St. Andrews was hardly more than an episode—a bridge between Wales and Glasgow. It had its moments of excitement: even its beginning was stormy. But its chief importance lay in the friendships he made there. Little else left any permanent impression on his life and thought.

His own Welsh people held then, as always, the centre of his interest. But the change to Scotland was to his second home; and, for reasons which have been mentioned, he was glad to make it. During his nearly nine years in Wales he had kept himself in touch with many of his Scottish friends, and he was sure enough of his welcome from them. The philosophical and theological situation in Scotland was also interesting, for the effect of the liberalizing teaching of Caird and of the school of which he was the chief representative in Scotland had come plainly to show itself in the thought and writing of some younger leaders in Scottish religious life. Some of Jones's own friends were involved in the last flicker of the heresy-hunts.<sup>1</sup> Jones liked a good controversy, and enjoyed the greater freedom with which he could have his say if he were so minded. And especially he looked forward to the complete academic independence which is offered by a Scottish chair. He could now present his subject to his students entirely in his own way, without consideration of the requirements of any

<sup>1</sup> In early 1892, with reference to the controversy aroused by the writings of Dr. Marcus Dods, he writes from St. Andrews: 'The thunder is rumbling in the north. But I suppose that for Dr. Dods the sky is clear and the bolts now being forged harmless. Scotland is not good at killing its prophets, but it is very good at badgering them. Please give him my greetings. If he and [Henry] Drummond and [A. B.] Bruce are put into the bottle dungeon of the Castle here, I'll do my best to bribe their keeper. Bruce would burn better than Dods, I think.'

external examination. He had never, it is true, modelled his Bangor teaching very closely on a prescribed syllabus, and neither he nor his students had had any cause to complain of the results. But the added sense of freedom and of responsibility for the whole ordering of his teaching attracted him greatly.

He had, however, a rough introduction to his new duties, and the controversy in which he found himself engaged concerned nothing so much to his mind as theological doctrine. Shortly before he was appointed, the University College of Dundee had become part of the University of St. Andrews, and representatives of the Dundee College sat on the University Court which made the election. But the relations between the two institutions were strained, and there was some dispute as to the interpretation of the terms of their partnership. Jones's election had been closely contested, and as it happened the majority of the St. Andrews members of the Court had voted for another candidate. Jones therefore owed his election to a solid block of support from the Dundee members. He was no sooner installed in his office than at a meeting of the Senate (the academic authority) of the University the Vice-Chancellor (Principal Donaldson) intimated that in his view, which was afterwards found to be correct, the agreement between St. Andrews and Dundee was wrongly drawn and had no legal validity. It followed, clearly, that Jones's appointment, which had been made under the terms of that agreement, was also invalid. When that corollary was pointed out, Jones asked permission to withdraw from the meeting in order that the situation might be discussed without the embarrassment of his presence. Then followed one of the incidents which remained most gratefully in Jones's memory. On the instant Professor Lewis Campbell, the senior and best beloved of the St. Andrews professors, rose in his place with the indignant remark, 'If Professor Jones leaves the room, I leave the room also.' This gallant championship there and then settled the issue of Jones's appointment. It was agreed that in any case no question could thenceforth be raised as to that, and so far as his own position was concerned Jones's mind was at peace.

But the major issue of the relations between the two Colleges still remained. It was a cause of ceaseless discussion and even of bitter controversy during the three years of Jones's stay in St. Andrews : in which inevitably he was involved. He could never keep out of a fight, and from this one he had no right to stand aloof. Lord Kinnear's Commission on the Scottish Universities was then sitting, and was very much bent on introducing some much-needed reform into the Scottish university system. Evidence for the Commissioners had to be prepared and points of university policy determined. The relations of St. Andrews and Dundee were the main local issue ; but there were others of importance, such as the future of theological teaching in St. Andrews. There were also questions of general interest—as to the tenure of professors and the admission of women to degrees. The whole situation in St. Andrews was made peculiarly complex by the policy of Lord Bute, who was then Chancellor of the University. A considerable body of opinion in St. Andrews was anxious to break the Dundee connection altogether ; but a party of the younger men, to whom Jones allied himself, strove to maintain and improve the relationship. On the main question the issue went as they desired, and the Dundee College became unequivocally a part of the University, with its own special place in the organization.

Apart from these controversies, which engaged him deeply, Jones's life followed a quiet enough course. His two main classes were the ordinary graduating classes for the pass and the honours degree. His pass course comprised an introduction to psychology, the usual work in deductive and inductive logic (with the formal side of which he never had very much sympathy), some account of the theory of judgment, and an elementary course in metaphysics, given mainly by a discussion of Berkeley's *Principles of Human Knowledge*. With his small honours group he had the perhaps more congenial task of reading and discussing in detail some of the great philosophical classics, usually Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, and a text in ancient philosophy, such as Plato's *Theaetetus*. In addition to his logic work, he had also a certain



amount of responsibility for the teaching of English literature. In his first year he gave lectures (of a highly philosophical character, it is said) on the later eighteenth and nineteenth century writers, mainly on Carlyle and Browning. The pressure on him was, of course, too great to let him do full justice to this side of his work. But he had already furnished himself with a wide acquaintance with the secondary as well as the greater authors of that period, and he enjoyed the business of renewing it. In the second and third sessions, however, he gave no literature courses. The Professor of English Literature in Dundee was a friend of the Glasgow days, Mr. W. S. M'Cormick.<sup>1</sup> Professor M'Cormick and Jones obtained the sanction of the University authorities for an exchange of duties whereby the latter gave a course of logic and psychology in Dundee, and the former took the literature lectures in St. Andrews. Jones therefore confined himself to his philosophical work, and found it prospering in his hand.

His colleague in moral philosophy was Professor Knight. The two senior men had as assistants Mr. H. H. Joachim<sup>2</sup> and Mr. Robert Latta.<sup>3</sup> The students of the time had formed an active philosophical club, its first secretary being the most distinguished of the honours students, Mr. Norman Smith.<sup>4</sup> Jones had therefore plenty of congenial philosophical society, which he greatly enjoyed. Among his colleagues in other subjects he formed warm friendships with (besides Professor M'Cormick) Principal Sir William Peterson of Dundee (later Principal of M'Gill University, Toronto); Professor John Burnet, Lewis Campbell's successor in the chair of Greek; and above all with Professor Allan Menzies, of the chair of New Testament criticism. One other lifelong friendship was initiated in St. Andrews. Mr. Ronald Munro-Ferguson of Raith and Novar<sup>5</sup>—a rising young leader of Scottish Liberalism in the House of Commons—was a member of the University Court. He

<sup>1</sup> Now Sir W. S. M'Cormick, Chairman of the University Grants Committee.

<sup>2</sup> Now Wykeham Professor of Logic at Oxford.

<sup>3</sup> Now Professor of Logic and Rhetoric at Glasgow.

<sup>4</sup> Now Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at Edinburgh.

<sup>5</sup> Afterwards Governor-General of Australia, and, as Viscount Novar, H.M. Secretary for Scotland in the Governments of 1922-23.

sought out Jones at the instance of Mr. Tom Ellis, M.P., and much association over University business gave the acquaintance every chance to ripen. Until Mr. Munro-Ferguson went to Australia, Jones was a frequent guest of his and of Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson at Raith ; and over half the world their friendship continued to find expression. Mr. Ferguson introduced Jones (or reintroduced him, perhaps) to the problems and personalities of Scottish politics, and found him an apt enough pupil. In one of his quite early letters he asks Mr. Ferguson, 'Can you not head the Scotch Home Rule movement? Why not take a leaf out of the Irish and Welsh fellows' book and refuse to weight Scotch Home Rule with the whole problem of Imperial federation?' He complains sadly of the want of a good Scottish grievance, like the Welsh Church, which would get Home Rule for Scotland, 'which I am more in love with than ever.' Again, a little later: 'There are some things I am getting eager about: *e.g.*, why can't the public-houses be handed over to the local authorities to close, multiply, confine, or expand as they darn well please? Why shouldn't Edinburgh try one scheme and Glasgow another? It seems to me that we *must* get the drink under, and that we can't do it except by experimenting.' Mr. Asquith was then member for the Fifeshire burghs of which St. Andrews was one. Jones met him there and campaigned on his behalf. 'I like the statesman in him, and believe in his cause.'

From the domestic point of view the change to St. Andrews was fortunate. His children prospered in the strong air and grew apace. His fourth son, Arthur, the youngest of his six children, was born there; and the home life was, as always, full and happy. The wide spaces of the shore gave ample playing-ground. And their father had endless delight in teaching them songs or verses—often enough singularly nonsensical—or putting them up to such pranks as his fertile ingenuity invented. Caird, too, was reasonably near at hand. He was then delivering the Gifford Lectures in St. Andrews, so that Jones saw a great deal of him. Caird's correspondence at this time reveals a little of their association: 'I have given two lectures at St. Andrews—and have had the pleasure of finding Jones gaining golden opinions there, both from his colleagues, as

far as they know him, and still more from his students, whose ears his persuasive Celtic tongue has caught. He is working for them with all his might. . . . Me he treats like the most devoted of sons.’<sup>1</sup>

Jones’s writing and private studies at this time naturally followed the line of his professorial work. He was much engrossed in the study of F. H. Bradley’s writings. Caird and he had a prolonged correspondence on the subject, in which one of Caird’s remarks shows that he understood Jones’s method of teaching: ‘I forget now whether finally it was arranged that I should come at the beginning or at the end of the session to lecture your men. If it was at the beginning, I could say something about Bradley, I think. But if the end, I suppose you will have quite sufficiently dosed them with him, and I must look for something else.’ Jones certainly had great faith in the virtue of ‘dosing’ his students with what was uppermost in his own mind.

Two interesting articles belong to this time—one, indeed, was his inaugural lecture at St. Andrews.<sup>2</sup> Discoursing on ‘the nature and aims of philosophy,’ he took occasion to examine the contention that philosophy does not ‘progress’ in the fashion of the natural sciences, and is therefore otiose. It is true, Jones agreed, that every historic attempt to construe the world as a systematic whole has failed in the sense that subsequent reflection has shown discontinuity or defect in it. But this situation, he holds, arises partly because the world which is the object of our philosophic reflection is itself in process of change, or at least of revealing new aspects of itself to thought, so that no attempt to seize and understand its character can be finally true. It is foolish, he believes, to demand ‘a final and absolute account, an absolute philosophy, of an object which cannot remain what it is without ceasing to be at all, which is not only always progressing but always changing as a living organism changes.’ Hence, the firmer the hold of philosophy on reality, the more certain is it to find the necessity for passing beyond its own best achievements in the past. ‘A system which does not fail, a creed which is fixed, is dead.’ On the other hand, and indeed just because of this continuously

<sup>1</sup> *Life and Letters*, p. 175 (November 17, 1891).

<sup>2</sup> Published in *Mind* (new series), 1893.

deepening effort to comprehend reality, no great philosophical system is wholly discarded. It enters as an element into the experience of the world, and is itself a condition of the new interpretations of that experience. The main point of interest in this address is the hint here given of a view which Jones formulated in his last book—that Reality itself progresses, that the Absolute is not static but the source of new perfections. Even in his last book the doctrine is not worked out, but it is clear that it is one which occupied Jones's mind during all the later years of his teaching.

The second article was a lengthy essay on 'Idealism and Epistemology,'<sup>1</sup> for the most part a criticism of some recent writings of his predecessor in St. Andrews, Professor A. Seth (Pringle-Pattison). At this distance of time the controversy is remarkable chiefly for the illustration it affords of the tendency of philosophers to accentuate their differences rather than their agreements, and for the protest that Jones's share in it drew from Caird. 'Can't you philosophize without "fechtin'"? Is Donnybrook essential to the beatific vision?' But it raised an important point, and it helped Jones to a clearer statement of the Idealist position on the fundamental issue of the relation of thought to reality. The point in Seth's statement of that position on which Jones fastened was a remark that 'the relation between subject and object exists, but is not ontological.' The implication was that although the relation had to be assumed as a fact conditioning the whole business of knowledge, so that (as Seth put it) 'ideas are the working of reality in us,' nevertheless it gave no clue to the detailed connections of ideas as cognitive elements, so that these connections had to be examined by the special science of epistemology. Jones challenged the existence of any such special science, maintaining that, if the directness of the relation between thought and reality were taken seriously and realistically enough, thought was guided in all its operations by the laws of things, and had therefore no 'ideal' province of its own calling for investigation in its own right.

The major issues of this controversy were traversed again

<sup>1</sup> Also published in *Mind* (new series), 1893.



in greater detail in Jones's most important and substantial writing of this period—his book on Lotze's theory of knowledge.<sup>1</sup> This book arose from his interest in contemporary developments in logical theory, especially in the writings of Mr. Bradley and Mr. Bosanquet. With the general point of view of these writers he was in complete agreement, and in a large measure of agreement with even the detailed conclusions of Bosanquet's work. His own contribution, therefore, he thought could best be made in the shape of a discussion of the general theory of the relation of thought and reality which was implied in their treatment. For this purpose he undertook a critical examination of Lotze's doctrine, which had already much influenced logical discussion. Lotze's reaction from the Hegelian view of the rational structure of reality, and the logical theory which that reaction had imposed upon him, seemed to Jones to bring out very clearly the difficulties of a half-hearted Idealism. He aimed, therefore, at showing how the presuppositions of Lotze's thought reveal their inadequacy by forcing him to solutions which are ultimately inconsistent with these presuppositions, and which are possible only on the basis of an implication of thought and reality more thoroughgoing than Lotze would admit. Jones designed to give two volumes to this task—the first on Lotze's doctrine of thought, and the second on the doctrine of reality. 'I have tried in volume i. to show that his (Lotze's) doctrine of thought forces him to treat it as reality. In volume ii. I shall try to show that his doctrine of reality forces him to treat it as thought.'<sup>2</sup> Unfortunately, he did not carry out his whole intention. The second volume was never written. Both as a critical account of Lotze, therefore, and as a restatement of the general Idealist position the first volume is incomplete. Some fundamental questions are, necessarily, only lightly handled. But, within the limits of Lotze's doctrine of thought, Jones's discussion is most thorough and skilful. It shows, as perhaps no other of his books does, his powers of exact and even severe philosophical reasoning. He holds faithfully to his design—that is, his criticism is not *ab extra*. He

<sup>1</sup> *The Philosophy of Lotze: The Doctrine of Thought*, Maclehose, 1895.

<sup>2</sup> In a letter to Mr. F. H. Bradley. Cf. p. 188 *infra*.

develops Lotze's position to the point at which, by the sheer necessities of the argument, it turns in his view into something other than that which Lotze held.

Lotze's doctrine was determined by the hostility which he felt to Hegel's 'Panlogismus'—his reading of the world as a construction and manifestation of thought. Such a system seemed to reduce the concrete, pulsating variety of the real world to 'a solemn shadowland of unchangeable ideas,' 'the imperturbable repose of universal but empty relations of thought.'<sup>1</sup>

Lotze's distrust of a universal Rationalism and his fear that such a theory involved the denial of any genuine individuality have found other and even more pointed expressions since his time. And on one aspect of his protest—on the need for the recognition of individuality—Jones was whole-heartedly with him. But he thought that Lotze took the wrong way to secure what he desired. Lotze's way was to deny that thought was a principle of reality at all. On the contrary, in his view, thought and reality are opposed. Reality stands over against the inert world of thought with a fullness of energetic being and individual variety which, so far from being the stuff of thought, is for ever unseizable and incomprehensible by it.

His problem, therefore, is how, on such a view of the relation of thought and reality, to give an account of their apparent commerce or correspondence in the business of knowledge. How, on such a basis, is knowledge possible : and what is meant by *true* knowledge ? It was Jones's view that he could give no satisfactory answer to these questions without implicitly abandoning the diremption of thought and reality which he wished to maintain.

The line of Lotze's answer is clear, though to work it out in detail involves him in an elaborate and often subtle argument. Thought is purely subjective ; reality is purely objective. The processes of each follow the laws of its own being. The one can never *be* the other, nor can the processes of thought, determined as they are by the laws of thought, which are not the laws of things, correspond with the processes of reality. Nevertheless, although ideas cannot *be* their objects, cannot even be images of them, they may still

<sup>1</sup> Lotze, p. 25.

be *valid* of objects. 'Thought, by surrendering itself to the logical laws of these movements of its own, finds itself, at the end of its journey, if pursued in obedience to these laws, coinciding with the actual course of the things themselves.'<sup>1</sup> The paths of thought and reality diverge; but if thought is content to follow the laws of its own nature, it will come at last, somehow, to a construction which is true of reality.

Jones's criticism, in essence, is just that this result is neither in itself sufficient, nor can it be reached consistently with the thesis with which Lotze starts. Jones agrees that thoughts are not things. But if they are to be *true* of things, the relation between them is not one of sheer difference. Thought is more integral to things than Lotze will admit. Hence his discussion of Lotze consists in showing that at every step in the argument, in order to move at all, Lotze has to import into 'thought' more of the nature of reality than his presuppositions allow. For without the immanent presence and activity of reality in it, thought is even more barren and abstract than Lotze holds. Its results could not have even the 'value' or 'validity' which he ascribes to them.

This line of criticism he applies to all the details of Lotze's argument—to the discussion of the relation between perception and conception, to the exposition of the different forms of judgment, to the theory of inference and to the attempt to advance from simple substitutive inference to the higher forms of systematic thought. Thus, in the account of the relation between perception and conception, Jones finds Lotze to vacillate between two inconsistent views. On the one hand, the two elements are described almost negatively in terms of each other—the data of sense being a pure manifold, subjective states or changes in consciousness 'consequent upon the varying stimuli arising from the outer world';<sup>2</sup> whereas conception is a purely universal and formal function. On the other hand, there arises from the interaction of these two elements a world of known objects. And when Lotze inquires how this takes place, he finds on one side that the data of sense, at least as material of thought, are not a mere manifold, and on the other that

<sup>1</sup> *Logic*, 342, cit. p. 316.

<sup>2</sup> *Lotze*, p. 105.

conception is not merely formal but is also somehow constitutive of objects, since it is by the operation of conception that the subjective data acquire an objective reference or are 'reified.' Without this double implication of the two elements in one another, knowledge is impossible. Between thought and sense, therefore, there must be some mediating activity which lifts the supposed particulars of sense to a degree of universality such that thought can work upon them. That mediation Lotze describes as the function of an unconscious psychical mechanism which 'arranges in time and space the manifold of impressions,'<sup>1</sup> combines the impressions into the 'image of a universe,' frames certain 'universals of sense,' and produces 'comparisons and distinctions.' It is true that Lotze holds that all this work is pre-conscious—that 'consciousness enters *afterwards* and takes cognizance of relations which it did not by its own action originate, but which have been prepared for it by the unconscious mechanism of the psychic states.' But, in Jones's view, it is not easy to maintain such a distinction when these functions are precisely those which Lotze assigns to thought itself. It seems as if, in order to hold to his initial separation of the two elements, Lotze had been forced to invent an unconscious reduplication of the activity of thought. But the necessity under which he does so is itself proof of the relative nature of the initial distinction. Sense and thought are not finally separable. The activities of thought 'enter into all other mental processes, and sensation and perception, together with all our associative powers, so far from being preliminary and independent, must be regarded as either identical with, or essentially related to, thought.'<sup>2</sup> Or again: 'The difference between the primary and elementary data of thought on the one hand, and the highest forms of systematized knowledge on the other, is no difference in kind, analogous to that between a mere particular and a mere universal, or a mere content and a mere form; but it is a difference in completeness of articulation. As all the organism is in the living germ, so all knowledge is in the simplest perception, and all reason is in sense.'<sup>3</sup>

Precisely the same kind of difficulty emerges, Jones

<sup>1</sup> *Logic*, para. 20, cit. p. 85.

<sup>2</sup> *Lotze*, p. 89.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 104.



thinks, in Lotze's treatment of judgment and inference. Judgment, *e.g.*, is held to appear 'in order to express a relation between the matters of two ideas.'<sup>1</sup> But is the relation so expressed already implicit in the ideas, so that they are aspects of a unity grasped by thought, or are they given as genuine differentials, between which thought can act only as a formal mediator? Lotze's account of the judgment, Jones believes, proceeds and is made plausible by his failure to confront this issue. For, relying first on an abstract formulation of the law of identity, he makes of thought a formal function, so that in the categorical judgment subject has to qualify predicate and predicate subject in such a manner that the judgment becomes tautologous. Then, finding that along this line his analysis breaks down, he enlarges the import of the law of identity so that it becomes first the law of sufficient reason, and then the law of systematic disjunction, and is therefore capable of revealing itself as a law of concrete unity maintaining itself in and through differences. Thus, although in form thought is taken as an abstract principle, applicable to a 'given' extraneous content, it is in fact concrete and constitutive of that content, in the sense that that content reveals itself everywhere as determined and determinable by the unity of thought.

So too with inference. The process of 'combining two judgments for the production of a third and valid judgment which is not merely the sum of the two first'<sup>2</sup> may be interpreted either as a formal act of combining what is given as disconnected, or as an act of explicitly revealing a connection originally though implicitly operative in the data. Lotze 'starts by assuming the first view, follows it until it leads him into the deadlock of pure identity, and then avails himself of the second view, without rejecting the former as false.'<sup>3</sup>

Above all, on the crucial matter of the validity of our knowledge the difficulty is of the same kind. Thought, as has been noted, is, in Lotze's view, a formal and subjective operation. Ideas, the products of thought, are not things; they are not even like things. Nor does the systematic world of ideas which thought builds correspond to the real

<sup>1</sup> Lotze, p. 228.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 231.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 234.

world of things. The thought-connections between ideas are quite other than the causes which connect real objects. Indeed, there is no means whereby we, whose knowledge is wholly ideal, can compare our ideas with any existent beyond them. Lotze is clear enough on that issue. Truth 'belongs to the world of our ideas in itself, without regard to its agreement with an assumed reality of things outside its borders.'<sup>1</sup> What then does 'truth' mean in and for a world so detached from reality as is this world of knowledge? On the face of it, it can mean nothing else than the internal coherence of this ideal structure. Knowledge is true if, in the making of it, thought has faithfully followed the laws of its own process. But this is not wholly satisfactory to Lotze. True knowledge is not only internally coherent. It is also 'valid'; that is, it has some kind of value in connection with the real world. It means something there. The two worlds are not entirely disparate or severed from one another. How then is this to be explained?

Lotze's account of it, complex as it is, is just that thought, not indeed in its own right, but through the medium of other powers of the soul, 'strikes in' to reality. Sense-perception, for example, supplies a contact which thought lacks. In that experience we come on something which is indubitably real. If, therefore, the system of our reasonings hangs on points supplied by sense-perception, it has some hold of the real world. Lotze believes that such is the case: that certain 'fixed points' on which our reasonings depend are so given and guaranteed. Thus 'neither the idea of quantity as such, nor the more definite conception of its capability of being summed, nor finally any one arithmetical proposition, ever enters into our consciousness without being occasioned, and the occasion can always be traced in the last resort to an external stimulus.'<sup>2</sup> And if the 'ideas' with which thought works are thus traceable to sense, and if it is this empirical basis 'which guarantees the truth' of reasoning, and 'is the source of its fruitfulness,'<sup>3</sup> on the other hand sense without thought is helpless. 'Without the assumption of the unconditional validity of some absolutely certain principles not drawn from experience,

<sup>1</sup> *Logic*, para. 313, cit. p. 277.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, para. 353, cit. p. 282.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

the very deliverances of experience itself could be no one more probable than another.' Sense yields no universals, at least of sufficient security to guide experience.

It would seem as if in this version of the matter Lotze must again encounter the difficulties involved in his view of the relation of perception to conception. For this is hardly more than a restatement, with the issues in somewhat clearer relief. But Lotze has a further resource. There is, he thinks, a kind of experience which unites the characteristics of sense and thought. In 'intuition' he finds at once the immediacy and apparent access to 'reality' which characterize sense-perception, and the necessity and universality which belong to thought. Intuition is an 'absolutely immediate apprehension.' Its necessity is not logical—for logical coherence belongs to the discursive operations of thought; but aesthetic—akin to the directness of sense. It yields self-evident truths, which 'by their clearness and strength force themselves upon consciousness and at once claim recognition without constraining it by any process of proof.'<sup>1</sup> And on such self-evident truths all our reasoning depends, and in virtue of them our knowledge is assured of its bearing on reality.

This final criterion of intuition, Jones believes, is insufficient to stand the strain which Lotze puts upon it. The principle of self-evidence, at least as here employed, is by no means secure. There is in it a confusion between 'the consciousness of being convinced' and 'the recognition that the conviction is true.' The aesthetic feeling of satisfaction which ensues on the first experience is no guarantee that the experience is well founded. And when that guarantee is sought, it can be found only by the explication of the intuited content into such a system of connected judgments as is approved by the discursive thought which Lotze has set aside. Intuition, that is, is not immediate. It is the final and completing stage of a process of mediation, in which all the elements are instantaneously apprehended as a systematic totality. If intuition is the guarantee of truth, it is so because it is the outcome of thought.

And in any event, the utmost that intuition can yield is no more than truth; and even intuited truth is not

<sup>1</sup> *Logic*, para. 356, cit. p. 285.

reality. Self-evidence may simulate the directness of sense, and so give to intuition a flavour of reality. But the intuition of a self-evident truth is a wholly different act from sense-perception, and is directed to a different object. The similarity of the two experiences in aesthetic or emotional quality provides no assurance that the former has anything to do with reality. And so, indeed, Lotze is constrained to admit. 'As regards the ultimate principles which we follow in this criticism of our thoughts, it is quite true that we are left with nothing but the confidence of reason in itself, or the certainty of belief in the general truth that there is a meaning in the world, and that the nature of that reality which includes us in itself has given our spirit only such necessities of thought as harmonize with it.'<sup>1</sup>

Lotze, therefore, in a new way, finds the solution of the problem of knowledge in faith. Thought, it appears, cannot settle the question whether 'there is a world of existence outside it to which it enters into relation.' But there is a just appeal to something other than thought. We may 'pass from the incontestable *value* of an object of thought to the belief in its reality';<sup>2</sup> and the experience of value is the outcome of feeling, not of thought. It is in feeling, therefore, not in thought, that we find the criterion of reality.

Once more, it is not difficult to show the weakness of this position. The deliverance of feeling is not equivalent to judgment. What is given in feeling is always an experience of pleasure-pain. As mere feeling, it cannot even accomplish the simple identification of pleasure with positive value or pain with negative: still less pass beyond this rudimentary calculus. The apprehension of 'value' is a reflective act involving discrimination between the experience, the self, and the relation of the experience to the self, which pure feeling can never yield. Hence it, too, is incompetent to fulfil the part which Lotze assigns to it; and there seems to be no way by which it is possible to ascribe to thought even the validity which Lotze believes to attach to it.

In Jones's view, all these difficulties which Lotze encounters spring from his reluctance to make reality a

<sup>1</sup> *Metaphysics*, para. 94, cit. p. 292.

<sup>2</sup> *Logic*, para. 348, cit. p. 292.



partner in the business of thought. Thought can yield truth only if it is throughout, from its beginnings in sense to its highest systematic structures, in touch with and indeed the outcome of reality. Short of the self-contradiction of scepticism, it is not possible to deny to knowledge at least the possibility of truth. And this, Jones believes, ultimately involves the participation of reality in the act of knowing. Man's thought, therefore, is no formal function of his own, which he superadds to reality. It is reality comprehending itself in him.

This result is the main issue of Jones's critical work. It was to him the central principle of any theory of knowledge. His statement of it is remarkable for the emphasis with which he dissociates his doctrine of the implication of thought and reality from any trace of subjectivism. It is not, he believed, that our thought determines reality. It is reality which determines our thought.<sup>1</sup> He claimed that in this the Idealist position is 'as frankly realistic as is ordinary consciousness or materialism; and without hesitation, it conceives that in all his thinking, however inadequate it may be, man thinks of objects. But it refuses to define these objects in such a manner as to make the problem of thinking them insoluble; that is to say, it denies the ordinary assumption that reality implies the exclusion of the ideal. It finds that knowledge is the self-revelation of reality in thought, and that our thought is the instrument of that self-revelation.'<sup>2</sup>

There are, indeed, throughout the book challenges to then current modes of Idealist expression which show the strength of his resistance to subjectivism. The implied reference in most cases is to Mr. Bradley's *Principles of Logic*, which, decisive though it was in the modern development of Idealist logical theory, plainly seemed to Jones to use certain distinctions in a misleading way. In particular, Bradley's treatment of 'psychical states,' and his distinction between the 'meaning' and the 'existence' of

<sup>1</sup> Cf. p. 368. It is perhaps worth noting that the book was written in 1893-4, before Realist criticism had compelled the older Idealism to present its careful statement on this issue of Subjectivism. The last chapter of the book contains some interesting anticipations of lines of Realist criticism.

<sup>2</sup> *Lotze*, p. 370.

such states, led Jones to question the whole conception of the status and function of 'ideas.' It was assumed, he believed, that 'an idea has two sides: it is, as an existing fact, a change of state in the individual's consciousness, but as having meaning it is also a symbol of an object. And the essence of an "idea" is this power of symbolizing.'<sup>1</sup> It seemed to Jones impossible to base any logical doctrine on the dissociation of these two aspects. The idea as psychical state or event was an abstraction of the most rarefied sort. As such, it could neither have nor acquire 'meaning'; for if it means, it is already an object or content and therefore not a mere subjective state. It is, no doubt, subjective in the sense that it belongs to and has its place in the history of an individual mind. But what so belongs is always a concrete objective content, determined by and determining other contents; and the psychical process or state as distinct from the content or object is wholly unreal. Nothing of the sort is ever discoverable.

In speaking of such psychical states, writers like Mr. Bradley seemed to be in danger of restoring the subjectivist assumption of a world of ideas intervening between mind and its object, and hence of finding themselves in the dilemma of having to choose between representative perception and Berkeleian Idealism. Jones sought, therefore, to eliminate the whole conception of a 'shadowland of ideas,' to show mind everywhere dealing with objects, whether in perception or in thought. Mind *is* this process of interpreting the world. Ideas are only in these acts of interpretation. The world of knowledge is just the system of related acts of knowing—the continuous self-interpreting activity of the real world.<sup>2</sup>

There are, of course, points in a Realist theory of this kind that stand much in need of explication—as, for instance, the character of the objects of thought, their relation to objects of perception, and the theory of error. Indeed, a good deal of recent logical inquiry has been directed precisely to the inquiries which naturally arise from such an attitude.<sup>3</sup> Jones's interest was never naturally centred in logical problems, nor did his teaching work afterwards

<sup>1</sup> *Lotze*, p. 110.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. letter to Mr. Bradley, p. 188.

<sup>3</sup> As, *e.g.*, in the writings of Meinong, Alexander, and Bosanquet.

lay on him any compulsion to give special attention to these issues. There is no record that he worked out the further implications of this attitude which he proposes. But he retained his belief in its soundness. Thus, in his last book: 'There never was and never will be a "world of ideas" or a system of mental entities, other than though somehow true of the world of facts and events. . . . I doubt if there ever was a more persistent or widespread error [or one] which gives philosophers more trouble than this reification of ideas. Ideas are not like, nor are they symbolic of, nor do they correspond or in any way point to objects. They don't exist. There are minds which in relation to objects carry on a process called knowing, and there are objects which guide and control and inspire their operations. But there is no third world of entities.'<sup>1</sup> 'There is no knowledge, but only knowing.'<sup>2</sup>

In one further way which deserves remark, Jones's criticism of Lotze develops his final judgment on Browning's philosophy and throws light on his attitude to certain contemporary movements. The most significant result of Lotze's doctrine is its proof of the incompetence of thought. For, as Lotze leaves the matter, thought, so far from being the principle of reality, is not even the master power in human intelligence, and its functions are subordinate. Sense gives it its material. 'Feeling,' as the source of our judgments of value, furnishes the criterion or ideal. And when thus equipped from above and below, thought can fulfil its own function of rearranging and classifying the data, so that they fall into a system intelligible to itself but not real. And although this ideal system throws light upon reality, the light is not direct and clear. Thought, being discrete in its operation, gives only relations between objects, never the objects themselves. 'The core of reality in the individual thing entirely escapes'<sup>3</sup> its grasp. That could be seized only by an intuitive intelligence, working by other methods than the discursive processes of thought.

This displacement of reason not only from the ontological position which Hegel had assigned to it, but from its place as the organizing principle of man's intelligence, opened the way, in Jones's view, to intellectual obscurantism. It

<sup>1</sup> *A Faith that Enquires*, p. 161.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 35.

<sup>3</sup> *Lotze*, p. 10.

exempted from the test of rational criticism the pleas of 'feeling' or of 'intuition' or of other apparent powers in the soul. It strengthened the appeal to the 'unconscious' or the 'subconscious,' and the reliance on authority as against reason, that were characteristic of writers like Mr. Balfour.

This tendency Jones thought to be reactionary ; and he feared it all the more because it seemed, by severing the worlds with which they were concerned, to offer to religion a tempting line of defence against the 'encroachment' of science. The constructions of science were certainly abstract ; and science had often enough been led into an uncritical application of its concepts and methods to problems and regions of experience other than those of their proper validity. But that is not to say that the rational method and ideal which inspire science are incompetent in these regions of experience. The abstractness of science is due not to the nature of reason, but to the character of its object. In scientific inquiry, reason *purposely* abstracts, or isolates, aspects of the problems with which it has to deal. Each of the sciences in the way appropriate to it simplifies its object. But the same reason which thus abstracts and simplifies is capable of dealing with the object in its concrete wholeness, of restoring it again to its full context, and especially of setting it in its relation to mind. Admittedly the task is harder, and the progress of reason in it is slow. But whatever the measure of his success or failure in these more ultimate questions, man has no other sure instrument wherewith to meet them than reason—the same reason which gives a measure of truth to the judgments of the ordinary consciousness, and a greater measure to the more careful pronouncements of science. It is, Jones believed, a counsel of despair to base the defence of man's religious and moral interests on the incompetence of reason. The more arduous but the more hopeful way is to learn the concrete employment of it, and to find in reason the principle of all knowledge, the source of all spiritual authority, and the clue to the unity and security of human life. It is true that man is still far from being wholly rational. He grows in the use of his powers, and many of his responses to the world are still obscure to



him. There are tracts of his theoretical and practical life under the control of the relatively unknown or subconscious powers of the soul : no doubt by far the greater part of his life. But man's highest and characteristic power is reason. It is the principle of his self-consciousness, as well as of his knowledge of reality. Hence he comes to the fuller possession of himself and of his world as he brings more of his life under the rule of reason. Above all, therefore, in relation to the highest and most enduring interests of his life, the spiritual goods and values which give it its significance, reason is the sovereign ruler. To commit these interests to other powers of the soul is, in the end, to betray them.

As a contribution to the more technical literature of philosophy, the *Lotze* is perhaps the best of Jones's books. It is an admirable example of 'dialectical' criticism—the criticism which refutes by developing the argument of a writer to the point at which its limitations and defects are apparent, and by indicating the lines of a more fruitful reconstruction. It gave to Jones a high place among contemporary philosophical students, and was to serve him in good stead in his candidature for the chair in Glasgow which was about to become vacant. The book was finished under the pressure of the necessity for strengthening his claims to that office. He had, he says, written most of it three or four times over, without getting it into a shape which pleased him. But when he was compelled to publish, he threw aside the first drafts and wrote the whole book in its final form in rather under three months. It was hard going. But at least it helped to bring about the result which he desired.

## CHAPTER IV

GLASGOW: 1894-1913

TOWARDS the end of 1893, Edward Caird accepted the Mastership of Balliol; and in June 1894, Jones was elected to succeed him in the moral philosophy chair of the University of Glasgow. It was the office which above all others in the world he would have coveted for himself. He was full of gratitude and pride that it had been given to him, and hardly less full of misgiving at the thought that he had been called to occupy the place of Caird. He found comfort, he remarks in some of his letters, only when it occurred to him that it was not his business to be a second Caird, but 'just to make the best I can of Henry Jones.' 'I will not be disappointed if I fail to fill Mr. Caird's place, because I do not expect to do so. If I can only fill my own place and put my heart's blood into my work for the young men, I think I shall be happy; and I know that that will be the best return I can make for the goodness of all my friends.'

Jones settled in Glasgow in the autumn of 1894, amid many signs of welcome and regard from friends in the West of Scotland. His translation thither marked beyond doubt his entry upon the sphere of the best work of his life. For it was in Glasgow, and especially in his teaching there, that he gave his most enduring service. Other pursuits and interests, no doubt, brought him both recognition and influence. His writings, for example, were widely read, and helped to shape the ethical and religious thought of his time. He took his part in a number of political and practical activities. In Wales, his counsel and his active support gave a decisive turn to the line of settlement of some important public issues. He was a great force in the civic life of Glasgow and the West of Scotland, and spent much labour in pleading for causes which he believed to be for the advancement of the community. But he was first and

last a teacher, and found his true forum and battle-ground in the moral philosophy class-room. He believed himself that his teaching counted for more than anything else he had done. 'All my pupils,' he wrote in 1921, 'sat on benches before me. My mere books have made none.' And though it is far from true that none learned from him except those who sat in his class-room, it is true enough that to those who did he gave some of the best in himself that could never be communicated in any other way. Year after year he met some two hundred students, drawn for the most part from Scottish homes—many of them Kelts like himself—but coming also from England and Wales and further afield in the British Dominions. They were in various ways an audience of rather special quality. Nearly all of them were destined for professional life, in the schools or churches or courts of Scotland, or in medical practice, or in some public service, or in industry or commerce. From their number would be drawn a large proportion of the leaders of national life in the succeeding generation. They were, for the most part, of very modest means, and had to make their way in the world by hard work, and in a country where university honours are prized. And they came, most of them, from a metaphysically minded race—not indeed trained in the science, but inured to such discussions by the disputatious habits of their elders and by the argumentative discourses of the Scottish pulpit. As a rule, they reached the moral philosophy class only in their third year of university residence. They had already had a formal introduction to philosophical study in the logic class. They knew the technical terms in common use, and had begun to find their way about in philosophical literature. And above all, they had learned, or at least had been taught, to work for themselves, without looking to professorial prelections for every point of the law.

The spirit of their meeting, too, to a man who could share it, was wholly delightful. The big classes in a Scottish university can be troublesome, if there is anything in the teacher which gives them a chance to be so. But for a teacher who gives clear signs of caring about his students and about his subject, no more generous audience could anywhere be found. They will seize on every slip or ambiguity

of speech ; they will find occasion for laughter and applause in any incident that appeals to a very primitive collective sense of humour. But they are alert also to what a teacher has to give them, and they will follow him with the most eager appreciation. Jones frankly and manifestly delighted in his classes, and they gave him as whole-hearted a devotion as ever rewarded any teacher. From beginning to end in Glasgow, he knew nothing but the most perfect attention and courtesy. Of fun and playfulness in his class-room there was plenty. When the chance came to him, he could no more resist teasing his students than he could resist the same temptation with other people. Only once is it recorded that they had the better of him. On that occasion, at the beginning of the hour, he had addressed to the class some winged words on the virtue of punctuality, and had prophesied all manner of evil happenings to those who came late to lectures. He had scarcely concluded this exordium when the door opened, and his eldest son, then a member of the class, moved quietly to his seat. The class had some moments of just and vocal joy, which ended only with the professorial pronouncement, 'I shall deal with Mr. Jones in private.'

There is an interesting passage in the *Life* of Caird in which Jones writes of the responsibilities and difficulties of a teacher of moral philosophy.<sup>1</sup> It shows admirably his conception of his own duty, and the spirit in which he approached it. In some respects, he says, 'the duty of a Professor of Moral Philosophy as a teacher is not to be distinguished from that of a Professor of Physics or Botany. He must above all else inculcate in his pupils the attitude of mind which we call "scientific." This means, amongst other things, that whatever value he may set upon right conduct, and however convinced he may be that right conduct can flow only from right principles, he must treat such principles as hypotheses, deserving of respect only in so far as they seem to account for or explain facts. . . . Now the maintenance of this purely theoretic attitude . . . is much more difficult in matters that pertain to moral conduct than in any others. It is not without a certain reluctance that a teacher, who believes that nothing except

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Caird*, pp. 52-56.



morality signifies much, makes young minds acquainted with the sorrows and perils of doubt. But there is no thinking where there is no doubt, and no growth or acceptance of what is wider and wiser, except through the painful transmutation of the experience that went before.

‘The difficulties of the situation are twofold: they arise on the one hand from the nature of the facts with which the moral philosopher deals, and on the other hand from the habits of mind which it is his task to inspire and guide. Ethical facts do not give that peremptory evidence of their existence which physical facts do; and the ethical character of events is very easily overlooked altogether. . . . On the other hand, the discussions of moral facts that are significant, and of issues which are weighty to the reflective thinker who has lived amidst the invisible forces of the moral world, may easily seem to his students to be of things impalpable and remote. The distinctions he draws, the definitions he suggests, the truths he expounds, the proposals he offers, seem either idle or obvious. He may engender an interest which is shallow and activities which are disputatious, a spirit not of doubt but of irreverence towards the truth. Thus anything may be negated, because no positive underlies the negative; everything may be questioned, because the questions do not *arise* but are invented, and consequently are not stages through which the truth moves, but obstacles in its way.

‘The responsibilities of a teacher of ethical theory are commensurate with the difficulties of his task, but they are also a measure of the greatness of his opportunity. If he succeeds, he can signify much in the life of his students, and through them in the life of the community. . . . It is not a mere paradox to say that the Professor of Ethics *ought* to exercise more power than any other teacher except the metaphysician and the poet; but no one will believe the statement except poets and metaphysicians. And the greatest ethical teacher of all ages has something of the powers and exercises something of the influence of all three.’

Jones made his class a place of inquiry. He asked his students to consider the grounds of the moral opinions which they had consciously and unconsciously formed, and to search out the implications of their views as to what constituted worthy ends of human action and forms of human good. His method was wholly different from Caird’s. Caird’s treatment was always historical. He discussed with the greatest care the different ethical theories which had found acceptance at different stages of the world’s history, and left his own view to be gathered mainly from

his indication of the elements of strength and weakness in the positions which he examined. Jones dealt directly with the problem of moral judgment as it seemed to him to arise in contemporary thought and practice, and taught specifically and plainly, though in as objective and critical a temper as he could achieve, his own version of the truth. His references to the history of ethics, though frequent, were incidental, designed to do no more than indicate how the issues which presented themselves were not new, but had emerged in different forms in the philosophic thought of the past. His students found themselves at once, almost without warning, immersed in discussions as to the competence of reason to deal with the supersensible objects of human thought, as to the conception of the Infinite, the being and nature of God, the mode of His revelation, the apparent conflict between morality and religion, the 'reality' of evil, the freedom of the will, the relation of virtue and knowledge, and the realization of the good through the fabric of human society. Perhaps the central theme of the whole course was the idea of freedom. He sought to show how that idea passed from the negative meaning of absence of external restraint, through the notion of self-determination, to the positive conception of the self's discovery of its kinship with the objective structures of the physical and moral worlds, and of its self-realization through participation in them. His course was for his students a searching and often a difficult experience. There was no problem which, once raised, he was unwilling to discuss; and so far as in him lay he discussed it thoroughly. Inevitably what he had to say was a solvent of many accepted ideas. But the process was never for long merely negative. It was sustained in every phase of it by his own burning conviction of the reality and significance of the issues with which he dealt, of the importance for human life of reaching the truth about them, and of the power of human reason to solve the problems which it itself had set. 'There are no problems,' he was fond of saying, 'which reason cannot solve except those which contain some irrationality in their terms, and which therefore should never be raised.' And the doctrine which he had to teach, though it did not express itself fully in the ordinary formulae of religious

belief, was no denial but a deepening and enriching of them. If he spoke of an hypothesis rather than of a faith, it was just because his hypothesis was a faith always on its trial.

During most of his Glasgow period there were two classes in moral philosophy—the ordinary or pass class at 8 A.M., the honours at noon. In 1910 an intermediate or higher ordinary class was instituted. Jones designed it to deal mainly with the history of moral philosophy. Though it was not his own method of teaching, he believed very thoroughly in the discipline of an historical study of the subject. He took great care with the organization of the course, and required his honours students to attend it. But he himself did only a small share of the actual teaching, leaving it mainly to his assistants. On the other hand, he took the greater part of the work with the ordinary and honours classes.

Until 1907-8 the regular session in Glasgow extended only over the two winter terms, from October to March. Afterwards a summer term was added to the normal course. In the short session his ordinary class met on five mornings a week, on four of which he lectured: in the longer session it met four days a week, three of which he took himself. His honours class met three times a week, on two of which he lectured. The remaining hours with the ordinary and honours classes were taken by one of his assistants, who read with the ordinary class Plato's *Republic*, and with the honours, as a rule, some classical text in either ancient or modern philosophy.

Jones's method of organizing his teaching was both simple and effective. With his ordinary class, especially, his own lectures never conformed to any set programme. He ranged over the whole field of his subject (interpreting his subject so that it had a very wide field indeed) as seemed to him most promising and profitable. His own business he conceived to be to give his students some kind of clear and coherent *Weltanschauung*. To fill in the historical background of this doctrine, and to complete the discussion of its sources and of other possible interpretations of the world, he relied partly on the work of his assistants, based as that was on some philosophical classic, and partly on the private reading of the students. This he controlled by his

method of setting essays—almost invariably on historical subjects. Thus, while his own teaching was metaphysical and speculative, he saw to it that his students acquired also a considerable knowledge of at least the main types of ethical theories, and learned to find their way in philosophical literature. As soon as he came to Glasgow he instituted a class-library,<sup>1</sup> in which he placed a number of copies of all the more important books which the students required for their class or private work. And having thus made the books available, he did his best to see that the students used them. He worked his classes very hard, and, though he was tender-hearted to cases of illness or misfortune, he was merciless to mere slackness. He exacted and obtained a very high standard of work.

His methods of conducting the ordinary and honours classes made an interesting though easily intelligible contrast. The ordinary was a big gathering—between 160 and 190 students—which filled his class-room. They had come up to College through the dark and cold of a Glasgow winter's morning—some of them leaving home as early as six o'clock. As they gathered in the class-room they broke forth into cheerful song and warmed their feet with the appropriate pedal accompaniment. At five minutes past eight, sharp at the ceasing of the College bell, the class-room door was shut and the Professor entered from his private room, to meet the unfailing welcome of the class. A movement of his hand, the class stood in silence while he spoke the words of the opening prayer : ' Almighty and everlasting God, in whom we live and move and have our being, who hast created us for Thyself, so that we can find rest only in Thee : Grant unto us purity of heart and strength of purpose, so that no selfish passion may hinder us

<sup>1</sup> His method of paying for the class-library was characteristic of him. In the first month or so of his settling in Glasgow he was invited to dine with some well-to-do business friends. One who was sitting next to him inquired how he enjoyed his new work. ' Excellently,' said Jones, ' except for one thing. I cannot bear to see my students, when I set them an essay, run to the library to get the books to which I have referred them. The fleetest of foot get the books, the rest have to do without.' The impulse seized him there and then to ask money from his friends for a class-library. So he enlarged on the need for providing his students with their ' tools,' with such effect that he received both money and promises. Within a few weeks he had collected £200. He was an excellent ' beggar ' for any cause that attracted him.



from knowing Thy will, no weakness from doing it; but in Thy light may we see light clearly and in Thy service find perfect freedom.’<sup>1</sup>

Roll-call, a moment or two to make the announcements about the class arrangements, then, ‘Yesterday, we were considering’—and the hour’s work had begun. Jones came to class each morning with a freshly written set of notes, and for some minutes he held steadily by them. Then some point would seize him, and he would pause to illustrate or amplify, leave his notes and begin pacing up and down his rostrum. Even that did not long confine him. He would come down to the floor of the class-room, walk through the room, arguing, fighting all the way, marking his points with emphatic gestures, flashing into his discourse verses of the poets or of the Scriptures, reminiscences of his early days in Wales,<sup>2</sup> of his travels, of his children, anything and everything that served his purpose of illustration. He would state the case against his own theory as fairly and fully as he could. He knew very well how prone he was to enforce his own doctrine, and in his statements of contrary views he was anxious to redress the balance; for above all he wanted his students to think. But the mischievous impulse was never far away, and every now and then it would find expression.<sup>3</sup> The whole lecture seemed to go just where it liked. It wore all the air of ‘unpremeditated art,’ though it was very far from that; and one found, when one looked back on the lectures and on the course, that somehow they had been woven together to expose and to illumine a systematic body of doctrine. One of his pupils has thus described the impression these lectures made:—<sup>4</sup>

‘I first saw Henry Jones in a little country chapel near Bangor on a week-night when he was addressing a group of young people—not more than twenty or thirty. His subject was “Excelsior,”

<sup>1</sup> The words of the prayer were those used by Caird.

<sup>2</sup> ‘The theory that induction proceeds from particulars to universals reminds me of the railway that we used to call the Manchester and Milford Haven Railway. It didn’t start from Manchester, and never got to Milford Haven.’

<sup>3</sup> As when, at the end of a long exposition of the theory of a limited Deity as held by Dr. M‘Taggart, he broke out, ‘The fact is, gentlemen, Dr. M‘Taggart gives God a B+.’

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Jones, LL.D., in *Y Cymmrodor*, vol. xxxii.

and he sat on a chair in the middle of the platform and talked quietly until the fire burned within him, when he got up and marched to and fro overwhelming us with the importance of making the best of our lives. It was the same years later when I joined his moral philosophy class at Glasgow, where, before many weeks had gone by, I was charged by him with the task of arresting his eloquence by dangling my watch to catch his eye five minutes before the lecture was due to stop. He had all the interest of the most refined of the great Welsh preachers in the architecture of a sermon. He knew how to build up a lecture from quiet expository foundations at the beginning to the shining pinnacles at the close. Like the old cathedral craftsmen, he loved to adorn the fabric with humorous grotesques where his love of fun ran riot, but you never were allowed to forget that the enterprise upon which you were engaged was the quest of truth, goodness, and beauty. He had the artist's sense of form, as all his books show. Just as the shoemaking father never let a slack job pass through his hands, so the son never published an unworkmanlike page. He had all the craftsman's joy in manipulating language, and, like the best of Hegel's, his writings are a blend of close argument and poetic vision. But in his lectures to his pass or ordinary class he allowed himself great freedom of digression and illustration, and his bursts of passionate eloquence might come at any point during the hour and not necessarily at its close. . . .

Another pupil, who was afterwards one of his assistants, writes thus :—<sup>1</sup>

' His eight o'clock class was by far the most remarkable experience of my student days. His sincerity in thought and his tireless search for truth proved a wonderful invitation—provocation would perhaps be the better word—to join him in the path from appearance to reality. While he believed that it is better to travel than to arrive, a great part of his inspiration consisted in what one felt was his profound faith that there is an Enduring City.

' In the session when I took his class, he frequently referred to the spirit of Luther expressed in his " Ich kann nichts ander." It has often seemed to me since that that spirit was also the spirit of Jones. There was nothing dilettante about him. He thought about ultimate problems, because that was the only life possible for him.

' Jones had a power, unrivalled in any one else I have ever heard, of carrying his hearers along with him. This was partly due, I think, to his willingness to let the argument carry him whithersoever it would. The result was that the progress of his

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<sup>1</sup> Dr. G. A. Johnston.

thought appeared easy and unrestrained. His lectures were not systematic or scholarly in the ordinary sense ; but they were a marvellous encouragement and stimulus to thought.'

With the small honours class, eight or ten students, mostly men, his method was very different. The subject of his lectures was nearly always some problem in metaphysics, often enough one which was engaging contemporary interest. He would take some important recent book—Bradley's *Appearance and Reality*, Ward's *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, Bosanquet's *Principle of Individuality and Value* and *The Value and Destiny of the Individual*—and use it as the basis for his discussion. Sometimes, however, he chose a classical text, Aristotle's *Ethics*, Spinoza's *Ethics*, Kant's *Critique of Practical Reason*, or Hegel's *Philosophy of Right*—one year he took the introduction to Hegel's *Philosophy of Fine Art*. But whatever the text was, he made the course predominantly metaphysical. In method of teaching with his honours class he was much more systematic. He held more closely by a preconceived plan ; there was no oratory or gesture. But he encouraged discussion, and was glad to get the class to suggest subjects for treatment. He would often expound a position or establish a view and then instruct the class to destroy it in an essay, the substance of which would give him material for argument for an hour or two. He had no great concern with the amount of ground he covered, so long as there was plenty of fresh discussion on points of genuine interest. His students knew what texts they had to prepare for the honours examination. It was their business to work at these, and the examination papers gave them no chance of evading this part of their duty. His business in class was to practise them in philosophical reasoning.

On the whole, his method was thoroughly successful. By a happy fortune for the prosperity of the Glasgow philosophical school, the chair of logic was occupied, during Jones's professorship, by two men of very different habits of mind from his own. Professor Adamson was perhaps the greatest philosophical scholar of his time, with a range and depth of knowledge and power of historical criticism to which Jones could make no pretension. Professor Latta, who succeeded to the chair on Adamson's untimely death

in 1902, was more in agreement with Jones's general point of view than Adamson had been—at least in his later years. But his method of teaching was much more like Adamson's than Jones's, and he gave his students a first-rate training in the technique of philosophical scholarship. The combination of the two methods made a very strong school. In the competitive examinations for the various inter-university philosophical scholarships in Scotland, Glasgow had far more than its share of honours, and at the present time Glasgow students of Jones's period are occupying philosophical chairs in every part of the English-speaking world. As a teacher of teachers, indeed, Jones had no cause to shrink from comparison with even his master, Caird; and though the manner of his influence was as different from Caird's as was the fashion of his speech, it had, beyond all question, the same kind of inspiring and sustaining power.

But more important than that was his effect on the less eminent of his students. Whether he would or no, he made them captive to his spear. Most of his students knew vaguely the story of his early years, or at least that there was a story—that he had begun life as a shoemaker, and now held the chair of Thomas Reid, Francis Hutchison, Adam Smith, and Edward Caird. That invested him at the outset with a certain aura of romance, and they found him, when they met him, well enough fitted to wear it. Of spare and wiry frame, his fair chestnut hair deepening into grey, his eyes ablaze with light, his vivid, often impassioned speech and gesture, his moments of mischievous whimsicality, his voice full of music, its utterance touched with the friendly strangeness of his native accent, he spoke to them with the ringing sincerity and fervour of a man who had a message to give them. He was not teaching them a subject in any ordinary academic way. He was preaching to them a gospel, a way of life in which he believed and which had helped him over the rough places of the earth; pleading with them above all to take neither his nor any other gospel without proving it for themselves and trying it by the strain of thought and practice. James Denney, a friend of his undergraduate days, who as Principal of the United Free Church College in Glasgow was in the best



position for judging the strength of Jones's influence, wrote of him :<sup>1</sup> ' He is far the most influential university teacher in Scotland. All our students are strongly impressed by him, and a good many who ought to be our students are diverted from the Church—and, as I am convinced, from the Gospel—by his influence.' This estimate of the extent of Jones's power is pretty certainly just, though it probably misreads its main direction. It is true that he took some men, as Caird had taken him, from the ministry of the Churches and set them on careers of philosophical teaching. And it is true that he made it difficult for many others to accept some doctrines which Denney believed to be fundamental in the Christian faith. But it cannot be maintained that he turned the interest of any of his students away from religion, or gave them anything but a profoundly reverent interpretation of Christianity. If ' the acknowledgment of God in Christ ' was to him neither the sole nor even a unique witness to religious truth, it was none the less the supreme revelation that had been given to men. He denied not the truth, not even the higher truth of any one approach to God, but only its exclusiveness—and that because he believed the whole world to be His dwelling-place, and every true expression of the spirit of man His voice. He taught his students to find the world richer and more friendly than they dreamed, to find it in every strand a revelation of love, a place for the making of human souls, and a home for their freedom.

His philosophy was immensely more winning for the power of his personal appeal. He was in himself a strangely attractive union of opposites—unity in difference, in his own Hegelian phrase. He was poet and philosopher both, instinct with sensibility and intuition, but set on proving all things by the steady light of reason. He was profoundly in earnest, and full of fun ;<sup>2</sup> of deep and quiet spirit, but capable of comically torrential outbursts. Yet his quality and character had one at least of their roots in his philosophy. That had entered deeply into his nature ;

<sup>1</sup> November 12, 1909. *Letters* to Robertson Nicoll, p. 148.

<sup>2</sup> A. C. Bradley once wrote to him : ' It is delightful that you can be so mightily in earnest over what we are trying to do, and yet see the fun of us—just like God.'

and if it found there—as it did—an original store of buoyancy and courage and hope, it gave to these a depth and security that made them more than natural powers. One of his Welsh memorialists has written of him that just as Gladstone was said to be Oxford on the surface but Liverpool underneath, so Jones was Hegel and Caird on the surface but Williams Pantycelyn<sup>1</sup> below. The remark has its truth. But the opposite is at least as true.

His daily life in Glasgow was ordered round his teaching work. Until 1911 he occupied No. 1 The College—the residence in the University grounds attached to his chair. In that year considerations of family health compelled him to seek a country home, and he purchased a charming little house with four acres of ground in Tighnabruaich, on the Argyllshire side of the Kyles of Bute. In the quiet and beauty of this home for the last eleven years of his life he spent all his free week-ends and all his vacations, though his working week was passed in Glasgow.

His day's work, as a rule, began very early. When once his lecture was under way, neither he nor any one else could forecast with great precision where it would lead him. But he took great pains over his preparation of it; and although what he said in class was not always what he had written, it was always the outcome of the ideas which he had been turning over in his mind before he began.

Until the closing years, when physical weakness enforced the saving of his energy, it was his invariable rule to write a fresh set of lectures for his ordinary and honours courses each year. The subjects, at any rate of the ordinary course, did not vary much from session to session. But he worked out his treatment of them every year anew. For many years he rose early, always before 6 A.M., and for his first few winters at 4.30. He made himself a cup of tea, lit his fire, and settled down to two hours' or more preparation for his eight o'clock lecture. At nine he returned to breakfast, very often bringing with him one or two members of the class with whom he wanted to talk. By ten o'clock, with his pipe well alight, he was at his table again, and by lunch-time he had broken the back of a long day's work. In term time his honours lectures and the looking over of

<sup>1</sup> The greatest of the Welsh hymn-writers.

class papers were a pretty constant prèoccupation. In vacations he was never without some piece of writing to do. On afternoons, as a rule, except when college or other meetings summoned him, he walked and played. In the country, almost any afternoon, wet or fine, he was out with his Welsh terriers on the hill or the roads, or fishing a loch, or golfing, or yachting. He was fond of games and sports. He had a good eye and a steady hand—he shot well—and played as he did everything else, with all his might. Part of his counsel to all his students was to play a game. He had a great belief in the restorative value of an open-air interest.

From tea to dinner he was at work again, and afterwards reading and talking to the close of the day.

For some twelve years after his induction to Glasgow the University was able to provide only one assistant for the moral philosophy department, though some lecturing work was occasionally done by one of the teaching Fellows of the University. Afterwards the number of assistants was increased to two, and later to three. His larger staff relieved the Professor of a good deal of the laborious paper work of the ordinary class. He contented himself with ‘sampling’ the essays and the marking. He was able also to institute a system of tutorial teaching, conducted by his assistants, for small groups of the ordinary class, meeting perhaps once a fortnight. But he did not diminish his own lecturing work. He continued to give full courses to both the ordinary and honours classes, and he kept in his own hands most of the essay work of the honours class.

Among his assistants in Glasgow were Dr. R. A. Duff, now Edward Caird Lecturer in Political Philosophy in the University; Dr. J. W. Scott, now Professor of Philosophy in Cardiff; Dr. H. A. Reyburn, now Professor of Logic and Psychology in Cape Town; Mr. M. W. Robieson,<sup>1</sup> Lecturer in Queen’s University, Belfast; Mr. A. K. Whyte, Mr. A. Macbeath, and Mr. I. W. Phillips, who are still members of the University staff; as well as the present writer. It was Jones’s habit to see a great deal of his assistants. He kept open house to them, and an unfailing welcome at any hour of the day. He was always brimming over with some idea that he wanted to discuss; and the moment one set

<sup>1</sup> Died 1919.

foot in his study, one was liable to be engulfed, to the detriment of one's proper business, in an argument as to the course of his next honours lecture or as to the merits of a recent book. He was just as eager to talk about his visitor's concerns and interests as about his own, and would take endless trouble over the criticism of anything one asked him to read. But even the shortest conversation had something in it about what was engaging his thought at the moment ; and nothing delighted him quite so much as to find his junior of another mind than his own.

Apart from his class work, Jones took his full share in the discussion of University business. In the early years of his professorship he was thoroughly interested in it, and very good at it, at least when it concerned an issue which seemed to him of some importance. Nature had not endowed him with all the qualities of a good committee-man—he was apt to be indifferent to details and restive under delay, for he was always ready for longer flights than some of his more cautious colleagues. But on important business he could be both patient and dexterous, and he had a quick sight of the possibilities of any situation. Until his physical disablement he was assiduous in his attendance at meetings of the University Senate, and he served for a term of four years as one of the Senate's representatives on the University Court. Many important changes in University organization were made, so that the volume of business was unusually great. The old rigid seven-subject curriculum for the Arts degree—a survival of the mediaeval trivium and quadrivium—was abandoned, and new regulations had to be drawn giving to new subjects a favourable place in the University scheme of studies. Women were admitted to full membership of the University, and to a place in University class-rooms—to Jones's among the first. An immense expansion of the scientific teaching and research of the University took place ; and although neither of them was a member of the Faculty of Science, Jones and Adamson, partly under the inspiration of Mr. R. B. (now Viscount) Haldane, took a considerable part in inaugurating a campaign for the better equipment of the natural science departments.

One of his pleasantest stories belongs to the time of this



campaign. At one moment in its course it threatened to raise difficulties with the Glasgow Technical College. A letter had appeared in the Glasgow newspapers from the authorities of the latter institution which seemed to Jones to require an immediate reply. On the morning of its appearance the Principal of the University—Dr. Herbert Story—was deeply engaged in business, and when Jones drew his attention to the letter he said he had no time to reply. Jones, therefore, with Adamson's help, drafted a letter, which he took to the Principal for signature. Story signed the letter, and it appeared, as Jones had written it, in the next morning's papers. (Sir William Gairdner, the senior of the medical professors, congratulated Story on the letter, and told him it was the most reasonable letter he had ever known him write.) On the day of the publication of the letter a well-known Free Church Glasgow minister came to lunch with Jones. During the meal he asked Jones if he had seen Story's characteristic letter that morning—'It was like the Empress of India addressing the King of Siam!' Jones, though much amused, said nothing as to the authorship of the letter. A few weeks later, when there was no longer need for secrecy about the letter, the same minister was again at lunch. Jones, remembering the previous incident, drew the conversation to the subject of Biblical criticism. He expressed his scepticism as to the whole business, doubted if any one, two thousand years ahead, and speaking a different language, could possibly allot correctly the authorship of unsigned poems by Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, or Shelley, as the critics claimed to do with the Psalms and Isaiah. Against this unexpected attack his guest waxed warm. Could he really distinguish, Jones challenged, between two fairly recent writers, say, Keats and Shelley? or even between two men whom he knew, say Story and Jones himself? 'Most certainly,' was his guest's reply; 'nothing easier.' Then Jones revealed the authorship of the Story letter, proving thereby, as he well knew, nothing in the world but his own capacity for mischief.

Yet, keen as was his interest in the progress of the natural sciences, it was second to his care for the advancement of the moral and social sciences. His most important service

to the direction of university policy was his plea for the enlargement of the teaching of these sciences. It seemed to him the strangest and most disastrous of anomalies that while the study of man's physical environment received a just and ever-increasing recognition in universities and other centres of learning, there was no corresponding advance in the provision for the study of the more difficult and more vital problems of man's own nature and of his association with others. He was anxious that the social sciences should have the opportunity of bringing to their investigations, so far as they were applicable, the methods, the spirit, and the confident hope of positive knowledge which had proved themselves in the natural sciences. There was, he saw, alongside the province of the moral philosopher, and in a sense ancillary thereto, the possibility of an indefinite extension of the historical and scientific study of the whole range of psychological, economic, and political fact, which would yield profit no less to the social practitioner and statesman than to the moral philosopher. He was therefore insistent, to the point of importunity, in urging the claims of these sciences, both in the councils of the University and on the attention of the business men of Glasgow. In 1905 he raised from some of his city friends a sufficient sum to guarantee for a period of years the stipend of a lecturer in political philosophy. For the same end he enlisted the help of the Glasgow Corporation, which for some years made an annual grant towards the lectureship; and in 1910 the lectureship was provided with a permanent endowment as a memorial to Edward Caird. Together with Professor William Smart, who held the chair of political economy, he induced the Senate and Court to establish a lectureship in social economics; and the courses given by these two lecturers were accepted as equivalent to the higher ordinary course of the moral philosophy class. Late in Jones's life, and to his great gratification, his friend, Sir D. M. Stevenson, a former Lord Provost of the city, gave to the University the sum of £20,000 for the teaching of citizenship, which has been applied first to the maintenance of a lectureship analogous to the Gifford Lectureship, and which will later be used as the endowment of a permanent chair.

For the same reason, Jones was deeply interested in the Students' Settlement, an institution which, springing from the inspiration of Professor Henry Drummond of the Free Church College, was carried on by a dozen students, residing together in one of the slum areas of Glasgow. Partly through his influence, many of his best students lived and worked there, and his youngest son spent in it the greater part of his short university life.

He seldom spoke on university problems without referring to this side of the work of a university. In Wales, in Australia, in the United States, as well as in Glasgow and in many of the English universities, he took occasion to emphasize the contribution which the universities could make to the welfare of society by the study of its structure and functions, and their duty to provide for it. His interest in this matter was, of course, one aspect of his rationalism. Human society with all the complex associations within it was built by the mind of man, just as surely as it in turn gave to that mind its content and quality. It was a faithful image of man's mind, rooted in instinct and passion, but emerging slowly into the more organic and powerful order of reason, capable of reaching out to more distant and comprehensive ends by an organization at once more delicate and more stable. The principle of progress in human society as in the individual mind was self-understanding, and the winning of human freedom was the process of establishing as well in society as in the individual the rule of reason over the more elementary powers of the soul.

In Jones's extra-collegiate activities the same interest was predominant. If he was zealous in the University for the promotion of the study of the conditions of social health, he was no less urgent outside its walls in pressing on his fellow-citizens the significance of their station and its duties. He preached eagerly the cause of good citizenship. One of his early efforts was to initiate in Glasgow a Civic Society. 'I found,' he says, 'that different sections of the community were under the control of assumptions which could not be reconciled, and I believed they could learn a great deal from each other. So I founded the Civic Society on what I believed to be an entirely new basis—on the basis of

*difference* of opinion. I desired that every opinion that was entertained should be adequately represented in the society, but that no debating victories should be sought, no votes should be taken, for the object was not the victory of any side but the discovery of more truth.

‘My first comrade in the enterprise was George Adam Smith, then professor in Glasgow; then came Sir James Bell, the Lord Provost of the city at the time; and after these came the leaders of all sections of the community, including those amongst the workmen and amongst their employers, with their different shades of view from the reddest Communism to the tamest view of the daily darg.’

During its ten years of life the society was a helpful agency of civic education; and though it suffered the common fate of most organizations of the kind, its example inspired the foundation of other societies for the study and discussion of social problems.

Jones also used very readily for the furtherance of his doctrine invitations to address the many educational, political, and other organizations of the city which sought his services. His thoughts in speaking to public audiences never strayed far from this theme of the citizen’s relation to the community, and most of the addresses turned on one or other aspect of it. Sometimes he was concerned to emphasize the contribution of society to the making of the individual, and the claims which society could rightly make on its members. Sometimes, on the other hand, his accent lay on the sanctity of individuality, and on the duty of the organized community towards its members. Sometimes he would analyse the relations of the different forms of association within the community and their mutual rights and duties. But his purpose throughout was always to show the implication of the self in its world, and of its good in that of society.

Perhaps the most interesting experiment of the sort that he made was a series of lectures to business men in Glasgow, given in 1905 at the luncheon hour at a hall in the centre of the city. These lectures, published under the title *Social Responsibilities*,<sup>1</sup> well served their purpose, and caught

<sup>1</sup> Maclehose (republished in *The Working Faith of the Social Reformer*),



the attention and interest of a large number of the constituency to which they were addressed. Their doctrine was simple and familiar enough. But by the directness of his challenge to the common assumptions of the marketplace, the lucidity of his exposition of the basis of society, and the application of his teaching to the circumstances of their vocations, Jones tried to give to his hearers a sense of the context of their daily business, of the conditions which underlay its transaction, and of its relation to the purposes of society as a whole.

In all these activities Jones enjoyed the friendship of many of his colleagues in the University and of others engaged in the business of the city. For John Caird, elder brother of Edward, and the first Principal under whom he served, he had a profound reverence and affection. Adamson, whose work lay nearest his own, was a man of superb intellectual strength and courage. His habit of mind in its restraint and caution was quite other than Jones's, and such indications as he gave of a positive view pointed to a realist hardening of certain distinctions which Jones took to be secondary, and to a construction opposed to Jones's confident Idealism. But Jones's admiration and regard for him were very deep, and he felt the loss of him greatly. 'A weapon has dropped out of Adamson's hand which no one else can wield.' The election of Professor Robert Latta as Adamson's successor renewed an association of the St. Andrews days; and for the remaining almost twenty years of his professorial life Jones was able to count confidently on the support and help of the logic department.

His closest friends in the University were Andrew Gray, a former colleague in Bangor, and Lord Kelvin's successor in the chair of natural philosophy; A. C. Bradley, Professor of English Literature; and a later incumbent of the literature chair, Professor W. Maeneile Dixon. Bradley in particular shared his own philosophical interests, and Jones greatly enjoyed Bradley's return to Glasgow as Gifford Lecturer in 1910-11. He found much pleasure, too, in his association with Bradley's immediate successor, Sir Walter Raleigh, and with Gilbert Murray, Professor of Greek. Outside the University he had a wide circle of friends,

many of them, like the Maclehoses, dating from his undergraduate days. Among them were Sir James Murray Smith, the proprietor of the *Glasgow Evening News*; Dr. William Lorimer, head of a great engineering works; Dr. Paul Rottenburg, at one time chairman of the Chamber of Commerce; Sir John Mann, head of a firm of chartered accountants; Sir D. M. Stevenson, Lord Provost of the city in 1911-14; and the family of Professor W. P. Ker. Jones was never in the least a recluse. It was foreign both to his temperament and to his conception of his duty to hold aloof from the day-to-day interests of the community; and quite apart from the occasions on which he felt himself constrained formally to intervene by word or action in matters of public policy, he enjoyed the contact which he had through his friends with the world of industry and commerce.

For many years his main interest outside the University was in the Western Infirmary, on the board of which he represented the University Senate. He was keenly concerned about the extension both of its curative and of its research work, and gave many hours of ungrudging service to its welfare.

He continued, also, his association with the Liberal party in politics. He was, of course, far too well aware of the complexity of social problems ever to suppose that his own party invariably found the right solution, but he was confident about the justice of the general direction of its policy. His instincts were thoroughly radical. He distrusted monopolies of any sort, and was heartily an enemy of privilege which was not based on social function. He believed thoroughly in using the resources and even the powers of the State for the provision of common services and the fulfilment of ends—like the care of the aged and the disabled—which were of common concern. But he was never attracted by the more rigid type of Socialist theory. He was strongly convinced of the social healthfulness of the individual enterprise that was based, as a rule, on the desire to give security and opportunity to the members of a family group, and he was anxious to give room to the family to discharge all the functions of which it was capable. With the Labour party in particular he

had a quarrel which seemed to turn less on anything in its programme<sup>1</sup> than on its name. The name implied, he thought, an appeal to a sectional interest—to the working man as against the other members and classes of the community; and though he agreed that other classes had sufficiently exploited the manual workers, he believed it to be ‘a corruption of their citizenship’ to invite the workers merely to reverse the situation. They were capable of a better way, capable of seeking their reforms in the name and for the sake of the whole community, and of finding their own good in the good of the whole. ‘What may appear “academic” to others is fundamental principle to me. I love the working man too well to ask him to legislate primarily for himself. His wrongs may be the deepest and widest, and his legislative aims in their immediate purpose may be the most urgent and wise—many of them are so, I believe; but the sting of the former and the justification of the latter should lie in that they are *his country’s*.’<sup>2</sup>

On the main political issues of the last thirty years he was happy enough with his own party. In particular, he threw himself into the Free Trade struggle in 1905-6, and into the 1910 battles over the powers of the House of Lords. His main interest in the fiscal controversy was in the moral issues which it raised.

Mr. Chamberlain’s attempt to secure the restoration of a system of protective tariffs in England seemed to him to cut across the lines of the moral progress of the world. It would remove from the theatre of world-politics the shining example of one great nation which stood for the widest freedom of intercourse between peoples by the peaceful channels of industry and commerce. It would tend to perpetuate and to harden the barriers against international communication. And above all, it would corrupt the public life of England. The bargaining of competing industrial interests ‘would put a strain upon the private morality and the political honour of British citizens, and upon the rectitude of their representatives, from which we have all inherited the right to

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Hibbert Journal*, October 1911, ‘The Corruption of the Citizenship of the Working Man.’

<sup>2</sup> Letter to Mr. Sidney Webb, 1918.

be free.' He did not deny that 'there may be circumstances which render such a course imperative, just as there are circumstances in which an individual must assert his rights against his country.' But in 1905, at all events, these circumstances, in his view, had not arisen, and his resistance to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals was as uncompromising as it was emphatic. 'To change an open into restricted markets, to set up barriers against the free interchange of utilities so far as that lies in our power, to adopt methods of antagonism to other nations, to endanger our own larger patriotism by making our colonies an unwelcome burden to our citizens at home, to lay aside a powerful instrument of amity and goodwill amongst the peoples of the earth, and all for the sake of a limited and still more doubtful material gain, is a wrong against humanity which we ought not to have been invited to commit. And we shall not commit it.'<sup>1</sup>

The conflict between the Lords and the Commons in 1909-10 inevitably stirred his intervention—all the more readily, perhaps, since the immediate occasion of the conflict was the Budget proposals of his friend Mr. Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. He took a vigorous part in both the 1910 general elections, and in December he delivered three notable speeches in Leith, in Carlisle, and in Greenock. It was said, apparently with greater probability than usually attaches to assertions of the sort, that his Greenock speech delivered to a vast meeting on the eve of the poll turned the election. It is certain that he never spoke with greater power, or enjoyed himself more thoroughly. 'I feel,' he wrote, 'like the fly that sat on a chariot wheel and boasted of the dust he was raising.'

Apart from these more dramatic public appearances, he was much interested in shaping a policy in matters of special concern to Scotland on the one hand and to Wales on the other. He was an active member of the Liberal League, whose chief figure was Lord Rosebery; and through this organization, and in other ways, he was in fairly constant touch with most of the leaders of his party. In the early 1900's he was a frequent guest at some pleasant

<sup>1</sup> These citations are taken from an article on 'The Moral Aspect of the Fiscal Question,' *Hibbert Journal*, 1905.



political week-end house-parties at Raith, the home of Mr. Munro-Ferguson, at which various essays in constructive politics were discussed. One fruit of these gatherings was a little volume on *Scottish Education Reform*,<sup>1</sup> issued in 1903 jointly by Jones and the late Dr. C. M. Douglas, then member of Parliament for N.W. Lanarkshire. The brochure contained a close examination of the then existing administrative machinery of Scottish education, and proposed various far-reaching reforms. It advocated particularly the establishment of autonomous education authorities over much larger administrative units than the parish. The book is still of interest, although the situation which it reviewed has largely passed away. Recent reforms in Scottish education have not taken precisely the shape which the two writers suggested. But they have conformed to the principle here enunciated; and, in the main, subsequent events have proved the accuracy of this analysis of the problem.

Jones's Welsh political interests at this time were largely centred on the Church question, especially on its bearing on education. Early in 1905 he initiated an effort to negotiate a concordat between the Church and the Liberal leaders in Wales on the question of religious education. It was his belief that unless some agreed solution of this thorny and difficult question could be reached, the development of Welsh education would be impeded and embittered. He sought, therefore, to arrange that Sir Harry Reichel and other officers of the University should convene a conference of the two parties, in order that they might try to find the basis of a solution. The preliminary negotiations met with a considerable measure of success, but the effort finally failed.

In the following year (1906) Jones was again called to discuss the Church question in Wales—on this occasion as a member of the Royal Commission which was appointed to inquire into the endowments of the Church, and the provision made by the Churches of all denominations in Wales for the carrying on of their mission. His notebooks bear witness to the zeal and interest with which he began this work. But he speedily found it an unprofitable undertaking; and after a sharp difference of opinion with the

<sup>1</sup> *Scottish Education Reform*, Maclehose, 1903.

chairman of the Commission, he resigned his membership. 'My experience on the Welsh Church Commission,' he wrote,<sup>1</sup> 'was not pleasant, and I did not long endure it. I learned then for the first time how much ill-feeling religious men can entertain towards one another. Such an atmosphere of distrust, suspicion, and pious malice I never breathed before or since. I did not think it could exist except in the nether regions. Before long I retired, followed at once by two more members, Principal Fairbairn and Sir Samuel Evans.'

One further incursion into educational politics is worth recording, not only because of the intrinsic interest of the issue at stake, but also because it was one of Jones's most fiery and effective interventions in Welsh affairs. The University of Wales had come into existence in 1895. Jones had, of course, been deeply interested in its foundation, and thoroughly approved the shape which it had taken. It was a federation of the three existing University Colleges at Aberystwyth, Bangor, and Cardiff, so constructed as to leave the largest possible measure of autonomy to the Colleges, both in educational policy and in finance. One of the wisest and most statesmanlike of all Jones's addresses was delivered at Bangor during the first session of the College in its status as a constituent of the University of Wales.<sup>2</sup> He then indicated with complete confidence and quite remarkable insight his view as to the policy which the new University should pursue. He saw the dangers to which it would be exposed, arising on the one hand from those who claimed too much for it, and on the other from those who claimed too little. There were those who held that the first use which the University should make of its new-found freedom was to cut itself off from external influences and to make itself the instrument of an exclusively Welsh culture. A truly Welsh culture, even a Welsh culture distinct from that of other peoples, Jones agreed should be its aim. But this was not to be found by way of exclusion. 'We do not wish to be en-isled and isolated, and we should be false to ourselves if such were our fate.

<sup>1</sup> In the unpublished chapter of *Old Memories*.

<sup>2</sup> *The Higher Learning in its bearing upon National Life in Wales*, Bangor, 1895.

We want our scholars and the teachers of our youth to catch the sounds of the waves of the wider sea, and to comprehend the tides and currents of the open ocean. . . . We would have them cross the narrow confines of their lesser life, partake with new intelligence in the intellectual ventures of the larger nations, and come home laden with the treasures of learning.'

Again, there were those who feared the solvent effects of free intellectual inquiry on the moral and religious life of the people, and would impose some restraint upon it. 'I have so often heard sermons against knowledge and its presumption, that, if I were not otherwise informed, I might conclude that knowledge is the national evil of Wales and that the Pierian springs did more mischief than all the ales of Burton.' To these 'untiaara'd popes of a free country' he would say that nothing was imperilled by inquiry but error; and that such inquiry was itself 'a genuine and difficult moral activity,' which could have no other end than the strengthening of the higher interests of the nation. And above all, there were some prudent spirits, rightly anxious about the 'market value' of a Welsh degree, who would encourage the Colleges to continue to prepare their students for London as well as Welsh degrees. Jones had no doubt that the difficulty was a real one. 'The degrees of the Welsh University must, like all other things, pass through a period of probation; and its first graduates, at the very outset of their practical career, will be placed under a certain disadvantage.' But equally he had no doubt as to where the path of wisdom led. The University, he argued, was faced 'with a definite choice between exclusive alternatives. The Welsh Colleges shall continue to allow their teaching to be directed by an alien authority, or they shall henceforth be free. The University of Wales may be made, like all other universities in every land, the supreme arbiter in educational matters, or it may be rendered a servile institution following in the wake of another.' The choice, in his judgment, was fundamental but not difficult. Even at the cost of a temporary diminution in the number of its students, the University had to claim its freedom, to assert itself as the trustee of the national self-consciousness in higher education.

Jones watched the early years of the University with the most lively interest and satisfaction. Its progress along the lines which he had foreseen was steady and secure. But after ten years of development a movement was initiated which threatened to overthrow the constitutional principle on which it was based. As has been explained, the University was a federation of the three Welsh Colleges, and a very large measure of autonomy within the University was secured to the constituent elements. This autonomy was of special importance to the academic staffs of the Colleges; for although the final responsibility for all degree requirements rested with the University as a whole, it was expressly provided that the University need not impose identical conditions upon all the Colleges. Individual College teachers therefore were free to shape their courses in the way most agreeable to them, provided always these courses were carried to the standard approved by the University; and each College, as a corporate body, could direct its activity and organization in accordance with its particular circumstances and needs. In 1905 some lay members of the University Court, inspired by the energetic and powerful advocacy of Sir T. Marchant Williams, saw fit to bring forward a scheme for subjecting the Colleges to a greater and more detailed control by the University. In particular, it was proposed to appoint a permanent chief executive officer of the University—‘a working head’—to take over the duties of the Vice-Chancellorship, which, under the University charter, was held in rotation by the Principals of the three Colleges. On the face of it the suggestion was reasonable and attractive, likely to commend itself to minds unfamiliar with the somewhat delicate nuances of academic organization, and predisposed also, on political and sentimental grounds, to welcome the more complete unification of the ‘national’ University. But the College staffs, who saw the restrictive implications of this policy, opposed it vigorously from the first. It threatened therefore to become an occasion of conflict between the academic and non-academic members of the various governing bodies, and to produce disruption and difficulty in the University.

In this situation Jones was called in to help by his friends



in Wales, and he took great pains both in assisting to plan the campaign and in delivering the final assault. He saw clearly that the movement was dangerous, and was not to be defeated by any other method than a carefully arranged educational effort which should explain to laymen the precise nature of the issues involved; and he gave much help in the laborious work of writing and conference required by this method.

The culmination of the effort was reached in a speech delivered by Jones, late in the year, at Cardiff—‘the very citadel of the enemy,’ as Sir Harry Reichel put it,—which ‘effectively stemmed the movement and gave pause for wiser counsels.’ ‘No one can now,’ Jones himself wrote, ‘put matters back on a false track.’ Thereafter Sir Marchant Williams met with an ever-strengthening tide of resistance, and his final defeat was overwhelming.

Jones enjoyed this controversy, although he had to endure more bitterness and abuse than on any similar occasion in his life. But he had a winning cause very much at heart, and was very willing to take hard knocks in its service.

These varied activities left Jones with small leisure for writing. He had amazing energy and great powers of work; but he had little opportunity for that prolonged concentration of effort which writing requires. Caird writes in 1897 that he has been ‘scolding him much for taking up too many things beyond his chair.’<sup>1</sup> But Caird could not but be gratified by the range of influence which was opening out to his successor. ‘Professor Murray pleased me much by saying how much Jones’s influence is growing in Glasgow; but he must resist the pressure it brings on him to be useful in all directions.’<sup>1</sup> But resistance to such claims was never easy to him. He responded always to the call of the work that lay nearest to hand. From Wales, especially, time-consuming demands of various kinds crowded in on him, and he was almost powerless to refuse a service where his affections were so deeply engaged.

For a good many years most of the writing which he was able to do took the form of articles, mainly in the *Hibbert Journal*. That journal, founded in 1902 under the editorship of Dr. L. P. Jacks, speedily became an important

<sup>1</sup> *Life and Philosophy*, p. 228.

liberalizing influence in the religious and social thought of the time. Jones, as a member of its editorial board, was greatly interested in its progress. It gave him a platform and audience of the kind he chiefly desired, and he contributed regularly to its pages.<sup>1</sup> He occupied himself there mainly with the criticism of contemporary movements in philosophical thought (particularly with the anti-rationalism which he discerned in writers such as Mr. Balfour and Professor William James), and with the problems which emerged from the impact of philosophy on religious thought and experience. His discussions of 'Divine Immanence' and 'Divine Transcendence' belong to this period—outlines of his more detailed treatment of these conceptions in his later writing.

There were other essays of considerable interest, as, *e.g.*, two commemorative lectures on James Martineau (1905) and on Francis Hutcheson, a predecessor of his own in the chair of moral philosophy (1906), and an admirable short discourse on 'The Library as a Maker of Character.' In various directions he was active in trying to show the application of his philosophical theory to matters of social moment. But he did not carry to completion any of the larger literary undertakings which he had in contemplation. It was not until 1909 that he published his third book—the outcome of the first and longest of his voyages to the New World.

For the fourteen years between his coming to Glasgow and his setting out on this journey no great outward change occurred in the current of his life. There were occasions when change seemed to be possible. In 1901, on the death of Principal Viriamu Jones, he was given the opportunity to become Principal of the University College, Cardiff; but this he set aside. In 1906, Mr. Birrell, then President of the Board of Education, decided to establish the Welsh Department of the Board, and 'sounded' Jones as to whether he would become the first Secretary of the Department. Jones was inclined to accept, at least tentatively, for the six months of his long vacation, hesitating about a longer commitment because he doubted his congruity with a Government department. No final decision was reached

<sup>1</sup> See list of Articles in Appendix.

before Mr. Birrell left the Board to become Chief Secretary for Ireland ; but Mr. Birrell wrote to Jones expressing his regret that he would not himself witness Jones's educational experiments in Wales. This seemed to imply that the appointment had been settled. But after Mr. M'Kenna's succession to the Board nothing more was heard of the matter, and Jones, to his complete content, was left where he was.

In 1907 Principal Story died. There was a widespread expectation that Jones would be chosen to succeed him. The appointment was in the hands of the Crown, and it was believed that several members of the Cabinet, including Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, were disposed to press Jones's claims. Jones would very willingly have accepted this office. But the choice fell elsewhere—upon Sir Donald Macalister, under whose Principalship Jones spent the remainder of his period of service, and to whom it was given to lighten the difficult closing years of Jones's life by much thoughtful and tender consideration.

The family life during these first Glasgow years was varied by the long vacations spent in various parts of Scotland, Wales, and France. For three successive years Jones rented a large farmhouse on the borders of the Rothiemurchus forest, near Aviemore ; and later summers were spent at Lesmahagow, Carsphairn, and St. Fillans. In the summer of 1898 Jones took his family to Brittany, where he divided his attention between making a translation of Hegel's *Phenomenology* and studying the affinities between the Breton and Welsh languages. But the favourite place for the long vacations, and often for part of the Christmas and Easter vacations as well, was at Bodgynweh, a cousin's farm near Llangernyw, where all the occupations of the countryside were open to the children. As a rule, also, Jones spent part of his Easter vacations with the Cairds—usually at Grasmere. These were times of quiet and happy work. ' Mr. and Mrs. Caird,' he writes during one of these visits, ' are well, happy, and industrious as usual. I too am very happy, and I find the mornings not too long but too short. Were it not for the conversation and reading in the evenings, I should find too little work done. But some way the atmosphere is educative. Information and

insight become the law of one's environment in a company where no one radiates dullness—except me !' The most memorable of the holidays was that of 1903, when Jones rented a villa on a hill above Grenoble. Here for some months the younger children went to school, and his eldest son attended courses in the university. Mr. and Mrs. Caird were, as usual, with them for part of the summer. Caird and Jones did some long excursions in the Alps, ending with one over the Lauteret Pass. Caird at the time was working on his second set of Gifford Lectures on 'The Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophers'; and Jones, it appears from Caird's letters, was projecting a book on those Idealist writers who were less uncompromisingly rationalist than himself. The book was never finished, though a good deal of the material for it was used in lectures and articles. 'Jones and I have had a great deal of interesting philosophic talk and criticism of each other's performances. He is writing a book which will criticize Balfour, James, and Ward. He is stating his position very fully, and showing in a very interesting way the relations of these writers to Idealism, and their misconception of it. I think it will be a very effective book, and will clear the air of some misconceptions. The positive light he throws upon Idealism by contrast is also very useful.'<sup>1</sup>

During all these years he had abundant joy in his family life. In spite of the illness that no household of school-children in a great city can escape, his children were growing around him with the most delightful vigour of body and mind into the promise of a fine manhood and womanhood. His four boys and two girls had all of them strongly marked individual tastes and interests, and a home life of unusual gentleness and intimacy encouraged the unfolding of their diverse gifts. Common to all of them, and most marked in Arthur, the youngest, was a love of nature, and especially of bird and animal life. One of the rooms in No. 1 The College was a rather wonderful aviary; and dogs, birds, and butterflies were a constant source of pleasure. 'Was there ever a household,' he writes to his wife, 'with so many and so various forms of young life? And you are the pivot of the whole chaos—have to maintain order all

<sup>1</sup> *Life and Philosophy*, p. 239.



round.' In France, as Caird remarked, 'the Jones children are full of interest in the insects, butterflies, etc., of the place, and seem to have microscopic eyes for them.' Harry, the eldest, his father's double in inventive daring, companion of many expeditions on the Welsh hills, went to college in 1900, to read for the Indian Civil Service examination. He was one of the best of his father's students, and stood first in the class, though by reason of kinship he did not compete for the medal. He passed into the Service in 1905, and went to Burma in 1906. Jim, more Scot than Kelt, quiet and reserved, but full of courage and endurance and of splendid unselfishness, chose the profession of medicine. About 1910 his father writes of him in a letter: 'Jim has been operating for the first time, and is dreadfully impressed with his own failings. He'll make a fine doctor, Jim will; he is so perfectly honest, faithful, and unselfish.' He too went to India, taking a high place in the Indian Medical Services examination. Jeanie, the elder daughter, quietly beautiful and full of gentle culture, looked forward also to the practice of medicine. Enid, the younger daughter, less robust in health than the others, devoted to children and to animals, promised to be the help of her mother in the home. Will, the third son, was only five years old when the Glasgow life began. He was perhaps the most brilliantly gifted of all the children, both in head and in hand; and the gradual ripening of his powers and the maturing of his detached but most friendly outlook on the world were sources of the keenest joy to his parents. Arthur, the youngest of all, whose love of nature ran deep as a passion, was more reticent and shy, slower in thought and speech, than his elder brothers, but perhaps most reflective and wise in judgment, resolute in will, destined to grow into a brief but splendid manhood.

Jones might well have written, as Wordsworth:

'We were a noisy crew: the sun in heaven  
Beheld not vales more beautiful than ours,  
Nor saw a band in happiness and joy  
Richer, or worthier of the ground they trod.'<sup>1</sup>

The first of many heavy sorrows that came upon this household was the death of Will in May 1906, taken from

<sup>1</sup> *Prelude*, l. 479.

them in the full bloom of health by an illness so short and sudden that both his father and mother were absent from Glasgow. Four years later Jeanie passed from their midst, again with the briefest of warnings. And in April 1918, Arthur, four times wounded and twice honoured for his gallantry in the field, fell in the great German onslaught on the Lys. These were great griefs which sorely tried Jones and his household. They shaped and tested his 'hypothesis,' and the marks of these experiences are in all his writing. But the burden of his faith was very simple: a great gratitude that to him had been entrusted even for a little time the care of such spirits as these, and a confidence—as he wrote to his wife, 'with my mind running back to you and to Will, and sort of grieved at beauties perhaps lost to him, and at happiness he would have felt to be so good'—that 'the world is far too great and the plans of its Author too overflowing with beneficence for death to mean anything but "Come further ben." ' 'He who sustains the world has not forgotten His loving-kindness nor lost His way. The boy was *His*, and we are thankful for the loan.' 'I am grateful to have had him even for a little while. He was and is a possession for ever.' <sup>1</sup>

In the course of the years notable academic distinctions had come to him. St. Andrews gave him its LL.D. degree in 1895, soon after the beginning of his work in Glasgow. In 1905 the University of Wales conferred upon him its honorary Doctorate of Letters. In the previous year he had received with pride the high honour of election to the Fellowship of the British Academy. He was chosen as Hibbert Lecturer in Metaphysics in Manchester College, Oxford, in 1906; and from time to time other similar though less exacting offices were held by him.

The eminence to which he had thus attained in the world of philosophical letters, and his reputation as a lecturer, brought to him in 1908 one of the most pleasant experiences of his life. On the suggestion of his friend Mungo W. MacCallum, Nichol's assistant when Jones was an undergraduate, later a colleague at Aberystwyth, and at this time Professor of English in the University of Sydney, the

<sup>1</sup> See also the closing paragraph of the memoir of Will (p. 299), and Letters, pp. 220, 257, 261.

Extension Board of that university invited Jones, in his long vacation of 1908, to give the annual series of university extension lectures in Sydney. He gladly took the opportunity thus afforded him—all the more readily since it promised the chance of visiting, *en route*, his eldest son Harry in Burma. After closing his session's work in Glasgow, he sailed from Marseilles at the beginning of April.

On the outward voyage he broke his journey at Colombo and travelled thence to Rangoon, where his son met him. For nearly six weeks, in spite of the climatic disadvantages of a summer visit, Jones had a most happy stay in Burma. Harry was in charge of a subdivision in Lower Burma, some sixty miles from Moulmein. So after a few days among the Service residents in the larger towns, father and son spent the rest of the time in the heart of a vast jungle area. Jones's main interest, of course, was to see the work which his son was doing, and to learn the conditions under which he lived. So far as was possible, therefore, he shared the life of a civilian officer in Burma. But there was added to it a seasoning of entertainment staged, no doubt, especially for his instruction.

He travelled by river and road through a great part of Harry's district, occasionally shooting wild pig and deer, or occupying the seat of honour at native sports and boxing contests, but mainly meeting civilian and military officers, watching their work and learning something of the variety of the calls that are made upon those who bear the burden of Imperial administration in the East. What he saw made a deep impression on his mind. He was firmly convinced of the beneficence of British rule in Burma: that there, at least, England sought and secured not her own advantage but the safety and welfare of the native population. It was, he records, 'on the whole, the most interesting experience of my life,' and it helped to shape the direction of his political thought.

Early in June, Jones returned to Colombo and continued thence his voyage to Sydney. He arrived there at the beginning of July, and entered upon a month of great activity. His lectures, which took place at intervals during the month, were his chief preoccupation. He made them for the most part a statement of his central conception of

the life of man as the winning of concrete freedom. They were, of course, designedly popular in form, and sought to elicit and to illustrate his notion of freedom by reference to the teachings of the great romantic poets, and to the problems of contemporary thought and practice. Jones was a master of this form of exposition. The Great Hall of the University was crowded with the audience which he attracted; and though he himself, as usual, was much divided in mind as to the worth of his performance, those who had brought him there were in no doubt as to his success in stimulating philosophical and other humane studies in the University and outside it. 'The first lecture is over,'<sup>1</sup> he writes. 'It was quite good, but not first-rate. The large hall was comfortably full to the very back—full of the right sort of people, says MacCallum. The lecture, he said, had thoroughly satisfied him in every direction, and ought to have satisfied me. But there was a notable difference between the portions I read and the bits I gave impromptu. The latter gripped more. He joins his wife in urging me to set aside my MS. and speak *ex tempore*. It is no triumph, but it is all right.' Later: 'The MacCallums indicate pretty clearly that things have been going right as to the lectures. I kicked out in one lecture at Christian Science, and in another at Herbert Spencer. Both were impromptu, and both brought the house down. The final result is attacks by Christian Scientists and by the Spencerians. What I said of the former was incidental to my remarks on scepticism. I said I never knew men throw aside the sober raiment of the normal and reasonable beliefs of their times without putting on tinsel. Sceptics who deny much believe some very funny things. People who reject both science and Christianity believe in Christian Science.<sup>2</sup> I think they do right in being angry. But MacCallum rejoices in the hits, for he altogether agrees with both my judgments. So you see I am having a lively time. My fourth lecture was about as good as the third—a real good time. The audience was bigger than ever, and they had rearranged the hall. You never saw an audience more warm to me. Of course I was tired, for I let go.'

<sup>1</sup> These extracts are from letters written to his family.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Idealism as a Practical Creed*, p. 93.



During his month in Sydney, Jones was received everywhere with the greatest kindness, both by the University and by the municipal and State authorities, and enjoyed the almost too numerous social engagements which their hospitable intentions pressed upon him. The most interesting of these was a dinner given to him by Glasgow graduates resident in Sydney, where his reference to Caird moved the company to send a cable of greeting to the aged Master. He also lectured informally at the University Club 'on a most cheeky topic—"Questions the politicians do not ask," exposing, of course, problems usually overlooked and false hypotheses. There was fun and earnest. There were two ex-Premiers of Australia there. One of them meddled in a nice way, and got it, also in a good-natured way, right in the stomach as quick as lightning. I never saw an audience of mine more pleased. Wilson (Professor of Anatomy, and a great friend of MacCallum) told me that it was the finest thing he had ever heard in his life. MacCallum was nearly as extravagant. I am really thankful, for I had so set my heart on bucking up for wee MacCallum and justifying his choice of me. Next day, alas, alas! your old man was like a rag steeped in water; not an idea in his head and no interest in any idea.'

Jones also gave a few lectures in other centres in New South Wales,<sup>1</sup> and after his Sydney engagements were over he visited Melbourne, Adelaide, Hobart, and Brisbane, giving lectures—seldom of less than two hours' duration—in these cities to large popular audiences. The Brisbane visit was of special interest to him, for besides giving a lecture on a philosophical topic—this time on 'The Evolution of Man'—he had also the opportunity of addressing a large gathering of citizens on the need for the foundation and endowment of a University of Queensland.

'I send you newspaper reports. They are made by a reporter who has a gift for the commonplace. As a matter of fact, there was immense fun, both at the mayoral reception and at the evening lecture. Its main cause in the afternoon was, I think, that the acting Prime Minister (the real one is in England) bragged about the children here and their extraordinary precocity. (I had heard others at it.) The

<sup>1</sup> For an amusing account of one of these occasions see below, p. 210.

mayor also gave himself away by saying something about professors. Then the leader of the Labour party gave me a chance ; and I took them all, I think, for I was in a really mischievous mood. There were forty or fifty leading men of the town there, including the leaders of all the three parliamentary parties.

‘ In the evening the hall was full, right down to the back. I don’t know what it would hold, but I should say 700 or 800 people. The Governor, Lord Chelmsford, was in the chair. He is a fine young English nobleman, who knows W. P. Ker, and Reichel, and others of my friends, and is quite devoted to his work. It is very good for them to have a sample of the old English aristocratic stock here. I spoke easily on the whole, and for an hour and a half. They would not let me stop. Again I roasted them on their precocity notion and whacked into folk right and left, especially the politicians. All the fun is left out of the report, and I dare say it was not worth putting down, but I certainly carried the audience. Do you know, I think somehow that they don’t get very good speaking here. Either that or there is something in my frankness and playfulness that suits them, for they are more frank themselves than even the Welsh. At any rate there was tremendous kindness to me at the end. I maun come hame, dearies, to my critics. It may be that the wide oceans and the Americans will reduce me to that pulpy state erroneously supposed to be good for one.

‘ I am now going to see what I can say on Monday night, on “The Function of the University in the State.” There will be a crammed house, for there is considerable interest here in the establishment of a University, though it does not reach the stage of contributing so far.’

Then, after his lecture on the University problem : ‘ My second lecture at Brisbane was a very heavy one on me, for I did my level best for those who are striving for the University. How I did walk into them ! I had got hold of their local reasons for shunting the University aside and the excuses of their politicians. I sat hard at it all day long at the hotel preparing, and at night I tore their arguments to pieces, and fairly abused the people. You should have seen them letting me call them “ Oh, you silly, silly people,

have you no mental perspective ? ” “ Can you apprehend no good except what is material ? Do you care for all the qualities of your minerals and fields and sheep and oxen, and nothing for the qualities of manhood ? ” I spoke for two hours and held them hard the whole time ; indeed I did all I knew to help and rouse them. More was not in me, and they on their part were delightful. I couldn't get on again and again for the cheering, and when the vote of thanks was put, the whole audience stood on its feet to give it me.'

It is pleasant to record the fact that whatever the effect of Jones's advocacy—and local testimony is that the effect was considerable—the University of Queensland was established in less than a year's time after his visit, the Bill passing the State Legislature in 1909.

These lecturing journeys were varied by two holiday expeditions—one with MacCallum to his summer home at Blackheath, amidst the beautiful scenery of the Blue Mountains ; the other as the guest of a large landowner at his farm in the bush—' a great, wild, peaceful country.' He enjoyed his glimpse of the life of a pioneering farmer, and still more his long expeditions in the upland country. ' We had a great time together at Blackheath. We spent it all, till sunset, in the open air amongst the woods. On Saturday we had a good long all-day walk through grand country—great precipitous rocky mountains, like Mt. St. Eynard, and deep glens between them, so deep and narrow in some places that the sun never got into them except at the height of the semi-tropical day. We boiled our billy and made our lunch-tea sitting amid great boulders and tree ferns.' And again (from the farm at Cheeseman's Creek) : ' I am sitting on the dead burnt trunk of a gum tree, all alone. Before me there is a vast expanse of wooded country, thinly wooded with gum trees only. Of these, some have on their sombre leaves, the great majority are dead. They have been " ringed," and they hold up their whitened arms like skeletons to the sky. There is a fresh wind blowing, and the sky is overcast. But we are 1800 feet above the sea-level, and the air is almost as sweet as the vast silence.'

Jones sailed for home from Sydney on 1st September,

carrying with him a store of happy memories and cordial friendships. 'I liked Australia, and I liked its people still more. The clearness of the air and its purity have no parallel, I think. And the people were as bright and sunny as the climate, fond of the gentler arts, especially of music, and above all of horse-racing—a more questionable excellence, perhaps. They have indeed a strongly secular and materialistic side to them too, and they must learn to believe that they will not become a great people except by the impulsion of some ideal that is great and thoroughly believed in.' He travelled via Fiji, Honolulu, and Vancouver,<sup>1</sup> across Canada to Toronto and Niagara, thence to New York and Princeton, where his distinguished St. Andrews student, Norman Kemp Smith, was then Professor of Philosophy. He stayed there for some days, making his first acquaintance with the great American universities, giving a few lectures, and meeting, among others, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, then President of Princeton University, and Professor J. G. Hibben, Wilson's successor in the University.

By mid-October Jones was back in Glasgow at the ordinary round of his session's duties. Most of this winter he spent in recasting his Australian lectures for publication. They were issued in the spring of 1909, under the title *Idealism as a Practical Creed*. The book gives a fairly easy and popular exposition of some significant aspects of his doctrine; and although, as a contribution to philosophical learning, the book is of less importance than either of his earlier works, it shows as well as anything he ever wrote his power of graceful and persuasive statement, and his mastery of the art of illuminating the ordinary concerns of practical life by considerations drawn from the field of philosophical reflection. In the main, the book is a study of the problem of freedom, in the light of the conception of Evolution. He shows how man first of all, both as an individual and in society, is constrained to move blindly towards an unknown good; how with the growth of his power of critical reflection the individual comes to set himself against the institutions and forms of life in which these first ideas of the good are embodied; and how finally he passes beyond this negative stage by finding his higher

<sup>1</sup> See Letters, pp. 212 *et seq.*



freedom in the rededication of self to the ends of society in the effort to make of society a more perfect expression of an enlightened will. The later chapters pass to less familiar ground. In them Jones sought to indicate how the prevailing Idealist philosophy of the time had sharpened man's consciousness of the contradictions and conflicts in the world, and had thereby made more difficult the acceptance of its own doctrine of the spiritual character of all reality. If its teaching is true, it is no longer possible to safeguard man's intellectual and moral life by detaching it from his material embodiment and interests, or to exempt God from participation in the error and sin of the world. It follows, therefore, that the perennial problem of pain and evil is more poignant and less tractable to the Idealist than to any other, and on him it rests to find a more profound synthesis of reconciliation. Jones's brief discussion of this crux is an anticipation of the fuller argument in his Gifford Lectures. Evil is real as a stage on the way to the achievement of good. It exists, and necessarily, because only through it can man win his freedom to will the good.

The five years which followed his Australian visit were perhaps the most crowded of his life. During these years he added to his teaching work the care of a complete reorganization of his department, made possible by the enlargement of the University's provision for his own and allied subjects. For most of the time he was a very active member of the University Court, as well as of the Senate and of endless committees connected with the educational and administrative work of the University. From 1906 till 1912 he undertook the duties of the Hibbert Lectureship in Metaphysics at Manchester College, Oxford, travelling to and fro between Glasgow and Oxford once a fortnight during the two winter terms. His Oxford lectures, as a rule, followed the line of his honours lectures in Glasgow, though they had to be cast into a different form to meet the special requirements of his Oxford audience. Dr. Estlin Carpenter, who was then Principal of Manchester College, writes :—

‘ The subjects of his courses were naturally all related to the philosophy which he expounded from his University chair. But in a College specially concerned with the training of ministers

of religion he presented philosophy chiefly in its relation to theology. He started in the Hilary and summer terms of 1907 with twelve lectures on "The Religion of Idealism." After his return from Australia he made what was perhaps his most important contribution to current thought in a discussion of "The Metaphysics of Good and Evil, with special reference to Green and Caird." The subject attracted large audiences, whose steady attendance proved their interest. The numbers rose from a hundred and thirty to a hundred and fifty, and those who could not find seats in the lecture-room patiently sat or stood around the doors in the corridor outside. Undergraduates, junior Dons, a clergyman or two, an occasional Professor or Head of a House, women students and their elders, made up the gathering. Other courses dealt with "The Evolution of Man, with special reference to Hegel's *Phenomenology of Spirit*," "Hegel's Theory of Art," "Hegel's Theory of Man and the State," and the series wound up with four lectures in the summer term of 1912 on "Spiritual Realism."

His lectures were no mere extracts from more elaborate courses. Each was written fresh upon the spot. He doubtless enjoyed their preparation; it was no taskwork, but a real labour of love. He was always on the alert for some new illustration of his ever-present theme, and a conversation with a brother-philosopher might deflect the progress of an exposition which seemed indeed rather to travel round a central point than to make an ordered metaphysical advance. In his Oxford lectures controversy and criticism were for the most part laid aside. The current modes of thought, Personal Idealism, Pragmatism, Humanism, were left unassailed. The speaker's whole force was thrown into the interpretation of life which he owed to his predecessor, Edward Caird. Often his lectures were discursive rather than systematic. They were eloquent, apt in literary illustration, and distinction of style was never lacking. To the critical, however, he seemed to be preacher rather than philosopher. "Idealism," writes an old Oxford Greats man, "was not so much a theorem to be argued and expounded, as a gospel and a religion to which converts must be made." Such students found him of little use for examination purposes, and their interest and attendance declined. But the charm of his personality was felt by all. "There was enthusiasm gleaming in his eyes"; it was noted that "of emotion, and even of what some might call sentimentalism, he was neither afraid nor ashamed. They were natural to him—part of his temperament." The little group of students in Manchester College found him delightfully genial in their Junior Common Room, and they knew how to respect the feeling that could not always be stoically restrained. After the loss of his daughter one of them recalls that there came a lecture in the midst of which a reference to the discipline of life's deeper experiences proved too much for

him, and he caught the grief that welled up in his soul and was dumb for a few seconds before he could proceed. Then with courageous self-control he added, "But it is always the Angel of Sorrow that lifts for us the veil that hangs before the Holy of Holies."

Jones's visits to Oxford were too hurried to let him see much of the Oxford teachers of philosophy. But he greatly enjoyed even the limited associations which were possible. They brought him, too, one great gain, in that he was able during the last two years of Caird's life to spend a good deal of time with his 'teacher and master.' After his resignation from Balliol, Caird lived in retirement at Oxford until his death in November 1908, and Caird's house was Jones's home in Oxford.

As usual, during these years Jones was much in Wales, both on family and on public concerns. He gave, as a rule, at least a week of his Christmas vacation to a series of meetings in Wales, in which he spoke of some aspect of contemporary social life. A letter written in December 1912 gives an outline of his programme on one of these visits: 'To-morrow, Tuesday, I lecture to my big ordinary class in the morning, attend the Executive Committee of the International Congress at Philadelphia in London at night, and then go to sleep at 11 Downing Street. On Wednesday I go to the Intermediate School at Pontypridd. On Thursday I give the prizes at the school, and a lecture on "Nature and Human Nature" at night. On Friday I lecture on "Liberty and Licence" at Mid-Rhondda. On Saturday I lecture on "Rights and Duties" at Briton Ferry. Then I get a Sunday rest and begin again on Monday night, and give the last on Wednesday or Thursday of next week. I have sketched two of these lectures pretty fully and put down scrappy headings for the others, so I will let you guess whether I am busy or not. But I am in fine health, and these lectures are not to be printed, and the themes fall within a familiar field, and there is going to be *singing*—my own dear people's superb singing—instead of votes of thanks.'

The New Year honours list of 1912 brought him the half welcome, half unwelcome dignity of a knighthood. In the summer of the same year he made his second visit to the

United States.<sup>1</sup> On this occasion he was one of a small company of European professors who were invited to participate in the inauguration of a new university in Houston, Texas. On his way to and from Texas he revisited Princeton, and lectured at several other universities in the eastern and southern states. At Houston he delivered three lectures, 'Philosophical Landmarks,'<sup>2</sup> which gave his reading of the contemporary situation in philosophy, and especially defined his attitude to some current forms of Idealist doctrine other than his own. But mainly, of course, he dwelt upon his favourite theme of encouraging the new institution to make ample provision for the study of the human as well as the natural sciences. The lavishness of American official hospitality was a new experience to him, not in every way suitable to the digestive capacity of a man of sixty. The heat was great, and the long journeys put a strain upon his endurance. But it was, both in Texas and elsewhere, a most happy visit. 'I was never made more of anywhere, and I liked it—immensely !'

Two more books were published in this period, both of them collections of essays and addresses. The essays had been written, for the most part, at intervals during these last few years when he managed to withdraw from Glasgow and his journeyings, to the seclusion of a little cottage near Abington or to Tighnabruaich. The first, in 1910, bore the title *The Working Faith of the Social Reformer*. It contained his more important occasional writings on various matters of social and ethical interest. Especially he set himself to examine the assumptions on which a good many current controversies, such as those between Socialism and Individualism, or between Heredity and Environment, were being conducted. His concern was always less with the immediate question than with the larger issues of outlook and principle that underlay it. Yet on particular points, such as the nature of private property as a social function, and the social basis of the individual's right therein, he said much that it was serviceable to say. And strongly though his mind ran towards a social order which should

<sup>1</sup> See below, p. 223.

<sup>2</sup> Published in the *Rice Institute Pamphlet*, vol. i. No. 3. See below, pp. 157 *et seq.*



entrust as many functions as possible to individuals rather than to the State or municipality, he yet urged that the undertaking of certain responsibilities and services by the State might well be an organization rather than an elimination of individual wills, and an enlargement of the individual's opportunities.

In the spring of 1913 a little volume on *Social Powers* brought together three lectures—one on 'Man and his Environment'; one, a Deansgate lecture delivered in Manchester, 'Are Moral and Religious Beliefs capable of Proof?'; and a third, given to the journalists of Glasgow, on 'Journalism and Citizenship.'

All three are essays of great sincerity and vigour, most gracefully written, that on Journalism being perhaps the most novel and arresting part of this collection. The analysis of the function of the journalist as making 'a first sifting of the materials of history,' and of his duty at once to meet ordinary men on the level of their ordinary interests and at the same time 'to keep them on the strain for better things,' is one of the best examples of how Jones could touch to high and helpful significance aspects of the everyday work of the world.

At this time, too, he was occupied with a labour of love in the preparation of a Memoir of Caird. He re-read all Caird's voluminous writings, and collected much material bearing on his task. By the middle of 1913 he had written the story of Caird's life up to the time of his election to the Mastership of Balliol, and had written also a short introductory survey of the spirit of Caird's philosophy. His work was beautifully done, with an insight and a quiet restraint that promised a philosophical biography worthy to be set alongside those of Caird's own Oxford friends, Green and Nettleship.<sup>1</sup> He became responsible also for the editorship of two important series of philosophical books published by Messrs. Macmillan—one an historical series on 'Schools of Philosophy,' the other an English edition of an Encyclopaedia of the Philosophical Sciences by Professors Windelbandt and Ruge. The War prevented the develop-

<sup>1</sup> After Jones had been compelled to give up hope of completing it, the book was most admirably and harmoniously finished by Professor J. H. Muirhead, and issued under their joint names in 1921.

ment of this latter project, but over the first instalment of it, a volume on logic, Jones spent much time and trouble in revising and amending the translation.

One anxiety only he had in these years—as to the health of his own family circle. His home was sadly darkened in 1910 by the death of his elder daughter, and for two years or more thereafter he had grave fears for his wife and for their eldest son in Burma. ‘My life is like a loch amongst the hills,’ he wrote, ‘open to sudden squalls, and I dare not spread too much sail.’ But the removal of his home to Tighnabruaich gave to his wife healing contact with a beautiful garden, and brought her near to her oldest friends.<sup>1</sup> Her health was steadily restored; and his son, too, after much illness and long home convalescence, regained his strength. His own health and vigour were superb, and he used them to the full. These were indeed the years of the most ample employment of his powers. He had made his position in the University, in the West of Scotland, and in the larger religious and social life of the nation. Occasions of uttering his mind and opportunities of usefulness opened to him on every hand. Above all, his teaching and his influence on the thoughts and lives of his students were at their height; and however varied and interesting the other calls upon him, he gave first place to them. He read hard and swiftly, although in current philosophical literature he did not travel far outside the direction of his own special interests. He wrote constantly—lectures, articles, lay sermons, criticisms, letters to his children, friends, and pupils at home and abroad, and to inquiring correspondents of every kind. One hardly ever seemed to see him without pen in hand. It is true, and no doubt in some sense a pity, that during these culminating years all his writing was episodic in character. Its volume, even the volume of his publication, was considerable. But none of it had that measure of substantial importance which attaches to some of his earlier and to one of his later works. From this point of view, he divided his energies overmuch. He looked

<sup>1</sup> His *Principles of Citizenship* was dedicated, ‘with many happy memories and grateful thoughts, to the adopted aunts of my children and grandchildren, my wife’s companions in gentle citizenship and her oldest friends, the Misses Jameson of Medrox.’

forward to a period of leisure when he could put together the outcome of his thoughts and experiences, and he had in mind the writing of a comprehensive study of Idealist metaphysics. The conditions which denied him the leisure to write were not within the range of his prevision. But in any case he was following his bent and disposition. It was part of his nature and part of the secret of his practical effectiveness that he went out to meet the world and felt the pressure of its immediate circumstances and problems. That, at any rate, was how he set his course. He worked incessantly, drawing without thought of sparing on his stores of mental and physical energy, and finding them to all appearance more than equal to the demands he made. It was full day, with hardly a hint of the evening that was so near at hand.

## CHAPTER V

### THE CLOSING YEARS

GLASGOW: 1913-1922

JONES finished the summer term of 1913 apparently in robust and vigorous health. He had, however, unknown to any one, suffered some discomfort in his mouth, and at the close of his session's work at the end of June he took medical counsel. It was found that he had a cancerous growth in his left jaw, and an immediate operation was advised. With no more delay than was necessary to make the arrangements, and to plan the work of his department for the October term in case he should not be able to return to it then, he travelled to London and underwent the operation there. He allowed very few people to know what was awaiting him. He would, if he could, have withheld the knowledge of it even from some members of his own family. But one of his assistants in the University who knew the circumstances gives this account:—

' I spent the week-end before the operation with Sir Henry and his family in Tighnabruaich. He had telegraphed to me on the Thursday asking me to come down by the Friday morning boat. When we reached the pier, he was there, waiting for me with his dogs, as usual, and welcomed me as if nothing were amiss. It was about a mile's walk from the pier to his house. We sauntered along slowly in the brilliant sunshine of a mid-summer morning, he talking quietly all the time, and I listening. In the half-hour's walk he told me why he had sent for me: the facts of his illness, that his operation had been fixed for the middle of the following week, that it would be very serious, the doctors believing that he had a reasonably good chance of life, but a much smaller chance of ever being able to lecture again, and, even if things went better than their expectations, no chance at all of being ready to do any work in October. Hence he wanted to see me to tell me what he had planned for the following session's work on the assumption that he would be allowed to take some part in it after Christmas. He had thought out all the arrangements, and there was no need for much discussion.



Everything was settled before we turned into the drive running up to his house. And from the moment we entered the house until he saw me off on Monday afternoon, the subject was never mentioned again. It seemed really that, having settled his accounts with it, he had set it clean out of his mind. He was as placid over that week-end as I had ever known him, full of laughter as always, interested in every kind of topic, and entirely without a trace of strain. He was obviously *not* keeping our spirits up—he was only being himself. I remember that Harry was at home, recovered from a long illness; and he had two friends of his from Burma with him at the time. Harry's presence was extraordinarily timely and helpful to his father—they were the closest of friends, sharing every mood and thought. Above all, his presence lightened, as far as it was possible, the one aspect of the situation which gave his father concern—the anxiety that he felt for Lady Jones.

'I think that what surprised us all was not Jones's courage—he had always had plenty of that—but his perfect quiet, almost disinterestedness, of mind and bearing. So far as his own part was concerned, he was far less moved than he would have been if this had fallen upon some casual acquaintance. Curiously enough, neither then nor later did I ever hear him refer to this particular time in the language of religion. He might well have said, "Though I walk in the valley of the shadow, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me"; for that no doubt was profoundly what he felt. But he would never apply to himself words of great and grave and heroic import. His own account of it was just that he knew it to be "no business of his" what happened to him, and he was well content to have it so. He could not affect the issue one hair's-breadth, except by being ready to welcome it whatever it was. The responsibility was elsewhere; he did not concern himself about it.

'[I saw] him next, some four weeks later, in a nursing home at Woking, whither he had been moved from the London home. He was very weak, and his beard, which he allowed to grow to cover the scar of the wound, had greatly aged and changed his face. But he was able to speak, which was a great delight to him, for he had been warned that even if he got through he might not be able to speak again. And he was in splendid heart. He told me how, all through his ordeal, he had known nothing but peace. The operation had taken place on the day of the Eton and Harrow cricket match. As the surgeons were making their preparations in his room, he overheard them discussing the match; and his chief reflection was that if he himself was "going out for a pretty small score, the team was doing fine."

'Soon after he recovered from the anaesthetic, some one had told him one of Abraham Lincoln's favourite stories, which, he said, had sustained him for two whole days. At a carnival at

New Orleans the great attraction was the first balloon ascent over the town. The aeronaut was decked out in a cloth of spangles. The balloon drifted away from the city, and finally descended in a cotton field where some negroes were working. They were terrified at the apparition. All of them fled except one old man who was too crippled to run. He perforce stood his ground, and, making the best of the situation, he took off his hat and greeted the celestial figure who climbed out of the balloon, "Good morning, Massa Jesus! How 's yer Pa?"

'I remember, too, Sir Henry's remark that two things had surprised him—that "you Scotch folk should care about me as you do, and that I should care so much that you should care." He often spoke afterwards about the way in which he felt himself upheld by the tide of friendship and affection which flowed towards him as soon as the news of his illness got abroad.<sup>1</sup>

'After Woking I did not see him again until the opening day of the October term. He was afraid that if the session began without his presence, students would infer that he was not going to take much part in the class work, and that there would be a drop in the number of entries to his class. He resolved, therefore, to attend the opening meeting of the class himself, to say a few words to the students explaining that he would be with them soon, and then to withdraw. There was a pathos in that moment that I shall never forget—his return to the scene of his work and power, to try whether or not he could face the students and the duty that he loved. For he doubted whether his voice would be able to carry to the back of the room, and whether at the full pitch of his voice his articulation would be clear enough to let him lecture again. In his private room before we met the class, I could not help being moved by his anxiety, which contrasted so strongly with the complete serenity and detachment with which he had told me three months before of the certain suffering and possible death that lay before him. We entered the classroom. He raised his hand signing to the students to stand for the opening prayer, then began to speak the familiar words. As he spoke, he realized that all was well, that his voice carried clearly and well to the back of the room, and that he could hope soon to resume his work. He almost broke down under the fullness of his emotion; but after a long moment's pause he recovered himself and finished the prayer. He did not stay long in the room, just long enough to welcome the class, to say

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<sup>1</sup> Thus in November 1913 he wrote: 'I ought possibly to tell you that I had a grand time in summer. Doesn't Browning speak somewhere about a thunder peal opening a passion-flower? I never knew before that there was so much loving-kindness sheathed in the hearts of my friends, or that the blossoming of it meant such cheer when the lights were low.

'I can almost say, as David Hume did on an occasion somewhat similar, that I know no part of my life that I'd rather have over again—such was the quiet and strength of my "ragged" faith and the sweetness of friendship.'

a few words about the study on which they were embarking, and to assure them that in a few weeks he would be with them. As a matter of fact, the term was only a fortnight old when he extracted some sort of grudging consent from the doctors to give one lecture a week, and before Christmas he was doing his ordinary share of the class work. He made the firmest of resolutions that he would not exert himself, that he would *read* his lectures and go very quietly. He probably did go rather more quietly than of old; but the resolution to read and not to digress was always comically broken. His theme took hold of him, he left his notes and rostrum behind and spoke to the class with almost all his old fire and gesture and humour. He used to repent his sins of too energetic speech, for it tried him greatly. But he was immensely happy that the old *élan* was still there, and that he could throw himself so whole-heartedly into his lecturing.'

These are the main outward facts. Jones's recovery from a most severe operation was more rapid than had seemed to be possible. He was able to do almost a whole session's work in the winter following, and gradually resumed many of his old interests. But the pace of his life was definitely slower. His work tired him more readily than before, and he had to conserve his strength. He gave up as completely as possible participation in University business, and curtailed severely the number of his outside engagements. But while he recognized it as a duty to take every reasonable care of his health, he was unfailingly cheerful and gay. The doctors hoped that they had removed all traces of the mischief. He shared their hope, and in any case did not concern himself about it. 'I am not going to spend what remains calculating chances. If it comes, it will be Captain's orders, and I shall march, I hope, quite willingly. Meantime, it has been a time of peace, and the dark was never feared at all.'

The summer of 1914 he spent in Tighnabruaich, resting a good deal, but working and playing also, and experiencing a gradually returning tide of energy. He looked forward to finishing the *Memoir of Caird*, and to beginning the larger piece of writing which he had in mind. But the momentous happenings of August 1914 once more changed the current of his life and thought. His whole strength and interest were absorbed by the War.

In matters of foreign and imperial policy Jones belonged

on the whole to the right wing of the Liberal party. He had long believed in the possibility that Germany would force a war on Britain; though he had believed also that it might be averted, and that in any event the duty of Britain was to take no step in the way of a rapid enlargement of armaments which would precipitate the crisis and give Germany the least shadow of excuse for aggressive action. Like most other people in 1914, he had little knowledge of or interest in the intricate details of our understandings and commitments abroad, and did not envisage a great Continental war. And he was in no way alarmed about Britain's situation. In his wanderings about the world he had seen so much of the efficiency of the British sailor, that he had no doubt about the outcome of a naval struggle even between two approximately equal fleets. He did not, indeed, propose that Britain should allow German naval construction to overtake her own, but he held that Britain had a good deal of margin in which to manœuvre for peace, and that her interests and the world's were all in that direction. But when the War came he had no moment of hesitation or neutrality of judgment. He had, of course, the instincts of a fighting man, and made no pretence that he could look with a wholly judicial and impartial eye on his country's cause. But neither did he suppose that that cause was exempt from the need of scrutiny and justification. He had no belief in the natural and inevitable rightness of all Great Britain's actions, nor did he acquit her of all responsibility for the situation in which the War arose. On the contrary, he held that the War was the outcome of the errors and selfishness of all nations, from which Britain had not been free.<sup>1</sup> And yet, when all was said, it was clear to him that, in the main, Britain's mind and policy for most of the lifetime of his generation had been turning slowly, but very certainly, towards peace and unselfishness. In India, and in her dealing with other and especially with weaker peoples throughout the world, she had grown gradually to realize her duty to rule, not in her own interests, but as trustee for the welfare of others. With all her defects, she was moving to a better way of international relations; and the German challenge to the world was the challenge

<sup>1</sup> Cf. 'Why we are Fighting,' *Hibbert Journal*, October 1914.



of the crude materialism of an older order to the better light which, however fitfully, was leading Britain.

Jones accepted, therefore, whole-heartedly the statement of Britain's war aims made by her leading statesmen. He knew how hard it would be for any people to live up to the level of these acknowledged aims ; he knew that there were forces at work in Britain herself which would betray them if they could. But of the sincerity of Britain's profession, and of the power of these aims to stir her people to the mightiest response in human history, he had no sort of doubt. Upon himself, and as he believed upon every clear-thinking citizen, the War imposed only one duty—to help, by every means in his power, so to break the German military machine that Germany would give up 'even the idea of repairing it.'

For the first winter the War brought to him no great change in the mode of his activity. He was actively interested in establishing a home for Belgian refugees in Tighna-bruaich. He published some articles, and at the request of the authorities of Manchester College, Oxford, he gave a course of lectures there on 'The Moral Perplexities of the War.' But he took his classes in Glasgow as usual, and did a full and almost uninterrupted session's work. In the spring of 1915, however, he was called to more active participation.

Almost the first thing to engage him was the problem of regulating the sale of alcoholic liquor in the Clyde Valley. He saw and heard a great deal of the mischief which drunkenness was doing to the production of munitions, and therefore to the progress of the Allied cause. At this time, indeed, grave warnings on this subject were being uttered by members of the Government. With his friend Sir John Mann, and one or two others, he worked out a scheme for the restriction of the sale of alcohol in Glasgow. He brought it before the heads of the great engineering firms and the leaders of the trade unions, and by conference and through the press he and his friends were able to create a strong and almost unanimous opinion among both employers and workers in favour of their proposals. It would have been, Jones believed, a very valuable and productive social experiment, and he had strong hopes of

its success. Government action, however, was necessary in order to make it operative ; and after giving him some encouragement, the Government finally turned down the scheme. Jones never ceased to deplore the ' pusillanimity ' of the Government in giving way to the pressure of the Trade in the face of the representations which were made by the responsible industrial leaders of Glasgow. ' It was a pitiful breakdown—a very great chance missed, which, I fear, will cost us dear. The whole country would have stood at their back if they had had the courage to follow what every *disinterested* person knew to be right.' <sup>1</sup>

New demands, however, were made upon him. The organizers of the various appeals which had to be made to the civilian population—for recruits on the one hand, and on behalf of War Savings and of an increased industrial output on the other—came to realize his power of popular speech, and pressed engagements upon him. In particular, he gave a long series of addresses in Welsh or in English, as the occasion demanded, in South Wales, where there were fears of unrest and difficulty. It was a heavy strain upon him, for much travelling and public speaking imperilled the measure of health which he had regained. But in the summer and autumn of 1915 he was able to carry through an arduous programme ; and inevitably, as the War went on, these public activities claimed more and more of his attention. In the winter of 1915-16 and in the following years his classes in Glasgow were reduced to very small dimensions, and he spent with them a gradually diminishing proportion of his time.

With every sort of audience and on every sort of theme he had one aim and method. He made his appeal on the highest ground he could take of ethical principle. Anything less like orthodox recruiting speeches than his addresses it would be hard to imagine. They were for the most part a series of lectures on moral and political philosophy, on topics manifestly arising from the War, but often apparently of greater speculative than immediately practical interest. ' The doctrine of non-intervention,' ' Right and might,' ' The basis of international relations,' ' The state and the

<sup>1</sup> Most of the extracts given from Jones's letters during the War years are taken from those written to Viscount Novar, Governor-General of Australia.

citizen,' are some of the subjects on which he spoke. No one, he felt, had the right even to suggest to others that they should undertake the perils and suffering of the War on any other ground than that this was a way, and for the time being *the* way, of service to the highest ends in human life. Hence he tried to explain to his audiences how the fabric of civilization had been built: how men had learned to create the institutions of civil society as means for the attainment of a good which they could not achieve as isolated individuals; how the state, as the guardian of a whole system of institutions and habits of thought and action, was in some ways the highest instrument of that good which man had yet devised; how therefore it claimed the loyalty of the citizen, not in its own right, but as the agent of a moral order that expressed itself in, yet transcended, all organizations of human institutions; and how, finally, the War was, in his reading of it, a conflict between conceptions of the state on the one hand as an exclusive embodiment of force, reckless of larger loyalties, and on the other as the trustee for a moralized and universal will. His method was effective. He found his audiences respond to the ethical appeal with greater sincerity of conviction than to any other.

Few men had a better right than he to speak to his fellow-citizens on such subjects as these. He did not spare himself, though he knew well enough what the cost of his efforts might be. His three boys also were early in the fighting line. His two elder sons went from India to Mesopotamia. Harry, with much difficulty, had obtained leave of absence from his duties in Burma, and served with a battery of artillery, first as a gunner, and later as an officer. Jim was on medical duty with his regiment. Both sons took part in the first advance on Baghdad. Harry was with the ill-fated advance column which was besieged with Townshend in Kut-el-Amara; and Jim with the relieving forces. The two brothers did not meet. For, after the fall of Kut, Harry was sent to Yozgad in Anatolia as a prisoner of war, and Jim was invalided to India, gravely ill with dysentery and para-typhoid.

By the winter of 1915, also, Arthur, his youngest son, was in France as an officer, first in the Durham Light Infantry and later with the Machine Gun Corps. With all his three

boys thus in daily and hourly peril, Jones's burden of anxiety for them and for their mother was very great. He was content to have it so—would not, as he said, have raised 'a pocket-handkerchief' to avert from any of them their share of the force of the storm. And indeed he was well satisfied with the situation of the country, and full of admiration for its steadiness and the valour of its sons. Thus (May 1915): 'The whole country has done well. No one finds fault except folks who want to see the working man systematized, that is to say cowed and made non-resistant, with a view to the future social and industrial situation, and parents who have nothing but daughters, and haven't the personal guarantee that people have realized the war which they would have if they received letters from the trenches from their nearest and dearest. I am just a little impatient, I fear, with the grumblers. Taking one thing with another, one has a right, on the whole, to be proud of one's country. It is very quiet, strong, and well settled into the business of downing the Germans.'

In the winter of 1916-17 Jones travelled extensively. He lectured to the troops at many of the home camps, and addressed meetings in connection with various aspects of the national effort in every part of England. As it happened, in the late winter he had a short but very happy period of relief from his anxiety about his boys. For some three months all three were out of action. Jim was recovering in India. He had won his D.S.O. for a pretty piece of gallantry, which pleased his father almost as endlessly as Jim's account of the circumstances and his dislike of the fuss which was made about it. The news of Harry in imprisonment was irregular and scanty, and pointed to his suffering great privations. But his health was good and his spirit high. Arthur was at home, convalescing from wounds received in action—'very worn and thin,' his father writes, 'but cheery and very happy with his mother, and wearing a wee ribbon for his Military Cross.' But by the spring these days were over, and both the invalids had returned to active service.

At this time, during his journeyings up and down the country, as indeed for a good many years previously, Jones was frequently the guest, during his stays in London, of



Mr. Lloyd George at No. 11 Downing Street. He was a warm if critical admirer of the great War Minister—(' Mind you, he has never been either so high or so low in my opinion as in that of most other folk ')—always, he was wont to say, approving his aims, and not seldom disliking his choice of means thereto. ' He has been so long in politics that he can't be simple.' Nevertheless, ' he is true to big ideals, every one of them, and he is not selfish in a mean way.'

There is an interesting passage in one of his letters which is perhaps worth quoting as a piece of contemporary evidence on a much-canvassed question in War history. ' I was with Lloyd George the morning when the fight with Asquith began,<sup>1</sup> and I want to exonerate Lloyd George in one respect. He had no more idea of supplanting Asquith than I had. But he was in a rage against the bonds which at once tied him to the responsibilities of his office and prevented him from doing the work. And I am very fond of Asquith. I think he is a very great man, one of the greatest Prime Ministers this country ever had. . . . How long Lloyd George's team will hold together, I don't know. Kicking and biting mules are not in it, I should say, with them. . . . But they will get something done. Something will have to smash, and I guess it will be Germany. For my little countryman is a very big man in a way ; and there is no fatal interval between desire and deed in his case.'

Whatever be the truth as to the complicated political transactions of December 1916, nothing could shake Jones's conviction that Mr. Lloyd George's objective was not that which was actually achieved. He wrote to another correspondent : ' This [*i.e.* the change of Premiers] is a momentous change. I wish in some ways it could have been avoided, and I am certain (I saw him at the beginning) that it was not what Lloyd George wanted. I wish the two men could have worked together. The country needs them both. *But it won't be a draw now.*'

After Mr. Lloyd George's accession to the Premiership, Jones saw little of him, though they remained in friendly communication to the end of his life. During 1917, at the request of the Prime Minister, the University released Jones

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* the conflict in December 1916 which ended in Mr. Asquith's resignation of and Mr. Lloyd George's accession to the Premiership.

from his teaching duties, in order that he might give himself entirely to the increasing tale of his public work. A carefully organized effort was then in progress to support the *morale* of the civilian population by means of a series of War-aims lectures. Jones shared energetically in this campaign, lecturing in many parts of England and Wales, and as part of his preparation for this work he paid a short visit to British Headquarters and to the Somme battle-fields in France. And, besides this public speaking, he had added to his undertakings membership of two important educational inquiries.

In 1916 he had been nominated as a member of the Royal Commission on University Education in Wales, over which Lord Haldane presided. It was a piece of work in which he had inevitably the keenest interest, and in which he was well fitted to render service. His experience in the Commission was altogether happy. He wrote of the Commission and of his own part in it :—<sup>1</sup>

‘ First of all, Lord Haldane proved a most agreeable and successful chairman. His treatment of the witnesses was perfect, for his questions brought out their views, and he never attempted to make them say what he would most like to hear. He was both broad- and fair-minded, and could bring his own knowledge of Scottish and German universities to bear on the matters under consideration.

‘ My fellow-members were the Hon. W. N. Bruce, Sir William Osler, Sir Daniel Hall, Sir O. M. Edwards, Sir Henry Hadow, and Miss Emily Penrose. All of them had special experience bearing on some part of our problem, which made them capable of giving genuine guidance in Welsh education, and they gave their help unstintingly. I think I was myself of some use, but that is a question for others. I claim, however, to have had a share in discrediting the proposal to have one super-Principal for all the Welsh colleges. And there is one other social service the credit for which I wish to claim, and retain. *I introduced the idea of a penny rate for university purposes.* Universities have long had grants, usually small, from local rates. But my idea was to get the *whole* of the area served by the Welsh University—that is, the whole of Wales—to rate itself at a

<sup>1</sup> In the unpublished concluding chapter of his *Old Memories*.

penny in the pound. The suggestion has already been put into effect by every one of the county councils in Wales; it has been adopted, with more or less modification, in various parts of England. It is destined, I believe, to spread. So I must tell in some detail the early history of this idea.

‘We had not been sitting long as a Commission when the advantage of visiting the University colleges became evident. We began with Cardiff. We visited the Technical College at Cardiff, as well as the University College, and Lord Haldane addressed its committee. Amongst other things, he mentioned how the Welsh provision for higher education was possibly held back through our connection with England, whose laws were ours too. I indicated to him that after much agitation Wales had secured some things not shared by England. “We have the right,” I said, “to close the public-houses on Sunday, we can carry our own religious associations to the side of the grave, and we can tax the community for the support of the intermediate schools. And,” I added, “if Wales had its way it would tax itself for the University too. There would be a penny rate, and higher education would be free.” The idea was new to myself, and no one else paid the least attention to it. But it gripped me more and more, for I saw nothing but helpless poverty before the Welsh colleges unless something of this kind were done. I hastened to discuss it with friends who knew about Welsh education, and found it warmly approved. But doubt and criticism were to follow. I encountered the first a few nights later, walking with Lord Haldane in the garden of a hotel on the Menai Straits. He just set my project aside, telling me to speak to Bruce and Hadow. The following morning I spoke to Mr. Bruce, who in no wise committed himself, so that I thought it did not interest him, but appeared remote to his pre-eminently practical mind. He gave me, however, a most helpful piece of information. He told me that a penny rate would place about £50,000 or £55,000 a year at the disposal of the Welsh University. He also thought that the Government would meet this self-rating action of the community with a grant of an equal sum from the Treasury. In that case the situation would be saved. Instead of pinching poverty,

the colleges would know that kind of affluence which alone they ought ever to experience—the affluence which needs, and begs for more. Hadow, whom I also saw, approved of it very warmly, though I imagine that he too thought that the Welsh people would hardly rise to the demand that it would make upon them.

‘By the following night it was evident that my fellow-commissioners had found an opportunity of discussing the proposal. They put me on my defence. No community had ever rated itself for such a purpose. What grounds were there for thinking that Wales would do so? Was not Wales relatively poor? Did not the Welsh people already complain of the rates and taxes? Whence could you expect the inspiration that could give rise in a whole community to the enthusiasm that was necessary? Were not the colleges in Wales the care of the common people? Were its aristocracy and landlords and social leaders not interested in the English public schools and the English universities rather than the Welsh? Would they help, or would they not rather stand aside? Above all, what assistance would our members of Parliament give? Every one of these objections seemed to me valid. But they also could be regarded as obstacles to be overcome, and I maintained that if properly led the enthusiasm of the Welsh people would rise to such a pitch that these obstacles would be simply swept away. An analogous demand was made in connection with the intermediate schools, and it was most amply met. What Wales did once it could do twice. Everything depended upon the leadership the Welsh people got. As to the members of Parliament, I said that they would follow the example of the wild pigs which I had seen in Burma. They would run enthusiastically provided there was a forest fire behind them.

‘The members of the Commission were manifestly moved so far as their sympathies went, but they did not believe the project practicable. They waited and saw. They gave the proposal their blessing and mentioned it in the Report. Less than two years after the issue of the Report, Wales had adopted the scheme, and the Prime Minister had promised the equivalent grant foreshadowed by Mr. Bruce. It is true that owing to the change in the value of money,



the new income which thus accrued to the University was not sufficient to do what I had hoped at first—to make university education in Wales free to all who could profit by it. But I am sure it was a great step in advance. The idea that flashed upon me at Cardiff is being gradually incorporated in our social system, and I have no doubt that, as time goes on, considerations of material wealth will have less and less to do with deciding whether a man shall or shall not enter a university.'

This reminiscence dwells on the matter which chiefly interested Jones. Indeed, after the Commission had finished its work he spent much time and labour in Wales, both in conference and public meetings, in commending the penny rate to the consideration of the leaders of the local education authorities. For, since no legislative enactment was possible, the rate could become operative only by the voluntary action of the seventeen different local education authorities in Wales; and the default of any one of them would have imperilled the whole scheme. Whatever the difficulties inherent in such a system of financing university education, it was greatly to the credit of the Welsh people that they were unanimously ready to aid their University from public funds to an extent far surpassing that of any other part of the kingdom. Jones was immensely proud of their response to this appeal, and deeply gratified that he had had some share in helping to achieve it.

There were other aspects of the work of the Commission in which he had a special interest. From the beginning of its proceedings a substantial body of opinion had favoured a greater centralization of control in the University as distinct from the colleges. The Treasury, on administrative grounds, and representatives of various organizations in Wales, on grounds of national sentiment, both exerted pressure in this direction. It seemed for a little as if the 'working head' proposal were about to be revived. Jones, on the other hand, and indeed the Commissioners as a whole, were strongly disposed to support a demand made by the representatives of the college teachers that they should have the widest possible measure of freedom in their academic work. It was not easy to find a plan of organization which would reconcile these conflicting points of view. After the

penny rate, it was this problem which chiefly occupied Jones's attention, until the Commission had succeeded in framing a scheme for vesting in the University a certain measure of financial control, while at the same time the academic powers of the colleges were enlarged.

He seconded also, with the liveliest satisfaction, the efforts of Sir Henry Hadow to make provision for the improvement of musical education in Wales. And he was even more keenly concerned over the extension of the extra-mural work of the University. This latter problem became very much the centre of his interest in the last three or four years of his life. The importance of social studies had long been one of his favourite themes, and his War lectures on the philosophy of citizenship had kindled his interest anew, and had shown him the extent of the need for educational work of this kind. He saw how the War, besides calling out from some men the noblest response, in other cases had lowered moral standards, so that men were not reluctant to turn the nation's extremity to their own private advantage. 'Were it not for one thing,' he wrote in December 1916, 'I should be very happy in mind about this grand old country. If we could only get it to think more of the best ways of using money, and less of merely getting it into its possession! Scotland is horribly greedy. Business is an uglier scramble than ever it was. The distrust and antagonism of employer and worker and their suspicion and misunderstanding of one another appal me. Prussia's Kultur is spreading in this respect, and the Church has no real grip of men and their serious pursuits. My own people in Wales, at least in South Wales, are no better. The other day we had the mine-owners giving evidence before the Commission on Welsh University Education, seeking privileges for their mining schools, in which they train their managers. Such an exposure of souls I never experienced before. They were interested in the boys *only* as prospective wealth-producers. They were desirous of our help to convert raw material into a money-making shape; and the boys, whose souls they were going to deal with, might as well have been pit ponies, or pit props, for all that was in their thoughts of them. My heart is set on *Education in Citizenship*. I want to educate the masters,

even more than the men, to know the rich store of human treasure really within their reach, if they only knew it—the accumulated riches left by good men, and the happiness of adding to them.’

He saw with dismay the preparations that were being made for the post-War reorganization of all departments of economic and social life, with, it seemed to him, hardly a thought of the necessity for deepening and enlarging the ethical spirit on which all social health depended. ‘My soul revolts against the present fashion of going off on *side* or *departmental* social matters. Town-planning; housing; Poor Law; and so on and so on. These should come in the *wake* and as the application of ethical and social principles; but these latter are *unknown* almost. What is being taught about the relation of the State and the citizen, or the limits of the duties or opportunities of either?’

In various ways he set himself, so far as he could, to remedy this situation. In the course of his tours he had opportunities of lecturing at various universities, especially in the North of England, where he urged the importance of ethical and social studies in the university curriculum. In 1917 he wrote for *The Round Table* an important article embodying his views as to what the universities, especially the older universities, could do in the way of shaping a course of study in social subjects designed to meet the needs of their pass graduates who were going out to occupy positions of responsibility in public life. He urged also the acceleration of the efforts of the universities to meet the growing demand for adult education among both urban and rural populations. Towards the close of Mr. Asquith’s Premiership he had had an interview with him at the House of Commons, in which he put before the Prime Minister a suggestion that means should be found to study the problem of a more effective training in citizenship both within and without the schools and colleges of the country; and under Mr. Lloyd George’s Premiership he renewed his effort to secure some official consideration of the problem. It was partly because of his pressure that there was established in 1917 a Departmental Committee on Adult Education over which Mr. A. L. Smith, the late Master of Balliol, presided, and of which Jones himself was a member. He was able to

attend the earlier meetings of this Committee and to take an active part in the preparation of its first interim reports. But in the later stages of its work he was compelled to forgo as full participation as he would have wished. The strain of the five years since his operation had taken a heavy toll of his strength, and he had to reserve his energy for other important and kindred calls that were made upon him.

The winter of 1917-18 saw him continuously occupied with these various duties, which he fulfilled almost without break throughout the early months of 1918. But the late spring brought an interruption of the most poignant kind, which called him back to the side of Lady Jones. Arthur, his youngest son, was engaged in the great battles in France. In March he was wounded in an action which gained him a bar to his Military Cross. The wound was not serious, and the boy declined to leave his duty. Early in April he was fighting in the second German attack on the Lys. An intimation was received that on 10th April he was 'wounded and missing.' He was last seen on a stretcher in the village of Estaires, grievously but it was thought not mortally wounded. No further news was ever heard of him, except accounts, from all of his comrades who survived the battle, of his shining courage and leadership at a moment of great extremity. Hope lingered in the hearts of his parents for many weeks that with the capture of the village Arthur had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and was being cared for in a German hospital. Inquiries were set afoot, but every line of approach led only to silence. And as the long weeks passed, hope faded. They knew only that their gallant boy had passed to the other side. 'These weeks,' Jones wrote to Professor Pringle-Pattison, who also had lost a son in battle, 'I am carrying on by escaping, plunging from one thing to another, and very grateful that I have work of a more or less imperative character. Do you remember the old fisherman in *The Antiquary* trying to mend his boat after his boy was drowned? I know that feeling too. But God's universe is very wide, and His benevolence reaches from pole to pole; so my wife and I are keeping pretty steady. Even the flowers that die in the bud are bonnie and worth having! And fairer flowers than the lives of our laddies never grew.'



‘ We are not repining. The boy was lent to a great cause when his mother said, “ We must let him follow the gleam.” And she thinks, as I do, the winds of time can’t put out that gleam nor take the radiance from the boy’s face.’

In the midst of this long anxiety about Arthur, Jones received news of even more tragic import about his eldest son, who was in captivity in Turkey. The India Office notified him that information had come from the Dutch Legation in Constantinople of Harry’s arrival in the Haidar Pasha Hospital there, ‘ in a state of mental insanity.’ Mercifully the anxiety produced by these terrible tidings was somewhat abated by the receipt of a message from an unknown friend of Harry’s in Yozgad camp, conveyed by a cryptogram, saying that Harry was well and that his father was not to be alarmed by the absence of news about him. Jones concluded, and as events proved rightly, that Harry’s ‘ insanity ’ was part of a plan of escape ;<sup>1</sup> and, desperate venture though he knew it to be, he had unlimited confidence in his boy’s skill and judgment. Nevertheless, no certainty was possible. He knew only that the prisoners had suffered dreadful privations, and that was ground enough for fearing that this news might be true. For months no news came through from Harry ; and though his parents and his own little household hoped and believed that all was well, they could not but be deeply anxious.

All through this tragic period Jones found much solace in his work. He did not travel much, but remained at home in the peace of the Argyllshire hills, sharing the quiet vigil of his wife. His thoughts turned constantly, as his only way of service, to the work and interests which for the moment he had left behind. He wrote a pamphlet for the League of Nations Society, which was then beginning its propagandist work in favour of the creation of this new organ of international government.<sup>2</sup> And he began a sketch of a book on moral philosophy in the hope that he might produce something that would be useful in the extended

<sup>1</sup> Harry’s book *The Road to En-dor* (John Lane) gives an account of his attempts at escape, culminating in his six months’ ‘ shamming mad ’ under the surveillance of the Turkish doctors in hospital. It is one of the most fascinating adventure records of the War.

<sup>2</sup> See below, pp. 253 and 304.

teaching of this subject to which he looked forward. A new urgency was given to this task by the receipt of an invitation in July from Sir Henry Hadow, then director of the Y.M.C.A.'s educational work with the Army in France, to write a text-book on citizenship which could be used in the Army classes. As he himself knew very well,<sup>1</sup> Jones was not apt in the art of writing text-books. His fashion of presenting his subject was too highly individual for that purpose. But he undertook to do what he could, and to this end wrote his *Principles of Citizenship*. Just as he began this work, he was asked also to join a Mission from the British universities to the universities of the United States. He was very reluctant to go, feeling, as he said, very strongly that, at that time above all others, his place was at home. But he was pressed by those who, he felt, had a right to command his services, and he undertook this duty. The Mission was due to leave England early in September, so that he had only some six weeks in which to write his book. His physical health, however, was considerably restored by his weeks at home, and he gave his renewed and almost undivided energy to the task of writing. The book was finished in the allotted time, and in the hands of the printers before he sailed.

The greater part of the book is occupied with a discussion of the idea of the state and of the basis of political obligation. It covers in a systematic and more detailed way the ground which Jones had traversed in his long series of War lectures. Chiefly, of course, he is concerned to point out the nature of the state as the guardian and guarantor of that system of institutions in and through which the individual develops his capacity of moral judgment and through which he expresses his conception of the good life. Hence he denied on the one hand that the functions of the state in relation to the good life were merely negative or preventive, and on the other that the state was, in its own right, supreme. The negative view of the functions of the state was true, he believed, only so long as the moral development of the state and of its citizens was low, and corresponded to the assumption that the only instrument in the hands of the state was force. On the contrary, he held that the end and purpose

<sup>1</sup> See below, p. 249.

of the state could best be conceived as 'the securing and maintaining for its citizens of 'the conditions most favourable to the full exercise and thereby the full development of their best powers.' <sup>1</sup> It is, therefore, an institution for the education of its members 'for their own sakes, in the sense not of framing their beliefs for them, however true they may be, but of inspiring them with that love of truth which pursues the truth, and fostering their power to form for themselves beliefs which are true. Within the limits of this, the ultimate end of the state, I am not able to see that there is anything which the state may not do, or any department of man's life, however private, into which its entrance would be an invasion and an interference.' <sup>2</sup> But if he thus exalts the power of the state, he is careful also to hold that the state's exercise of this power must be conditioned by its recognition, first, of the authority, higher than its own, in virtue of which this power belongs to it; and second, of the limits within which it can effectively operate: 'The state has no authority, except on the assumption that it also speaks in a name that is higher than its own. It can lift its claims into legal rights by the bare assertion of its will. But *merely* legal rights are not true rights, because they are based on force. Rights based on force challenge an opposing force. They compel, but do not bind. The state cannot lift claims into rights in the full sense of the term; it cannot make them absolute and categorically binding except in so far as it arbitrates in accordance with universal reason, and therefore with the "nature of things." Its authority also is derivative; it also speaks in the name of a still higher power.' And as to the limits of the state's action, dictated, Jones believed, by expediency, not by principle, 'the good state is like the good gardener who secures for his plants the best soil, and the best exposure for sunshine, air, and rain, and who then waits—not fashioning nor forming flowers or fruit, but eliciting the activities of the life which bursts into them. His aim limits his meddling.' <sup>3</sup> It was Hegel's cardinal error, he thought, to hold that economic activity must always be the sphere of 'otherness,' of stress and strain, in large measure exempt from the control of ethical ideas. Hence he looked forward

<sup>1</sup> *Citizenship*, p. 138.

<sup>2</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 136.

<sup>3</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 137.

to the increasing ordering of economic organization by the conscience of the community, and to a great extension of public control in the use of private property and in industrial relations. But he held that that control need not necessarily, and would not most effectively, be exercised by the state itself. 'Though ultimately a concern of the state, and subject always to its direction, this control may be exercised by the industrial organization itself. To throw the responsibility on industry . . . may be the most potent means of its moralization.'<sup>1</sup>

It is clear, from the indications given in this book, that Jones viewed with a good deal of sympathy some at least of the constructive elements in the line of political thought which was then being presented by a group of younger writers who were interested in the revival of industrial guilds. He was very far indeed from accepting the theory of the nature of the state 'as an association of consumers,' put forward by one wing of this new movement; and he thought that much of their criticism of the 'orthodox' Idealist political theory rested on a plain misreading of the facts of social life. Above all, he disliked the intensity with which they laboured the notion of class consciousness. Nevertheless, he believed that some of their practical suggestions for the control of industrial life were entirely consistent with his own very different political theory, and promised to justify themselves in practice.

While Jones was working on this book, an invitation reached him which, in other circumstances, he might have been strongly disposed to accept. The recent Reform Act had conferred upon the University of Wales the right to elect a member of Parliament. It was thought by many of the educational leaders in Wales that it would help the University if the most distinguished of academic Welshmen were chosen as its first member, and it was reasonably certain that if Jones accepted nomination no serious opposition would be offered to his return. Jones had no great inclination to this form of political service. Even in the years of his keenest political interest he had emphatically discouraged a tentative 'sounding' as to his willingness to enter Parliament. But this particular invitation was

<sup>1</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 175.



attractive to him. The campaign in favour of the penny rate in Wales was in progress, and it was likely that if he were member for the University he could intervene effectively in that work, as well as in the general reorganization of the University consequent upon the report of the Royal Commission. Moreover, it was evident from the discussions which resulted in Mr. Fisher's Education Act of 1918 that the whole problem of educational reform was likely to be very much in the mind of Parliament during the next few years. Jones would have welcomed so useful a platform for the advocacy of the educational schemes which he had at heart. It was therefore with some hesitation and great regret that he came to the inevitable conclusion that considerations of health and of other claims, both public and private, made it impossible for him to face the responsibilities which this office would have involved, and compelled him to set aside the invitation.

In mid-September Jones sailed for America. His colleagues on the Mission were Sir Arthur Shipley (Cambridge), the Rev. E. M. Walker (Oxford), Sir Henry Miers (Manchester), Professor Joly (Dublin), Miss Spurgeon (London), and Miss Rose Sidgwick (Birmingham). Their duty was partly to convey to the universities of the United States some account of the War efforts of the British universities, but mainly to discuss with their confreres in America methods of bringing into closer association the ordinary peace-time activities of the centres of higher learning in the two countries. It was felt that a greater measure of contact between the universities was possible, especially in post-graduate work, and that such a contact offered one of the most certain ways of enlarging the mutual understanding and of deepening the friendship of the two great English-speaking peoples. The work of the Mission in America involved their traversing twenty-eight states and visiting forty-five universities and colleges in various parts of the continent. The travelling was incessant, and the overwhelming hospitality of the American colleges demanded constant acknowledgment in the form of speeches and addresses on every sort of formal and informal occasion. Jones took his full share of the work, both in speech and in conference. Sir Henry Miers—'a priceless chum to me just

now,' as Jones described him—has written a short reminiscence of this period :—

' My real acquaintance with Sir Henry Jones was confined to the companionship which I enjoyed during the visit of the British Educational Mission to America in 1918. During less than three months of ceaseless journeying and continuous conference and entertainment, there were not too many opportunities of undisturbed personal intercourse ; but such as they were, they constituted some of the happiest and most treasured memories of my life.

' It was during the twelve days' voyage out that I enjoyed many hours of quiet conversation and learned to know and to love him. A more attractive personality I never encountered. Sympathy seemed to flow from him ; I found myself on terms of intimacy in a moment, enthralled by the wisdom and humour of his talk, gliding imperceptibly into a close friendship.

' Before the close of the first day of the voyage he had told me much of his son, since famous as the author of *The Road to En-dor*, concerning whom he knew then only that he was imprisoned in Turkey and pronounced insane by the Turkish and German physicians. I was much impressed by the confidence which he assured me was felt by himself and his wife that the Turkish gaolers had been hoodwinked by that brilliant young officer. Many were the incidents that he related concerning the skilful devices by which the prisoner had conveyed some account of his condition to his parents and warned them to be surprised at nothing that they might hear. These talks made me feel almost at home with the household at Tighnabruaich which I had never seen.

' The same familiarity grew up, and as quickly, in the region of philosophical ideas. By the second day, as we paced the deck, we were engaged in intimate discussions on such subjects as the nature of proof and his view that it is a negative process ; this was illustrated by his statement of the proof of the existence of God. Under his sympathetic and friendly guidance one began to feel oneself at home among philosophical conceptions to which one had been a complete stranger only an hour before. Passion for truth, intolerance of deceit, devotion to the spirit of self-sacrifice—these sound commonplace expressions, but they acquired new meaning in his vigorous personality. I cannot think of those conversations without feeling again the affectionate grip of his hand upon my arm, and seeing again the humorous twinkle of his eye as some quaint idea struck his fancy in the vagaries of our discussions. "What is the meaning of the significant fact that the one organ of the human body that never wears out by over-exercise is the tongue ?" was a question which I recall as half-seriously propounded in one of our talks.

' After our land journey began there were not many oppor-

tunities for such intimate conversation. My recollections are rather of his wise and earnest speeches at luncheons or dinners and receptions, or of his shrewd criticisms and suggestions when we members of the Mission discussed our plans for the tour. His speeches were most stirring; he was always the gifted orator with a message: we were proud to have him as a spokesman for Britain; and if the Mission produced a lasting impression in America, it was largely due to his inspired utterances.

'One in particular dwells in my memory. On Sunday, October 27, he preached in the University church at Harvard on "Freedom in Christianity"—a most moving sermon. Freedom and voluntary service and their real identity were conceptions that were constantly in his mind, and his ideal of devoted citizenship shone through many of his speeches and conversations.'

Jones felt that the work of the Mission was well worth doing, and he was glad to share in it and to meet old and new friends in the American universities. He revisited Texas, and lectured at the University, which ten years before he had helped to inaugurate. He had a long meeting with President Wilson, and with ex-President Taft and many other leaders in political and educational life. On every side he and his colleagues were received with the utmost kindness. But it was sometimes a great strain upon him. He had left home still without any news of Harry, and in much anxiety as to what the approaching end of the War would declare. 'I am well,' he wrote to one of his pupils, 'and I am holding my own, I think, in our public appearances. I have never seen finer or more passionately kind audiences. There seems to be a practical and resolute goodwill, likely to issue in their sending students and teachers to us in the future, instead of to Germany, and in closer sympathy and understanding.'

'As to my nest at home and Harry, I am *trusting, trusting* all the time to the *Will* which is Love. Once or twice, the sight of the great joyous gatherings of young faces in the big university meetings, and the contrast between the scene and the *quiet, quiet* (I can't write)—the thought of Arthur and the silence is more than I can quite master. But you need have no anxiety about me. I am going to fight on and fight harder.'

He returned to England in mid-December, eager to meet Jim, who had arrived from India on a few weeks' leave.

And very shortly he had the infinite joy of seeing Harry, who, after months of silence, had reached England in safety. The two boys, with Harry's wife and little children, spent Christmas at Tighnabruaich—'Jim, Harry, Enid—all of us on this side—at home with their mother and me.' With all their weight of sorrow, these were days of deep content. The heavy cloud of war had lifted. It seemed for a little while that he had passed the nadir of his anxiety, and that he might look forward to a time of peace.

'Harry is home. He has suffered terribly. I did not think it was possible to suffer so much and live. But Jim and he are having a good time, and we have great talks. Some of them are harrowing beyond words, though fun is never far distant, as you will readily believe. Their mother is beyond admiration for quiet courage, with Arthur as a murmur in the depths of her soul all the time. We are happy to be together again.'

But the lightening of his care for his boys was soon to be met by a deepening of their care for him. In the early days of 1919 a recrudescence of the cancer declared itself. He had had five and a half years of immunity from the symptoms, and he had come to hope that the cure was permanent. But it was evident from the time of its recurrence that no more could now be looked for than a retardation of the evil. He himself, as always, made little of it. The operation which ensued was not very serious—indeed, no serious operation was possible. 'All was peaceful as a summer's breeze over a browsing old cow.' His recovery was rapid, and for the greater part of 1919 there was no further evidence of the spread of the malady.

In spite of this disappointing set-back, his health was sufficiently satisfactory during 1919 to allow him, from the end of February, to resume a large measure of his normal activities. His University classes were rapidly filling up with men returning from the War, and it was a great delight to him to meet them. Their experience, he found, as did all other university teachers at that time, had given edge to their zest and depth to their understanding; and Jones, whose affection for students was at all times great, ardently enjoyed their presence in his classes.



Outside the University also, and particularly in Wales, he set his hand to a number of duties. He took part in an effort in North Wales, inaugurated in the previous year by Sir R. J. Thomas, to raise a large sum for the extension of the University College at Bangor as a memorial to the men of North Wales who had fallen in the War. He lectured at Aberystwyth in the summer, again on some of the fundamental principles of moral and political life. In the late autumn he made one more appearance in the political arena, speaking in a famous by-election in Plymouth, on behalf of his friend Lady Astor. 'Not that I know anything about her politics,' he explained to a protesting Liberal friend, 'but she is the wife of a fine man, and herself a fighter intent on good causes. I would vote for her whatever her party.' And, most important of all, at Corwen in August, on the occasion of the National Eisteddfod, his presidential address at one of the sessions was devoted to urging the Churches of all denominations in Wales to ally themselves with the University in the work of adult education. He saw that the methods which were ordinarily employed to give effective shape to the demand for this form of education would succeed well enough in the larger industrial centres of Wales, but that they were likely to be less useful in the rural areas. On the other hand, in these areas the power of the Churches and Chapels was greatest; and they already possessed ancillary organizations which could well become, if the Churches were so minded, the channels of educational demand and the agencies of educational effort. Such an alliance, he believed, would give the University access to constituencies which otherwise it would not easily reach; and conversely, as was equally important in his view, the life of the Churches would be stimulated by their contact with another of the great spiritual forces in the nation.

This meeting at Corwen was the last occasion on which he was able to speak to a great gathering of his countrymen. It was fitting that his last words to them should have been on such a theme. His address produced a profound impression. Steps were taken to give effect to his suggestions, and in the course of the following winter the co-operation of the various denominations in Wales was enlisted in the

establishment of a national organization for the purposes which he had proposed.

One further incident which gave him little trouble and much pleasure arose from these last associations with Welsh educational life. Sir R. J. Thomas induced him to give sittings to a distinguished Welsh artist, Mr. Christopher Williams, for a portrait which was presented to the University College at Bangor, and which now hangs in the College council chamber.<sup>1</sup> And at the end of the year there came to him at the hands of his own colleagues in Glasgow an honour which moved him more deeply and gave him greater pride than any other distinction to which he had attained. They appointed him unanimously to succeed the Earl of Balfour in the Gifford Lectureship in natural theology, and thereby, as he realized, gave him occasion to undertake the last great work of his life.

For unhappily, almost simultaneously with this election, it became evident that the cancer had again returned. No further surgical treatment was possible; and although with every fibre of disposition and character he was resolute to maintain hope and continue the struggle, he knew that the span of his active life was drawing near to its close. His doctors advised that he should have recourse to fortnightly applications of radium rays in the hope that at least the progress of the disease would be retarded. For almost a year Jones received this treatment under the care of his friend Col. D. J. Mackintosh of the Western Infirmary in Glasgow. It was very exhausting, and curtailed heavily the number of his working days. But there is no reason to doubt that it helped to prolong his life. At home the care of his health was shared by Lady Jones and by his niece Mary, daughter of his brother William who had died many years before. No nursing could have been more skilful, no dedication more complete. 'My niece's care for me is a wonder and a delight. She lives for me, she looks at everything from the point of view of my good, and is a perfect example of the bonniest thing one ever sees—namely, devotion.' It was by their ministry of love and by his own

<sup>1</sup> See letter of 29th June 1920, p. 265. After Jones's death another portrait of him by Mr. Williams was purchased by the subscriptions of his pupils and friends, and presented to the University of Glasgow.

tenacious will that he lived to finish the last and best of his books.

For most of the year 1920 he took part in the ordinary teaching of his department. His family were anxious that he should resign his chair. But so long as he could take a fair share in his teaching duties he was reluctant to cut himself off finally from the work which he loved. 'Of course,' he wrote, 'this is an unpleasant background to one's life. But it is simply a *fact* that I am able to go on pretty much as usual. Now and then one has to feel one's way as in a bit of a fog, and the desire to get time to have my say in these Giffords and round off my life a little is very strong. And I can't bear to think of retiring. I enjoy my students this year almost *more* than ever. So I am trudging on steadily.'

For the whole summer he worked hard at the preparation of his Gifford Lectures. He suffered much pain and continuous discomfort—felt himself, as he said, 'fighting all day with the sun in my eyes.' But he 'held on,' and was constant in so assuring himself and others. On most days, except on those immediately following on the treatment, he was well enough to spend four or five hours in writing. He seldom failed to take some outdoor recreation—in walking, occasionally in fishing, and even, for some days in the autumn, in a motor tour with his friend, Sir J. Murray Smith. And on his good days he had the most playful and happy times with Harry's children, to whom 'Taid Jones' was a great delight. 'I have just done Bo-Peep,' he writes to Harry, 'and the Shoemaker, and the Cock Sparrow, at the piano with the bairns, and neat wee singers they are. Their grannie was sitting on the sofa listening to us (for I was singing bass to their sopranos) as if it were a religious service.' There were games, too, and stories, and an elaborate mythology of fairies who lived in flowers, had knowledge of how to translate whispered desires into actual good, hid sweets in unexpected places, and helped Providence in the administration of the world's justice by rewarding those whose merits were specially great.

His choice of theme for the Gifford Lectures was easily settled. He wished to make of them a *confessio fidei*, a statement of the faith which he had sought to test in thought





IN THE GARDEN AT NODDFA WITH HIS GRANDDAUGHTER





and practice, and of the grounds on which he would commend it to the minds and hearts of reasonable men. It was, he believed, 'a faith that enquires and invites enquiry,' 'without one strand of superstition in it,' capable of meeting the most rigorous demands of scientific method and yet of satisfying man's profound religious aspirations. He meant to gather into these lectures the essence of the teaching of his lifetime, and to offer his conclusions not as a fixed and final solution of religious and philosophical problems, but as an earnest of the finality that could be attained if religion would avail itself of the service of reason. For he was certain that only as they are grounded on reason are man's spiritual interests secure and supreme.

Such he conceived to be the task which he had been offered. If it were given to him to carry it through, he was well enough content that his day should close. When the winter session of 1920 opened, Jones had written half his course of twenty lectures. Normally his incumbency of the lectureship would not have begun until 1921; Lord Balfour's second series of lectures would have occupied the session 1920-21. But it was apparent that Jones would be unable to give his course if its beginning were long delayed. The University authorities, therefore, arranged with Lord Balfour that he should defer his course until 1922, so that Jones might lecture in the intervening years.

With the same kindness the University made it possible for him to reserve all his strength for the delivery of his course. They agreed that he should furnish and occupy the top flat of his old residence, No. 1 The College, which, since his vacation of it, had been used as University offices. He returned there early in October to continue his preparation and to superintend his department—though he gave no class lectures. Of these days, one who was closely in touch with him writes:—<sup>1</sup>

'You will know that Sir Henry came back to No. 1 The College from Tighnabruaich, and furnished a suite of rooms so that he might be in close touch with his doctors and with the library, and might be near his private room, in which he seemed best able to work. I had an office at that time on the ground floor of

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. J. R. Peddie, Adviser of Studies in Arts and Science in the University.

No. 1, and, in consequence, probably saw more of him than any one in college, excepting only his devoted relatives. He used to slip down to my room to ask me to telephone for him. But seeing me frequently surrounded by students, he would forget his message, and address the students with such ardour that I think most of them were really frightened. I remember one comical episode. Sir Henry had come into my room, and listened in impatient silence to the tale which a poor sort of "cratur" was telling me about his inability to do Latin. He was pulling a very poor mouth, when, to my astonishment and his sheer amazement, Sir Henry burst in, and leaning over the table told that youth a few of the significant facts about work and what it really meant, giving as he proceeded some of those details about his own early struggles, which surely are unique in the history of famous scholars and teachers. Just when the youth seemed thoroughly upset, the mood of the old man changed. He went round the table, put his hand on the lad's shoulder and led him from the room. For a long time all I heard was the serious voice of Sir Henry; then finally came a great burst of laughter from both parties, and I knew that a pact between age and youth had been sealed.

'On another occasion, when he saw me harassed by innumerable questions, and inclined to wish that I had thought twice before taking on the post of Adviser of Studies, he cleared all the students out of the waiting-room, took me upstairs, and gave me a characteristic sermon, couched in the most understanding tones, on doing kindness, little perceiving that he himself was by this act embodying all the things about which he was talking; for as he went on, his pain asserted itself, and yet he would not dismiss me until he had had his say out.

'I heard all that he wrote, for it seemed to be a comfort to him, after he had finished a lecture, to read it out at once. On several occasions I was able to suggest small alterations, which he always accepted at once, because he knew and I knew that the alterations, and indeed the whole written lecture, did not matter much, since, before he had been ten minutes in the lecture-room, impelled by some chance thought he would have soared clean above his manuscript, and in his old vivid fashion raised his audience to enthusiasm with a sustained extempore oration.'

On a Sunday evening towards the end of October he began his course. Only a small proportion of the great number of people who wished to attend could be admitted to the room in which he lectured, for a large hall was beyond the power of his voice. At first his experience was encouraging. He spoke with something of his old freedom and vigour, and not without flashes of the playful humour which had always

lightened his discourse. But within a few weeks the strain had become too great. He was unable to complete his fourth lecture, and when he reached home he was very gravely ill. For days it seemed certain that his long fight was over. But he rallied once more and climbed slowly out of the darkness. Before the end of the year he reached Tighnabruaich, and in the first weeks of 1921 he was nursed back to a measure of health.

There could be no thought of his lecturing again in the spring term, and he was too weak to continue the radium treatment. There was no reason, therefore, for his remaining in Scotland, where the winter mists of the West Highlands depressed his spirit. Hence, when he was well enough to travel, he set his heart upon another visit to Wales. By easy stages he went to Pwllheli to the house of his nephew, son of his brother John, where he stayed for a few restful weeks. The change of scene, and especially the lighter and more invigorating air, helped him greatly. He had constant pain, and, now that the treatment had ceased, there could be no hope of any cessation of it or of any arrestment of the disease. Yet, apart from this, his general health was marvellously good, and something of his energy revived. He had carried his lectures with him, and he began work on them once more. By the middle of April he felt well enough to disobey the doctors and to attempt a return to his teaching work. At the beginning of the summer term, therefore, he came back to his class-room, and throughout the term he lectured on two days a week. 'I came back,' he writes, 'more or less against orders. But it was well that I did so. The change north, and especially the resuming of my old job and old cares, are doing me real good. I am lecturing twice a week to a composite class of honours, higher and ordinary students. I am nothing the worse, and indeed the better of it. And, to say the truth, I think the students are too.'

Early in June he returned again to Wales, to spend the summer there. 'I have taken for four months a lonely farmhouse where the air, both sea and hill, is delightful, and the conditions of good health are perfect as we can secure. It is on the peninsula beyond Pwllheli, and as quiet and remote as Craigenputtock.' Abersoch was



familiar ground to him; it had been the scene of many happy holidays in the days of his Bangor professorship—nearly forty years before. ‘It is a charming place—delightful air, sunny, dry, clear, transparent, lightsome; and I think it is going to give me a new lift up.’ Jim, too, was home from India on sick leave, and able to spend this last summer with his father, so that he might add his medical skill to the tenderness of those who were trying to alleviate the pain and weakness. It was a sad furlough for him, but his presence was a great comfort to his father, and helped him through these weeks of heroic work. ‘Jim,’ he wrote, ‘is as modest as a violet and as unselfish as the sun, pouring out his kindnesses and thinking nothing of himself.’ ‘He just quietly deletes his own self for the sake of those he loves, as if he had *no* value.’

Every fragment of his resolution and will Jones now put into the finishing of his Gifford Lectures. He kept his courage high, kept even something of his gaiety. ‘The devil has been so busy with me for many a year, and such a bad friend to me, that I must have one good return slap at his affairs before I go to sleep.’ He felt it laid upon him to try to tell men how to love and enjoy the infinite riches of this universe, and to cast out fear. He felt its splendour, rejoiced in it, even as the lights of this world were dimming for him and his ‘journey was closing in storm.’ ‘An absolutely free philosophy ought to be reverent beyond all else we can think of. The universe is so *crammed* with the benevolent will of our Father.’

Through the long days of summer he laboured at his lectures. His work was sorely interrupted by the constant and growing pain. At times, as he said, he seemed to find nothing in all the world but pain. And lest it should dull his mind, he refused to take the quantity of narcotic which the doctors had prescribed for him. All his thoughts were on his writing, and he preferred to suffer rather than risk any weakening of his powers for that task. The bad moments passed, and sometimes he had a day or two of comparative freedom and nights of restful sleep. At these times he made rapid headway, and was greatly cheered. But for the most part, steady as was his effort, his progress was slow and fitful. ‘The Giffords are my own “lonely

furrow," John.<sup>1</sup> I must work them out as best I can. But H. is coming to-day to wait till Friday, and I am pretty sure he will look at them. But *no one* can be more than a formal help. I go, John, whither I am led, and I can't foretell in the least what is to come even in the next paragraph. What I fear most is that I repeat myself too much. I come round, back again time after time, to some sustaining article or another of my own faith. But even *that* can't be helped. The truth is that I am working only at short spells, and not quite every day. The pain is constant, and occasionally I cannot sink into the lectures out of its reach. You know the pain is increasing rather, and my sleep is not improving. But I do believe my thinking apparatus is better than it has ever been, and that I have some things worth saying. So I'll fight on as well as I can.'

It was characteristic of his courage that for those moments when the pain was too severe to let him 'sink into the lectures' he had found an employment that gave pleasure to him and even greater pleasure to his friends. In Glasgow, in the spring, he had written, mainly for his own amusement and without thought of publication, some reminiscences of his boyhood days in Wales. But as he found enjoyment and relief in this occupation of recalling the experiences of the past, he continued his writing. At Abersoch, on the 'bad days,' it was a solace to him. In spite of all his practice in writing, and his native mastery of phrase and form, writing had never been easy to him. There were few of his pages that were not written and re-written two or three times over. But this book of reminiscences came readily from his pen. He wrote almost without thought or effort, and without revision of any kind. The few friends to whom he showed this record urged publication, and he liked it well enough to give a willing consent. He was not able to finish the book. But after his death the greater part of what he had written was published as his *Old Memories*. It is a joyous little book, a direct and vivid picture of the man himself, and of enduring value as a record of the society from which much that is best in Welsh life has sprung.

But this was his recreation—his first thoughts were for

<sup>1</sup> Professor J. H. Muirhead,

his lectures ; and with growing difficulty, and often amidst agonizing pain, he pressed forward with his writing. By mid-September he had finished his first draft of them, and in October the MS. was in the hands of the printer.

He returned to Glasgow suffering greatly. The spread of the evil was now manifestly rapid. His eyesight was affected, and he was unable to read much or to write. Nevertheless, he held to his work. The University had recently received the endowment of the Stevenson Lectureship in Citizenship, and was considering the first appointment to it. Jones was deeply interested in this fruition of one of his hopes for the University, and took a full part in the discussion of the appointment. His own advocacy of the study of citizenship was signalized by the gift from Lady Jones and himself of an endowment for a prize in citizenship in memory of their son Arthur. He met his classes at the opening of the session, and did a little of his usual lecturing work. And although the University would willingly have released him from the obligation actually to deliver the Gifford Lectures, he resolved to try to give at least a part of what he had prepared. In the middle of the term, therefore, he gave a series of five lectures in his own class-room, crowded with an audience eager to hear his words and moved by the sadness of the circumstances in which he spoke them.

His last lecture, on 11th December—the last he was to give in the old room—was on the problem of evil. He strove to show how all forms of evil might lead to good. Hence he touched once more on the theme of the perfection of God. He argued that no conception of a static perfection was adequate to the significance of that idea: that God must be thought as Himself in process of development, eternally complete as determined by nothing but the law of His own being, but, by that law, eternally reaching out to new perfections, and enriching Himself through the experience of the world. Nothing of man's achievement, therefore, failed to add to the splendour of reality ; and man might go forward gladly and with trust in the love which gave him freedom.

With that message of gladness and trust he closed his teaching work. The last words which he heard in his

class-room were the few fine sentences in which Principal Sir Donald Macalister spoke of his service to the University :—

‘ I will not apply to Sir Henry’s course the compliment which he would scorn, and call it “ perfect.” He has shown us that even a perfect universe would be valueless from a moral point of view. That which is of supreme value is that the universe and we, and all things, should ever be growing better. If the world process makes always for greater goodness, it fulfils here and now Sir Henry’s ethical ideal. This course has had that quality for each of us. He has led us by his flashes of insight to see, it may be dimly, but with ever clearer and clearer vision, the heights to which we may move ; he has guided us through the deep and dark places, with the sureness of one who knows the way and the end of the journey. No one who has followed him in this room goes forth without feeling strengthened, encouraged, and enlightened on the upward path. He has made it easier for us to grow better, and that is the chief end of man.

‘ To-night he argued that physical evil might subserve moral good ; it might so react upon us as to favour moral advancement, and so prove no evil in itself to the good man, who might emerge from his conquest of it a grander man than ever. To his friends and pupils the failure of Sir Henry’s health seemed a grievous evil indeed, an evil unredeemed. But as we have watched his noble-hearted effort to surmount it, that he might give us in these lectures of his ripest and richest thinking, we have come to realize that he justifies his own faith. He has become to us a grander man than ever. And by the reflex working of his personality on us, I venture to say that we are better men and women too. For what he has been and done, for the message we have received from him in part, and for the fuller message we confidently look to draw from his book, for his revelation to us of the depth and riches, not of his mind only or of his soul, but of his heart, we pray him to accept our heartfelt thanks.’

One further record of these last days may be given :—<sup>1</sup>

‘ The memory of his last lecture is ineffaceable. From out of the dark and rain we came in to the Moral Philosophy Room, where there was not a soul but felt the supreme sadness of the occasion. Sir Henry was very ill, and had lost his old buoyancy. But still he held on. He contrived to finish on a cheery note, far removed from the tones which a man might well have used, quitting as he was for ever a rostrum from which he had led and inspired thousands of students. It was now the Principal’s turn to speak, and with magnificent good sense he avoided all reference to the poignancy of the occasion, dwelling rather on

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<sup>1</sup> By Mr. J. R. Peddie.



the affection we had for Sir Henry, and the admiration his great battle against ill-health had inspired in us all. As I walked back with Sir Henry to No. 1, he was very despondent. The end seemed upon him. "I'm done now, lad," he said, "and I would fain have it all ended." Then the old spirit roused itself, and raising his voice he said, "No! I'll fight it yet: one fight more." Again he relapsed into silence, when, suddenly stopping in his walk, as was his frequent habit, he gripped me by the shoulder, saying, "These were great words that Mac-alister spoke: I value them, shall always value them, more than I can ever tell you or any one." He was greatly moved, for it now was apparent to him that the life he loved, the days when he exhorted and swayed and pleaded with great audiences, had gone for ever. I cannot think that he laid aside his gown and hood for the last time with happiness. He was resigned enough, but it was the resignation of a fighter cut down by an opponent with whom there was no fair dealing.

'The last time of all on which I saw Sir Henry was one in which acute distress at the spectacle of so much suffering was commingled with admiration, indeed stupefaction, at the tenacity of that intellect which had persisted and triumphed in a philosophic task of enormous difficulty. He came to my room and asked me to walk over to his private room with him. "The book's finished," he said. "It is to be called *A Faith that Enquires*: come and help me to dedicate it." When we got to his room he was in mortal agony. "How would you dedicate it?" he asked. The question, difficult enough to answer at any time, was infinitely hard at that juncture. I managed to suggest, however, that if he could associate himself in some way with the many students, now in responsible positions in life, who had become partners with him in the quest for truth, he would be paying a great compliment. "Partners," he said, "sharers—that's a good idea," and, taking from his pocket a pencil, he wrote down, without a second's doubt or hesitation, yet groaning aloud in agony all the while, the words which now appear as the inscription of his last book:—

‘THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED,  
WITH AFFECTION AND LASTING GRATITUDE,  
TO  
MY OLD PUPILS IN WALES AND SCOTLAND,  
THE PARTNERS OF MY ETHICAL ENQUIRIES.’

As he finished he pushed the paper across to me with the words, "Will that do?" I told him that he could not have written anything that would give greater or more widespread pleasure. "Now we'll home," he said, "and to-morrow this will go to the printers." He was in too great physical pain that evening to say even one word, and so with a sad "Good-night" I left him at the door of No. 1. A few days later he left for Tighna-

bruaich in the quiet of the morning, just about the time when, in the days of his strength, he used to issue forth from his house to go to his class-room.

'He left to us memories that are naturally sad. Yet it is good to remember how something of the old fighting spirit lingered in him till the very end, and how in the days of his agony he shone with a splendour of character almost beyond belief. It is as a great and gallant contestant that I shall think of him. He was one of the last of that generation of professors who were great missionaries, who had a gospel which they preached with a stirring vehemence and a sense of inspiration that never admitted the presence of doubt.'

The little that remains may be quickly told. He returned to Tighnabruaich, hoping for a measure of restoration, but knowing that it was hardly to be found. He had finished the work on which he had set his heart, and it was his will to accomplish this task which had chiefly sustained him. 'Here we are,' he wrote, 'in the quiet and beauty and *pain*. It takes me all my courage. I am very glad to have done the Giffords. Yet I do not like idle hands, and I am afraid of this vacation.' He could read or write only for the briefest periods, and he was able to be very little out of doors. He dictated parts of a closing chapter to his autobiography, and a few letters to his friends. Messrs. Macmillan, the publishers of his Gifford Lectures, hastened the production of the book; and although it was not published until after his death, they were able to send him an advance copy of it and give him the satisfaction of seeing it in its final form. In the New Year honours list of 1922 he was made a Companion of Honour; and about the same time he received the medal of the Cymmrodorion Society, in recognition of his service to Wales. These things had now very little meaning for him. But they pleased him all the more since they brought with them many messages of affection and greeting from his friends. From the beginning of January 1922 he was compelled to spend most of his time in bed. But he was able to see one or two of his most intimate friends who made the journey to Tighnabruaich, and on these occasions he flashed into something of the brightness of former days. The last of his visitors (near the end of January) was Mr. Thomas Jones, who brought with him from the Prime Minister the

insignia of the Companionship of Honour, and a letter of admiration and regard. To him, after the writing of a touching and beautiful dedication,<sup>1</sup> was entrusted the manuscript of the *Old Memories*, and the charge that he should do with it as he thought best. 'When I parted from him a week ago,' wrote Mr. Jones,<sup>2</sup> 'after he had said good-bye to "the affairs of the world," he went on in his characteristic way to sum up his life's message, and bring things, as he put it, "to a proper conclusion." Turning to me with complete control of himself, but with articulation made difficult by the cancer, he said: "The ultimate meaning of Reality is Love. If that is true, there must be a soul, a personal God, to do the loving. The task of philosophy is to justify that view." Then, as I left the room, he called after me in a clear voice, "I am perfectly happy."' "

On 2nd February his nephew, who had come to lighten the burden of those who were caring for him, wrote: 'The beloved teacher is very near his rest. He has had much pain, but it is less. You need have no fear or grief. All is abundantly well—a fine and fitting ending to so heroic a life.'

On the night of 3rd February, a few hours before he died, his niece Mary and the nurse who was helping her came into his room. He asked, 'Which of you is going to sit up with me to-night?' Mary, understanding his mood, answered, 'Which of us would you like?' At once a gleam of the old mischief shone in his eye. 'The prettier. Now fight for it.' He fell asleep for some hours. Early in the morning he woke in some pain, spoke to those who were near him; then, with the words 'The Lord reigneth. Let the earth rejoice,' he passed peacefully from his bondage of suffering.

In the grey light of a winter afternoon, a little company of friends, with the simplest rites, laid what was mortal of him in the churchyard of Kilbride, amid the quiet wind-swept spaces of a Highland moor. Over his grave these words were spoken by his friend Professor Macneile Dixon:

'I do not believe our friend would have desired any eulogium pronounced over his grave. We are here to say farewell to a

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<sup>1</sup> See p. 26,

<sup>2</sup> *Western Mail*, February 6, 1922.

great spirit gone; for praise there will be other and more fitting occasions. Death makes praise of the praiseworthy superfluous. It sanctifies all that it touches. Those who were dear to us it makes more dear, adds to the friendship of which it deprives us a richer meaning, and has the power to soften even the resentments we have cherished against enemies. And happily we have to-day nothing to regret but the close of a brilliant and honourable career. There is an inscription at Eleusis which speaks of "the fair and joyful truth that death is not an evil but a blessing to mortals." These words we can use to-day, knowing they were never more applicable. If ever a life-task can truly be spoken of as rounded and complete, if ever death can be regarded as a happy release, we can make these declarations to-day. For though many men leave the ranks of the living before they die, withdraw themselves from the arena and give up the fight, our friend was not one of them. Few of us could recall an unequal encounter with disease and depression so magnificently upheld. Though he knew it a losing one, he fought the battle to the end, and died under the rampart. For such fortitude men will always retain their profound and inextinguishable admiration. It must be so, for courage is at the root of all endeavour and the very mainspring of life. When the Greek poet Æschylus, the thrice-crowned victor in tragic drama, wrote, in later life, his own epitaph, he made no mention of the works which had placed him among the chief poets of his time. He chose rather to recall, with pardonable pride, his soldiery at Marathon. And I am persuaded that our friend would have preferred to have it said of him that he was a great citizen rather than a great philosopher. He had burningly at heart the welfare of his fellows. That knowledge was a pleasurable pursuit, not for its rewards, nor for its own sake, but rather as a means whereby the welfare of the world might be advanced—that was his philosophic creed. If he was a man of books, he was still more a man of action. If he was an ardent student, he was still more an ardent soldier; and I cannot think of juster words to use of him than the words Heine used of himself: "Lay upon my coffin a sword, for I was a good soldier in the liberation-war of humanity." Brave hearts like his do not ask for the tribute of lamentation. To his family we desire to tender our sincere and respectful sympathy. The University, of which he was so strong a pillar, so distinguished an ornament, cannot but express its sense of the irremediable loss it has sustained, and I have been asked to represent and give utterance to its gratitude and esteem. But virtue and valour are not so much to be mourned as to be remembered and imitated. Ave atque vale.'



## CHAPTER VI

### PHILOSOPHY

A MAN who has written a round dozen of books in the field of his own subject may be presumed to have spoken his mind on most matters which he thought to be of moment therein. In Jones's case, certainly, there are in his writings sufficient and clear indications of the direction of his thought on the problems which were of interest to him. It is true that the circumstances of the last years of his life prevented him from working out fully the implications of certain ideas to which he had come to attach importance. It is true also that, all his life long, writing was never quite the natural medium of his teaching. Partly this was due to his temperament. He was never entirely happy without the stimulus of an adversary in debate; and he gave more freely and daringly in discussion than on paper. Partly also it was due to his conception of the philosophical work which he was fitted to do. With all his exuberance and energy of mind and his full share of a common disposition to accentuate his differences from other writers, he had a modest opinion of his own powers as a thinker. It was not given to him, he believed, to discover any new philosophical principle, but only to expound and perhaps to clarify the body of wisdom which he had received. The best service which he could give to his doctrine was to put the weight of personal conviction behind it, to show it to his students as a faith capable of sustaining both thought and practice, and thereby perhaps to stimulate some of them to philosophical enterprises larger than he himself could compass. In a sense, therefore, the best and most living element in Jones's teaching is not to be found in his books at all. Nevertheless, it still remains that his writings, and especially the last of them, outline a distinctive philosophical position which has its place in the history of that Idealist doctrine to which he gave his allegiance. It is fitting, therefore,

to close this memoir by a brief indication of the dominant conceptions of his philosophy, and of the relation of his doctrine to the main stream of Idealist teaching and tradition.

For it may be said at the outset that Jones's thought moved wholly within that tradition. No other philosophical outlook seriously interested him. Even his critical writings were mainly concerned with those who, like Lotze or Bradley or Ward, were in sympathy with Idealism, but whose versions of it differed from his own. Jones did not much occupy himself with any formal defence of the Idealist point of view, as compared with other possible interpretations of the world. Indeed, it seemed to him fruitless to search for any general proof of the validity of a philosophical hypothesis or system. The only proof which the nature of the case allowed was the power of an hypothesis to interpret and to illumine the various regions and facets of human experience. And on this test it did not seem to him that any other system could seriously challenge Idealism. In it, Jones believed, was to be discerned the clue to the understanding of much recent scientific discovery, especially in biology, as well as of the deeper religious, ethical, political, and social movements of his time. For more than any other philosophy it expressed the essence and the inspiration of the most hopeful achievements of contemporary civilization; and on that ground, even more confidently than on the ground of formal logical completeness, it might command the adherence of thoughtful men. Such a claim on behalf of any philosophical system exposes it to the widest and severest test. But Jones had no timidity about making it for the doctrine which he had received. He would subject it to the hardest arbitrament of all—would 'try by actual experiment how far this faith of the Idealists will stand the strain of a nation's practice.'<sup>1</sup>

There is a sense, he held, in which it is the business of philosophy not so much to explain as to declare. The world reveals its nature in certain decisive and ultimate facts. It has a characteristic structure, plainly disclosed to us, which, however great an 'enigma' it may present to our human understanding, must be accepted by us as

<sup>1</sup> *Idealism as a Practical Creed*, p. 299.

governing all our theoretical and practical dealing with it. It is, *e.g.*, manifestly a unity-in-difference, at once One and Many, a single and systematic whole, expressing itself in the uttermost divergence and diversity of parts. And any reading of the world must faithfully accept *both* these characters of the real. If our recognition of one aspect excludes our equal recognition of the other, then our philosophy is abstract and false. 'The interpretation of experience, which philosophy is, must accept this apparent enigma. Its problem is not to show *whether*, but how, this can be possible—to maintain the reality both of the One and of the Many, and to reconcile in its theory what is already reconciled in reality.'<sup>1</sup> Among those ultimate if enigmatical characteristics of reality is the fact of human experience itself. Reality not only is, but is experienced; and somehow, in knowledge, art, morality, and religion, the human spirit is in contact with the real, and the real declares its own nature. Otherwise, as he had sought to show in detail in his study of Lotze, the whole enterprise of knowledge is impossible. This commerce of thought and reality, therefore, is an ultimate fact, to be grasped as a pre-condition of any intelligible account of experience—not so much a theory as a starting-point of all theorising. And here also it seemed to Jones that no general theory other than Idealism (defective though the statements of Idealism itself often were) accepted the terms on which alone the work of philosophy could be carried on. Idealism maintained, at least in principle, the mutual implication of thought and reality. Other theories, in that they failed to do this, could give no adequate account of the fact of knowledge, and therefore of their own existence. They were barren from the outset. Hence, while Idealism had difficulties of its own to face, they were, comparatively speaking, difficulties of detail, within a system which in its main outline was an intelligible account of the process of reality. Any other system, which rejected the fundamental doctrine of Idealism on the relation of thought and reality, found its difficulties begin at an earlier stage—it was self-contradictory from the outset. This, Jones believed, was the outcome of Kant's Copernican revolution as

<sup>1</sup> *Philosophical Landmarks*, p. 236.

developed in the thought of Hegel and his successors. It was Caird's great service to philosophy to have brought clearly into view the significance and the finality of that revolution; and in Jones's view all subsequent fruitful thinking had to begin from the point of view of the principle disclosed by Kant.

Jones accepted, therefore, without qualification the fundamental principle of Idealism, and he had no quarrel with much of the statement which had been given to that principle in contemporary writers like Bradley and Bosanquet. Mind is the clue to the interpretation of reality. For in mind reality comes to the knowledge of itself, and thereby exhibits self-consciousness as its nature and principle. Reality conforms to the demands of thought. And equally thought conforms in all its operations to the requirements and leading of reality. The laws of thought are the laws of things. 'The real is the rational and the rational is the real.' Wherever, therefore, mind begins its interpretation of reality, its work may be guided by one assured rule. Recognized contradiction is not reality but some partial and limited form or aspect of it. Mind can find satisfaction only in the apprehension of a whole reality; which is itself a guarantee that reality in its ultimate nature is a whole. The validity of every form of human experience, therefore, requires the conception of an Absolute, a complete, self-consistent and self-sustaining reality within which falls every particular fact and form of experience, and of which all these are partial manifestations. 'Per realitatem et perfectionem idem intelligo.'<sup>1</sup> Moreover, since the most adequate manifestation of reality is mind, the Absolute is rightly to be conceived as Spirit, and its being, as Hegel expressed it, as an act of self-externalization in the world of space and time, and 'of coming to itself' in the ascent of life through its various forms to the level of self-conscious mind.

With this general philosophical scheme Jones wholly agreed. But the mere formulation of a philosophical principle or the outline of a metaphysical system had in itself little importance. The essence of the philosophic enterprise was the articulation of the principle, the filling in of the

<sup>1</sup> Spinoza, *Ethics*, Def. vi.



detail, the thinking out of its implications in every region of thought and practice. It was an oft-asserted rule of Jones's thought that 'a thing is what it does,' that 'process is the law of life'; and he held that to be as true of philosophy as of anything else. Philosophy is not a thought but a thinking—the continuous self-interpreting activity of the real. In a sense, therefore, fixed and final assertions do not belong to the province of philosophy. The philosopher's task is endless: he has to travel and retravel both the *ἄνω ὁδός* and the *κάτω ὁδός*, striving to elicit the form of his universal from the varied particulars of experience, and to justify it as concrete by showing all things as its self-expression. Without this continual labour of synthesis and analysis, or rather of correlation and articulation, philosophy becomes a 'sentimental something in general,'<sup>1</sup> 'without consequence or power. Its danger—a danger which Jones felt to be present in his own thought—is that it should descend to 'a vague Schwärmerei—a running of all distinctions into mere sameness and confusion.'

Jones laid much stress on this conception of philosophy as a process and not a dogma. In his inaugural lecture at St. Andrews<sup>2</sup> he argued that the progress of philosophy should be conceived as akin more to the progress of poetry than to that of natural science. A great poet influences his successors by deepening their emotion, and by revealing new aspects or forms of beauty in the world, not by giving conclusions which may henceforth be assumed to be true. So the philosopher, as a rule, furnishes no fixed conclusions on which others may build. He moulds their thought only by clarifying their experience and enlarging their vision of reality. Every philosopher, like every poet, must look at the world with his own eyes. He must indeed seek to give a truly objective delineation of its universal features. But his work is always and necessarily intensely individual, the outcome of his own deeply felt experience.

From the same point of view, in his last book Jones speaks throughout of his philosophic doctrine as an 'hypothesis,' 'a conjecture on its trial,' 'a grand Perhaps.' 'No hypothesis,' he thinks,<sup>3</sup> 'is completely worked out.' 'Even as an outline, the philosopher's version of the

<sup>1</sup> Cf. p. 216.<sup>2</sup> Cf. p. 56.<sup>3</sup> *A Faith that Enquires*, p. 100.

universe of reality must fail. Its principles are mere hypotheses, and nothing is fully demonstrated.’<sup>1</sup> Neither his doctrine, therefore, nor any other can lay claim to finality. It must undergo continuous reinterpretation and restatement, in the light of the growing experience of the world. It must be held as an indication of the way in which reality seems to compel our thought to travel; and if we venture to claim for any hypothesis that it is ‘true,’ we mean just that the fuller understanding of reality which will come to patient reflection on its nature will not overthrow the significant principle on which our own reading is based, however much it may modify the details of our rendering of it.

For if Jones insists on the inevitable incompleteness of a philosophical system and the unending nature of the philosopher’s task, equally he holds that that task is no fruitless vagary of a capricious spirit. It is laid upon man by the necessities of his own nature—that is, by the nature of things. ‘Philosophy is no quaint quest of star-struck souls which have forgotten their finitude, and are doomed to range along the horizon of existence, peering into the darkness beyond and asking questions of its emptiness. It is the process whereby man, driven by the necessities of his rational nature, corrects the abstractions of his first sense-steeped experience and endeavours, little by little, to bring to light and power the real—that is, the spiritual—meaning of his structure, and of the world in which he lives.’<sup>2</sup> And in that process he will find, if not all light, at least light enough for all his seeing, and light that leads him to ever broader day. If he does not grasp all truth, neither does he miss it, or ever lose his hold upon it.

Jones’s philosophical effort, therefore, was to work out as consistently as he could the general Idealist hypothesis which he shared with other teachers of his generation. And the special direction of his thought was determined by what he took to be the main defect in the contemporary statement of Idealism. It seemed to him that philosophers had well learned half the significance of Idealism, but they had ignored a complementary aspect of its teaching, and thereby made abstract that which in its setting was true.

<sup>1</sup> *Philosophical Landmarks*, p. 208.

<sup>2</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 210.

Hegel had shown that the principle of reality is spirit. But modern Idealism 'has grasped only one aspect of reality, and only one moment of the activity of self-conscious spirit. It has demonstrated the unity of nature and spirit, but not their difference. It has proved that the real must be ideal, but it has not shown how the ideal can be veritably real. It has shown how spirit subsumes the world as its own, but it has not reinstated the world as its object and opposite. On the contrary, in relating objects to self-consciousness, it has robbed them of all their characters save those which are directly ideal. In order to demonstrate the unity of nature with spirit, it has reduced nature into a mere shadow of spirit.'<sup>1</sup> Jones sought, therefore, to do greater justice to the *negative* movement of spirit; and in so doing he accentuated in his own statement of Idealism two related tendencies which may be called realist and dynamic. 'Spiritual realism' was the name by which he liked to describe his own doctrine.

This general defect in current Idealism seemed to him to show itself in two ways. On the one hand, Idealism was touched by the 'disease of subjectivity'—it was too ready to diminish the part of the objective world in the process of knowledge. And on the other hand, it was apt, in the interest of the perfection and completeness of reality as a whole, to do less than justice to the status of those finite centres through which the whole sustained and enriched its being. Jones's effort was, in Plato's phrase, 'to save these appearances.'

Naturally enough, he developed these characteristic tendencies mainly through his critical expositions of other writers. The realist note emerges primarily in connection with his discussion of the nature of knowledge, as in his *Lotze* and in his later treatment of Ward. The dynamic aspect comes into view chiefly in his consideration of the absolutism of Bradley and Bosanquet. But the two aspects are really one. On both sides Jones was anxious 'to make room for the negative,' to take due account of the self-differentiating, self-negating moment of spirit, to assert genuine 'otherness' within the unity of reality.

The theory of knowledge begins from the principle of

<sup>1</sup> *Working Faith*, p. 65.

the mutual implication of thought and reality. Knowledge—one of the ultimates of our experience—itself declares this principle as the condition of its own being. For knowledge is two-sided in nature, involving knower and known, subject and object. But this is an antithesis not of elements but of aspects; and if it were taken as more than that, the possibility of knowledge would be destroyed. There is no way of engaging mind in a non-mental reality, or of deriving ideas from a non-ideal object. Hence knowledge must be taken from the outset as the act or the expression of reality in thought. The first corollary of this principle, in Jones's view, is the denial of the reduction of the object of thought to some thought product. The object must be recognized equally with the subject as the condition of thought, and as participating in the act of knowledge. It is that which the mind knows—no object or construction or reflection of the knowing act, but always an authentic object, which guides and directs the movement of the mind, and whose ruling mind must loyally accept. From the simplest and most rudimentary perceptions of the waking intelligence to the widest and most elaborate synthesis of the scientist, the object 'gives the law to the investigating mind.'<sup>1</sup>

But if this first corollary is fatal to subjective Idealism, the second is equally fatal to the Realism which would deny all organic relationship between thought and reality. 'There are minds and there are things,' Jones writes in a phrase that might stand as a statement of neo-Realism. 'They interact. During their interaction there is knowing.' But the interaction is not, in his view, the casual outcome of their 'compresence' or co-existence. It is the consequence of their being, as he is careful to add, 'elements of one reality.' 'Knowing is neither the function of mind nor of objects as apart, but of the reality which comprises them both as elements or aspects.'<sup>2</sup> The act of mind is the act of reality in knowing itself. If mind must humbly accept and follow the leading of its object, it still finds nothing alien there; for the object itself is a moment of that reality which expresses itself also in the knowing mind. Hence, if, as subject and object in any act of knowing, mind

<sup>1</sup> *Working Faith*, p. 80.

<sup>2</sup> *Philosophical Landmarks*, p. 243.



and its world are genuinely other, yet as aspects of one reality they are complementary expressions of the same principle. 'Mind is not except in relation to its object, neither is the object except in relation to the subject. The dependence is interdependence, and the real is never only one of its aspects. It is neither natural nor spiritual if these are considered apart.'<sup>1</sup> Reality, therefore, is 'bi-polar.' It is both mind and matter, both subject and object, both nature and spirit, and both of these at once, everywhere and always. Its principle is declared in the act by which it knows and reveals itself.

It follows, in Jones's view, that this mutual implication of thought and reality is the principle of morality, art, and religion as well as of knowledge. These too are acts by which mind interprets and expresses the real, and which, therefore, like knowledge itself, draw their validity from the real's participation in them. The failure so to regard them has involved Idealism in difficulties as great as those of the problem of knowledge. Thus the abstractness of Kant's formulation of the moral imperative is the analogue of his separation of thought and sense, of subject and object in the sphere of thought. And in Green the dualism of nature and spirit is so imperfectly overcome that it is only by a *tour de force* that his moral ideal acquires significant content.<sup>2</sup> Even Bosanquet, concretely though he takes the relation in the sphere of knowledge, seemed to Jones to hold it too lightly in the sphere of morality.<sup>3</sup> The revelation of reality in mind, therefore, is the principle and clue to every form of human experience. And this revelation is not a mere mirroring or repetition in a new medium of a reality independently complete. It is the real which thus declares itself in mind. But it is its nature so to do; and without that act it lacks fullness of manifestation, and therefore of being. In the cognitive and conative activities of finite centres reality achieves a new level or form of being, more adequately expressive of itself, more true, therefore, and more real, yet existing only in the act of manifestation. Knowledge, art, morality are not mere *parerga*. In them reality at once attains a higher level of

<sup>1</sup> *Philosophical Landmarks*, p. 242.    <sup>2</sup> Cf. *A Faith that Enquires*, p. 141.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *infra*, p. 168.

its own nature, and thereby brings it more fully to light. As Jones puts it in a favourite illustration: 'The coming upon the natural scene of the musician's soul reveals a new range of meaning and beauty which before were dormant in the physical structure of the natural world; and reality as a whole assumes through him a new way of being. The musician's spontaneous—or as we say creative—power is conditioned by the real world as a whole in which he lives and moves and has his being; and at the same time the real world needs him in order to realize the significance even of its natural elements.'<sup>1</sup> Or again: 'Minds in willing and knowing are not mere instruments upon which the world of reality plays, or by which it gains better and fuller expression. The idea of "instrument" is inadequate to the occasion. . . . It is the mind which introduces the purpose. In the case of both the musician and the scientific man or philosopher the natural elements of the cosmos are in a sense subordinated to their purpose; and yet the purpose is not alien to the natural cosmos or superimposed upon it from without. For nature's own potencies are realized in and by them, and in them acquire a better and fuller way of existence.'<sup>2</sup>

This fundamental conception of reality as active and expressive spirit sustaining itself through the acts of finite minds bears clearly on the second note of Jones's Idealism—its dynamic quality. But it connects also with his oft-repeated criticism of the 'anti-intellectualist' tendencies which he discerned in writers in other ways so different as Bergson, William James, and Lord Balfour. For as the nature of reality is to be discerned in its highest manifestation in mind, so that of mind is to be discerned in its highest operation in rational thought. Jones, therefore, was impatient of any derogation of the rights and function of thought in favour of 'intuition' or 'feeling' or 'the subconscious,' or any other less patently rational activity. He agreed, of course, that, prior to the emergence of conscious thought, the first enrichment of existence which reality revealed was in the dimmer forms of spiritual activity. But these were precursors—in a sense they were 'forms'—of thought; and the true nature of spirit was to be read

<sup>1</sup> *Philosophical Landmarks*, p. 244.

<sup>2</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 245.

not in them but in that in which they issued, the fully rational activity of thought. On this side Jones was perhaps apt to overestimate the contribution of conscious thought to the determination of individual action and to the building of the traditions and institutions of society, and to underrate the area of personal and social life which is still under the control of the infra-rational powers of the soul. It was late in his life before there occurred the recent remarkable development of psychological investigation, both experimental and analytical, which has thrown much light on the nature of pre-conscious mind. He would no doubt have held that these investigations were prone to err on the other side, to overlook especially the weight and stability of the social inheritance built up by the thoughtful efforts of citizens who consciously sought the good. But, in any case, it would not have appeared to him that these results, in so far as they were valid, affected the *principle* of his own contention. They might show that man was less far advanced on the way to the realization of his powers than had been supposed. But it still remains, on the one hand, that man's whole development is inspired by the effort to bring his life under the rule of reason; and, on the other, that in human life, even at the lower stages of its development, actions are not the outcome of impulses or influences wholly external to the current of conscious thought. Man everywhere seeks a 'good.' He is aware of values. He may be impelled in this way or in that by the more elementary powers of the soul. But on the way to action these powers pass through the alembic of self-consciousness. And although the reflective reason which is the principle of self-consciousness may not be strong enough to work much change upon them, it works the change which transforms them from powers to 'ends.' It gives them something of the weight of a personality, and makes them fit subjects for moral judgment. Human action everywhere has, and is thought to have, a 'value'; and it is not possible to account for this quality of human action and judgment wholly in terms of infra-rational consciousness. 'Value' is a reflection of an ideal, which is the work of self-conscious reason; and the basis of the authority of any principles of thought or action is their rational character. However

man learns the modes of theory or practice which are or come to be known as 'valuable,' the ground of that predicate is the discovery by reason of the rational coherence of the forms of experience so named, and their conformity with the nature of things. Reason, therefore, is the characteristic principle of mind. It is in reason that reality as mind fulfils itself.

Jones's conception of the mode of that self-fulfilment is outlined most clearly in the later chapters of his Gifford Lectures; and he throws into relief those implications of his principle which give his Idealism its dynamic accent. For the most part, he develops his view by a criticism of Bosanquet's massive version of Idealism. As has been indicated, Jones accepted wholly the main constructive principle on which Bosanquet relied, and had indeed no expectation that he could improve the statement of it. But the discovery of the immanence of the Absolute in all forms of human experience was no more than half the task of philosophy; and in relation to what remained—that is, to the determination of the status of finite selves in this absolute experience—Bosanquet seemed to him to err by defect. Bosanquet, in Jones's view, had unduly stressed the self-contradiction and necessary self-transcendence of the finite individual, and had made little of the participation of the individual at every stage of its being in the principle of reality and perfection. Yet this latter positive character is the condition of the former. The felt imperfection and instability of finitude is a sign of the indwelling presence of the whole in the part, a phase of the inner dialectic of its movement. Hence, if wholeness is always ahead, it is equally always possessed and achieved. The act of self-transcendence is no movement away from the self: it is an act of self-realization and self-achievement.

It may be doubted whether Jones's interpretation of Bosanquet's rendering of the finite-infinite relation takes account of all the elements in Bosanquet's position. For Bosanquet insists, as Jones does, on the active presence in the part of the life of the whole, and finds therein its security and safety. It is clear, indeed, that Bosanquet's choice of the phrase 'self-transcendence' is due, not to his desire to derogate from the stability of selfhood, but to his belief



that the content of the self is more than can ever be contained under the form of finite selfhood. Hence, in a certain fundamental sense the tendency of his philosophy is opposed to that which Jones finds in it. If the question is asked, 'How much of finite selfhood is in the end retained in the Absolute?' Bosanquet's answer is, 'All, but not in the form of finite selfhood.'<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless—so difficult is this matter of statement and emphasis—Jones was not without justification for believing that the main tendency of Bosanquet's discussion was to emphasize the negative qualification rather than the positive statement. And it was the clear issue of the denial of the negative which he chiefly desired to achieve.

In various ways Jones thought that Bosanquet's negative led to or rested upon a misrepresentation of the facts of finite experience. First and chiefly, it implied a one-sided account of morality which seemed to Jones to miss the very heart and centre of that experience. For Bosanquet, morality was, in a famous phrase, the sphere of hazard and hardship—'the hazard of attempting to live by the command of a superior which is outside and above it—an attempt which, in the nature of the case, must prove a continual failure . . . and the hardship of constantly making demands for respect and assistance from God, nature, and fellow-men, which are recognized, as it appears, most capriciously and imperfectly.'<sup>2</sup> Man fails in his duty, and is denied his rights. The defect on both sides can never be removed within the form of a life of finite selves 'at arm's length' from one another. And as defect and contradiction cannot belong to the Absolute, this world of 'claims and counter-claims' can be no more than 'appearance,' which must be transcended in the absolute whole of reality. Jones, on the other hand, was prepared to deny both these statements and the conclusion to which they pointed. Moral conduct, he held, does not fail; nor does man ever find himself bereft of the support which he claims in the discharge of his duty. 'No moral effort fails.'<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Jones's remark on the 'ambiguity' of Bosanquet's doctrine on the point : *A Faith that Enquires*, p. 188.

<sup>2</sup> Bosanquet, *Value and Destiny*, pp. 131-132.

<sup>3</sup> *A Faith that Enquires*, p. 163.

It can be supposed to fail only on the assumption that every moral act must show forth the whole moral law. But this is a false assumption; for the law is particularized in relation to each given situation, and in that situation is achieved by one particular act. 'Every good act is in its way perfect . . . neither God nor man could do better.' 'Right actions are perfect actions in their place, provided they elicit the best that the circumstances permit. They are often done by very imperfect men, and still they stand unstained.'<sup>1</sup> Moreover, in the doing of the good act, man finds not hazard or hardship, not the denial of his claims upon the world, but the most abundant support and fulfilment of them. 'Hazards and hardships' there are in plenty: difficulty, apparent defeat, and resistance from the world. But these are not all, nor are they in themselves final. The good will finds itself sustained by the consciousness of its harmony with a reality deeper than these, and transforms them into instruments of its own attainment. The good life is a '*joyous* achievement': 'the best that can be,' for 'it has the nature of things at its back.' 'Morality,' Jones remarks in one of his letters, 'is an uncommonly happy way of living.' And it is so, he believes, because in moral action the Whole is continuously present and operative, revealing its nature, or a new level of perfection, without restraint or limitation or disguise of any kind. Morality, therefore, needs no kind of transmutation before it becomes an element in the absolute experience. It is no contradictory appearance of reality, but reality itself, the highest ideal 'breaking out into a succession of different manifestations as mankind moves from stage to stage.' It has a value 'which is final, unlimited, and absolute': in the life of the Whole it maintains eternally intact and in its own form its essential character.<sup>2</sup>

This principle or axiom of the finality of moral values Jones takes to be decisive in the relation of finite selves to the Absolute. Morality is a process of realizing a good will. The good will is a will harmonious with itself and with 'the nature of things,' and evil is that which in the end is self-contradictory and self-deleting. Moral values, therefore, are attained only in the active functioning of the good

<sup>1</sup> *A Faith that Enquires*, p. 272.

<sup>2</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 350.

will, and find their source and term in that alone. 'I doubt if any act is morally good except in so far as it affects the character of the doer, makes the man a better man, and facilitates similar conduct by others. Its excellence consists in the addition it has made to the moral forces of the world.'<sup>1</sup> The permanence of moral values, therefore, requires the permanence of the wills through which these values are expressed and attained. If, therefore, the Absolute is characterized by the presence in it of moral values as such, without transmutation or transcendence, and with nothing dropped out, and if, on the other hand, these values are attainable only in and through finite centres, then these finite centres are themselves ultimate elements in the Absolute. And Jones takes this ultimacy in a thoroughly concrete way. It signifies more to him than simply that the self-differentiation of the Absolute is an ultimate fact. He does not discuss Mr. Bradley's distinction between 'selves' and the 'finite centres' in which selves are constructed. But by implication he rejects Mr. Bradley's use of that distinction, and holds that what is ultimate is not a centre or focus of experience, but a self or self-conscious focus of particular experiences. Individual selves are true ultimate differentiations, and therefore real. As individuals they participate in the absolute experience; but they are not absorbed or annulled or irreducibly transmuted in it. This clearly, in spite of some contrary expressions,<sup>2</sup> is the direction in which his argument points. And the consequences of this view are most clearly and firmly drawn. It implies on one side a definite view of the relation between the Absolute and finite selves, and on the other a doctrine of immortality which asserts not merely the conservation of values but the survival of individual persons.

On the first of these issues Jones expresses himself freely in theological, or even in religious, language. He rejects the attempts to characterize the Absolute in other terms than personality,<sup>3</sup> and to distinguish between God and the Absolute. The belief of the religious consciousness in God and the philosophical hypothesis of the Absolute rest

<sup>1</sup> *A Faith that Enquires*, p. 164.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *op. cit.*, p. 156.

<sup>3</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 315.

ultimately on the same ground—on the mind's demand for wholeness. And just as the philosophic construction can find no final reality except in the whole, so the religious consciousness is incapable of accepting a partial or limited or finite God. 'It is true that men have given the name of God to strange creatures, and that many undeveloped religions are polytheistic. But, so far as I can see, the religious history of man gives no ground for believing that man consciously worships a recognized imperfect God. For the moment, even the God of the polytheist, whom at any instant he may toss aside, stands for the perfection he needs.'<sup>1</sup> And the witness of the developed religious consciousness is clear enough. However men may have conceived or misconceived the nature of God, at least they have taken him to be not merely highest but supreme; and they have supposed this completeness of being to be the very essence of deity. A limited God would not be God; and where, in the name of religion, God has been conceived as limited, it is only because it has seemed impossible to reconcile with the perfection and omnipotence of God his participation in certain of the facts and experiences of the world.

Religion, therefore, sets the same problem as philosophy. The problem of the relation of the Absolute to its differentiations is that of the relation of God to man. And the crux of it is the relation of the infinite to those phases and facts of finite experience which seem most to resist inclusion within the whole.

How, then, is this relationship to be conceived? Is it possible to make of it a genuine Many in One, a whole of parts which maintain their self-identity in the whole? And especially, is it possible to reconcile with the perfection of the whole the imperfection which appears to characterize the parts? For it is clear that if God is perfect, and if the world is God's, then the world must be, in its own way and degree, also perfect, and no final defect or failure is tolerable in it. Jones states this demand without compromise. The hypothesis of a perfect God (which is, in his view, the hypothesis of the Absolute) requires the perfection of the world in all its details. It requires not only that the world

<sup>1</sup> *A Faith that Enquires*, p. 58.



should be good 'on the whole,' more good than evil, but that in every strand and corner of it good should predominate. Any failure of good anywhere in the universe disproves the hypothesis of a perfect God.

There is, Jones believes, only one hypothesis which explains the status of the part in the whole, and which promises a reconciliation of apparent evil and final good. In the familiar language of religion, it is that God being Love, and 'desiring that all things should be as like himself as possible,'<sup>1</sup> has made men in his own image and has set them to achieve a supreme form of good. That good, namely moral goodness, can be realized only in the free volition of individual souls. God, therefore, has given to men such substantial independence that they may possess themselves as self-conscious beings. They are free: free to choose the right or to choose the wrong. Their choice and actions are their own, for on no other condition can men achieve moral goodness. A man's moral destiny must be 'exclusively in his own hands. It is for him, and him only and alone, to make or to mar his moral character.'<sup>2</sup>

And since the opportunity to make implies the opportunity to mar, it is clear that this relation between God and man involves the possibility of evil. Yet that possibility or actuality need not be taken as impairing the perfection of God. For if it is true that the world has 'one supreme purpose—that is, to furnish mankind with the opportunity for learning goodness';<sup>3</sup> if it is true that moral values are supreme, that the learning and practice of the good life is the best thing that man can achieve, and that the moralized human spirit is God's most complete expression of himself,—then it follows that the gift of the opportunity so to learn and so to practise is the best, indeed the only, gift that God can make to man. Nothing that is essential to the freedom of man in this endeavour, nothing that man must have if he is to learn goodness, can thwart God's purpose or limit His perfection. The possibility of the moral life requires as one of its conditions the reality of evil. Evil stands in finite experience, therefore, not as a limitation of

<sup>1</sup> *Timæus*, 29 E.

<sup>2</sup> *A Faith that Enquires*, p. 257.

<sup>3</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 213.

God, but as a condition of the achievement of His highest purpose.

This is Jones's main answer to one crux of his problem. Evil is real—without its reality moral progress is a sham. But it is justified in the world order because moral progress is the best thing there can be ; and the existence of evil is a necessary condition of it. It is fundamental, he believes, that the test by which the status of evil is tried must be spiritual. The criterion is the effect of experience on character, and on that alone. 'Everything that contributes to the spiritual progress of man I would call good ; everything that tends to hinder it I would call bad. And evidently, if moral values verily are absolute, then no price at which moral progress is secured can be too high. If pain and suffering, poverty and need, and the contempt of men contribute to this end more than their opposites could, then they are better than good health and plenty and the honour of men.'<sup>1</sup>

And if that is true of these 'natural' evils, something like it may also be true of the graver moral evil which follows from man's power to choose evil rather than good. For man chooses evil not as such, but because it wears a deceptive form of good. And as his experiences prove to him the meagreness of the good thereby attained, and the contradiction inherent in the wrong action, he is led to the apprehension and choice of a larger good. The logic of his own will may drive him from the evil to the good.

But it is clear that such a rendering as this involves the extension of moral progress beyond the limits of finite life. It may be true that man's growth in goodness, when he makes it, is direct, and of absolute worth ; and that the evil which must exist if man is to grow to goodness is at once justified and overcome in his attainment of good. And it may be true that the scheme of things, which though respecting man's freedom and securing that his good is won by his own act, yet favours the good,<sup>2</sup> shows that the

<sup>1</sup> *A Faith that Enquires*, p. 218.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *op. cit.*, p. 231 *et seq.*, an interesting passage in which Jones argues that the natural scheme is favourable to morality, that even the indirectness of the material consequences of an action is an appeal to, though not a coercion of, man's moral nature.

good is self-attainment and evil self-refutation. But it is still indisputable that this evil, which by hypothesis exists as a condition of good, does sometimes overbear the good. There are lives in which to all seeming the good is never attained, where a man remains unrepentant and obdurate to the call of the better. In that event, it would seem that the good is defeated and God's purpose frustrated.

Jones accepted the conclusion, 'One genuine failure of the good, in any one single life, deprives us of the right to be convinced of the divine perfection.'<sup>1</sup> 'If such is proved, our hypothesis is not merely unconvincing: it is discredited.'

Jones holds, therefore, that the implication of the Idealist theory is a doctrine of personal immortality, and that without it the theory cannot stand. His argument is twofold. But on both sides it rests its whole weight upon the requirements of moral experience. On the one hand, immortality is necessary if some lives are to be redeemed from failure. 'There are men, so far as we can see, who die in their sins. If death ends all, then their lives can be nothing but failures.'<sup>2</sup> They require immortality 'to extend their spiritual chances'; 'some time, somewhere, in some life, under some new circumstances, the soul, one would say, will awake and apprehend its true nature and destiny.'<sup>3</sup> And on the other hand, immortality is required to conserve the values attained by those who have come to know and to will the good. For moral values, at least, though it may be otherwise with other spiritual values such as knowledge, cannot be conserved except in the individual wills which have achieved them. Whatever be the origin, development, or range of influence of the individual will, its character and quality and responsibility remain uniquely and inviolably its own.<sup>4</sup> Hence the extinction of those lives which have attained would imply the extinction of the values which they have won—an affirmation 'impossible except to those who have not learnt the value of spiritual achievement.'<sup>5</sup> Immortality, therefore, is a postulate, not of the natural man—for affection, desire, and friendship do not count 'except as elements in a moral system'—but of his moral and religious nature.

<sup>1</sup> *A Faith that Enquires*, p. 337.

<sup>3</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 344.

<sup>4</sup> *Cf. op. cit.*, p. 153.

<sup>2</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 347.

<sup>5</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 347.

This, then, is in outline the metaphysical doctrine to which, in Jones's view, Idealism is committed. There is one further corollary. The Absolute differentiates itself into, or God expresses himself in, finite individual souls. And these souls, created in this human experience of ours, as the necessary agents of moral values, are in some sense final and ultimate. They progress. They achieve more perfect harmony with themselves, with one another, and with the nature of things. They become self-conscious agents of a larger good. But throughout this process of self-attainment they remain recognizably one with themselves, and that which they shall be is continuous with that which they are. They are not absorbed or lost or transformed beyond the reach of their present being. They are, in their own right, eternal manifestations of the nature of reality.

And through them reality is enriched. It is true, Jones holds, that 'as absolute self-consciousness, and as knowing the end from the beginning, God is more than the world process. The process fulfils his purpose. But God, as having purposed the process from the beginning, or as not acting blindly not knowing what he doeth, is greater than and transcends the universe. He is already perfect and possesses the future, for it is his will which is being realized in the world.'<sup>1</sup> Yet it is also true that this process is not otiose. The real finds a new completion in it. Without it, it would fall short of the fullness of its being. In the first place, there is enrichment 'in the transition from cognitive or intellectual foresight and anticipation of events on the one side to the experience of them on the other. There may be in the actual participation of the Absolute in finite processes, or of the God of love in the doings and destiny of his children, more than there can be in the mere foresight of them.'<sup>2</sup>

But more than that, man's moral life is a real contribution to the nature of things, and a genuine addition to the sum of good in the world. Through him the Absolute moves to a higher perfection of its own being: through his progress God himself progresses. It is not easy, as Jones admits, to justify this conception of a moving Absolute. Yet it seemed to him to be the inevitable issue

<sup>1</sup> *A Faith that Enquires*, p. 271.

<sup>2</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 299.



of the statement of Idealism to which he was led. God, as the completely real, must be perfect. And 'it looks obvious that what is perfect cannot change except for the worse.'<sup>1</sup> Yet it is impossible to find anywhere in the region of life any form or stage to which the idea of a static perfection is applicable. Even in 'matter' we are in the presence of 'forces.' Science discovers nothing in nature but process, 'whether in the world of dead objects or in the world of living beings.' 'Life is constant self-recreation. . . . The whole universe is a single process.'<sup>2</sup> And so also with man's moral life. It is a process of attainment, a movement from good to better, 'from purpose to fulfilment or from possibility to actuality, so that the perfection of the instant may be the condition and inspiration of a new perfection.'<sup>3</sup> Hence, Jones argues, the divine or absolute experience itself may be conceived as an archetype of man's moral life—a movement from perfection to perfection, each stage perfect but radiating or breaking out into new perfection. And whatever its difficulties, 'the idea of God as *the perfect in process*, as a movement from splendour to splendour in the spiritual world, as an eternal achievement and never-resting realization of the ideals of goodness in human history,' seemed to Jones far more consistent with all that we know of nature and of ourselves than that of the changeless Absolute, within which the time process is mere appearance.

There is no occasion in a biographical sketch to attempt a critical appraisalment of Jones's philosophical position. Enough has perhaps been said to indicate what his position was, and how it stands to the Idealism of his time. In this conception of a moving Absolute, Jones reaches one of his most characteristic and deeply held conclusions. It is his dynamic answer to the criticism that Idealism is committed to a 'block-universe'—a world in which no genuine change is possible, and where therefore human history and achievement add nothing to the significance of reality. That criticism, he felt, might hold against a Spinozistic Idealism like Bosanquet's. But it would not hold against a theory which sought to be firmly faithful to the centre and starting-

<sup>1</sup> *A Faith that Enquires*, p. 358.

<sup>2</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 359.

<sup>3</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 272.

point of all Idealism—the principle that the clue to the nature of reality lies in the spiritual interests of man. Morality, art, religion are, no less than knowledge, authentic expressions of the real ; and if, as Idealism has shown, a true interpretation of reality must recognize and indeed rest upon the truth of knowledge, so also must it rest upon the validity of those other spiritual acts which belong to human life. Jones was frankly anthropocentric in his thought, holding that by a paradox this was the inevitable outcome of the Copernican revolution in philosophy. Reality, therefore, would not frustrate the spiritual endeavours of man, or make light of his moral attainment. It must be construed as continuously enriching itself through man's acts and thoughts within it.

Jones was not unaware of the difficulties of his conception. His theory was offered as an 'hypothesis,' to be tried by the measure of its self-consistency and of its congruence with the facts of human experience. And if, to himself, it was more than hypothesis, if in it he found a faith which sustained him through most tragic hours, it was so only because the test of an hypothesis is necessarily comparative. No hypothesis can solve all difficulties. An hypothesis is rightly acceptable and may be taken as fraught with the promise of truth if its difficulties are fewer and less formidable than those of any other ; and this, Jones believed, might well be claimed for his own. Whatever be the judgment on this claim, at least it is clear that he pointed the line of a bold and decisive development of Idealism, that he sought to apply the dominant conceptions of his philosophy over a wide field of human life, and that thereby he threw the issues of his thought into the sharpest relief. It is abundantly clear where, in his judgment, the major problems of philosophy lie.

And it may be added also, in a closing word, that these conceptions were so much part of the man himself that they carry in them something of the secret of Jones's power in his greater work of teaching. This doctrine which he taught elicited all the force of his personality because it touched a deep native quality of soul. His allegiance to Idealism was not wholly a matter of intellectual conviction, though that was no small part of it. In Idealism he found

a certain high-hearted speculative courage that was irresistible in its appeal. Idealism had been called to the defence of man's spiritual interests against a Materialism which portrayed a world perhaps hostile, at the best indifferent. It had met this challenge, not by compromise, not by finding some untenanted space in the world order where man might build for himself his ideal structures secure from the assault of natural law. At least, this was not how Jones had learned to read the tradition. Rather the great Idealists had aligned or even identified these higher human interests with the nature of things, and had held that in them is the key and clue to the character of reality itself. Man's spiritual interests are secure because they are a fuller manifestation of that principle which first expressed itself in the world of nature.

The world, therefore, is profoundly 'friendly' to man and to his purposes. It can be no other since they are kin. This deep conviction is the recurring note of all Jones's teaching, as it was the stay of his life. His message was one of liberation, bidding men recognize in the natural and spiritual order a fitting home for souls in quest of the good, if they would but follow the leading which it gives. And in the development which he sought to accomplish of the Idealist doctrine, this also was his motive. If in his recoil from the appearance of subjectivism he accentuates the independent contribution of the object to the process of knowledge, that means only the enlarging of the resources to which the mind has access. Genuine difference is a condition of a truly helpful relation. And if by his emphasis on the reality of change he gives to the Absolute a dynamic rather than a static existence, that is but a deepening of man's stake in the world, and an assurance of the conservation of his gains. In his philosophy Jones found for himself and helped others to find the right to accept joyfully the adventure of life and thought, to believe in the worthiness of the daily task and in the greatness of little things, and to trust in the benevolence of the creative and overruling Will, which is Love.

## II

### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS





## LETTERS TO FAMILY AND FRIENDS

*To Professor A. Seth Pringle-Pattison*  
(on the essay *The Social Organism*, for ' *Essays in Philosophical Criticism* ' ; cf. p. 27).

LLANGERNYW, 1st June 1882.

MY DEAR SETH,—I have to thank you heartily for breaking into my life here, and I trust that your letter may verily be the opening of a correspondence. . . . The first thing I have to assure you regarding this wedded life, of which I presume you have not yet had experience, is that I find it necessary to temper its joys with some little thought, and that I have been trying to do so. But beyond assuring you that I am working, and working more constantly, and I think more vigorously, than I have done for some years—working too with exclusive reference to my essay—I have little to say. I know that I have made an effort. But I don't know that, and nobody else can know it, from the result. I have not written a line. But I am reading Hegel's *Rechts Philosophie*, Fichte's *Lectures on the Nation*, and hope to begin Spencer's *Sociology* in a day or two. The latter is not yet in my hands, and it is difficult here to secure books. If I could, I would modulate my letter, and modulate this part of it into a shriek, a shriek to be translated into an awful appeal for *time*. Stick to the end of August, if possible, I beseech you. I feel that my subject is fearfully hard and fearfully extensive ; it demands force, which I am not sure that I have, and it demands time, which I hope that you will not deny.

Had I been lazy I could not appeal so earnestly, but I am exceedingly anxious to do my best on a subject which I feel to be worthy of the best intellectual metal in the kingdom. If I do not read Hegel thoroughly, know all that he can say on this matter, and know also what Spencer and his like

have to say, I shall not feel at ease. I want to test every piece of timber and see that there are no worm-holes in it, and I want to get them seasoned so that they won't warp and spring. You fellows who have tested your powers already have some reason to trust yourselves. But I am afraid of my knowledge and of my power of expressing it, and desire time, if possible, to think and read. The subject is not as a fire in my bones, and till I feel its heat I scarcely dare to prophesy. I don't think I shall clash with Kilpatrick.<sup>1</sup> We shall be approaching the subject from entirely different sides. There will be occasional minor repetitions, in the book as a whole, I do not doubt. But I hope that these will amount to nothing more than a sort of family likeness—a proof which the public may well demand from our pretensions, that we are children of the same father. At present I am not at all hampered by the fear of collisions. Great stars are 'fixed,' I suppose, and fixed apart, otherwise all the parts of the heavens would not be illuminated. I, too, intend sitting here apart and speculating to the best of my powers, feeling as secure as a spider who can fix his abode and spin his cocoon wherever he wishes. This is not rhyme, my dear fellow, and perhaps it is not reason, but a correspondence that will bring me to my senses will be joyously welcomed by me.—Yours very cordially,

HENRY JONES.

*To his wife (on their return to Glasgow for the first winter of their married life).*

LLANGERNYW, ABERGELE,  
27th September 1882.

It is about 2.30 P.M., and the warst of the packing is bye. Both your boxes are full; as full as they can hold. The things are wedged into each other so tightly that you must take them out in the same order as I put them in or else they won't budge. I put your bonnet at the bottom lest it should get wet, and filled it with seashells and seaweed. I put the ink-bottle inside it too, to keep it in shape, and lapped the ribbons round the patent-blackening bottle. Your best jacket I packed as I found it, only that I filled the pockets

<sup>1</sup> T. B. Kilpatrick, who was also contributing to the volume.

with those tobacco pipes that were in the newspapers upstairs—just in order to keep the space from being wasted. Next to the jacket and best dress come the bottles of *pomade*, and then the knives and forks and plates. I fitted them into each other without any paper round them, to save room. The flower-pot I shall put in a *band box* by itself with a string round it.

But no power can adequately describe what I have done this blessed morning. I am perfectly sure that when you unpack you will find things where you least expect them, and as you unrol the different articles of personal and household furniture you must keep a sharp look-out for contents. Your jewellery is in the tea-box; and your shoes are in the tea-cosy. The sewing-machine is packed also, and I have now nothing hardly beside my books and my own clothing. The *comb* has vanished; but the brush is packed.

Well, my love, you may rest very contented. I don't think anything will spoil; and I am doing my level best. I know that your *dresses* and *bonnet ought* to be all right, for no one could pack them more tightly—they can neither jolt backwards and forwards, nor get wet; they are really about the middle of the box.

Oh yes, I forgot to tell you that I stuffed the sleeves of your best jacket and dress with the seaweed that was in the brown paper—I thought it was necessary to keep them in shape.

I have nothing more to say except that I think I have packed in such a way that there will be no need for *me* to pack again. There is nothing like coming down unexpectedly on a woman—or man either.

But I must conclude, hoping you will continue to enjoy yourself and that your cold will be *improved* when you have got well heated with reading this note.

*To his wife.*

MICHAEL'S FOLD,  
GREEN HEAD, GRASMERE, 1885.

Notice how a new name has been adopted for the house. If you write me again here, as you will, *Mrs.* Caird will be



pleased if you use it. It is a Wordsworthian touch of Mrs. Caird's. The greetings and the top of the morning to you !

I am writing before breakfast, because the morning is so tightly fitted in that I cannot, without putting Caird about, write more than a hasty screeed ; whereas I should like to be able to speak to you at some leisure, tho' I have nothing to say.

Last night I read my bit work to Caird, and he smashed my theory for me ; so that *this* summer's work has left nothing but a little wreckage. I am not one *whit* discouraged. I shall write that book, you will see ! And it will be done honestly. My spirit is growing within me, and *I will do it*, unless some domestic calamity unmans me. I fought for my theory as well as I could ; but I had no chance whatsoever.

Caird won't have me burn it ; nor will I. I shall use the material in the new structure.

So ! Mrs. Jones ! This, then, is the net product of my first *year's* work ! You could put it in your eye, lass ! Your young man could grind his teeth if they were not false ones ! But as true as the deil's in hell, I shall reckon with this book. I *am* seeing Kant better and better, tho' I should never write anything good.

But meantime I have a long, long job with Caird's work. It will do me great good, but it will keep me for a very long time, nearly all the winter, without writing. But I shall do that, too !

We were up talking till 1 A.M., and I did not sleep till 2 ; but so strong am I, that I do not feel anything that I do.

It is now eight o'clock and they will be down in about a quarter of an hour. What, then, shall I say to thee, my lassie ? Thou wee partner of a broken-down author ! Batest thou hope, lass ? Bate not ! Wee, or not wee folk, we shall grow from year to year ! And the greatest and best in God's world never did anything better than grow ! So cheer up. Haven't I found *Floss*<sup>1</sup> running over your washing ? Why should not Caird, then, run over my year's bit ?

<sup>1</sup> A puppy dog,

*To Edward Caird (on Mr. Bradley's  
'Appearance and Reality').*

*Undated : probably Autumn 1893.*

I need not dwell on the other failure of thought—the one at the top, where, in *consequence* of the original narrow use of the term 'thought,' it becomes only an element of the Absolute or real, in which, and when taken up, it is absorbed—has its whole nature transmuted. On this view his Absolute contains nothing of which we can say anything. It is *said* to include all the elements necessarily separated in our experience, and nothing more. But we are none the wiser, for these elements are *absorbed* in the Absolute and changed to something different. By his narrow use of thought, he has cut away every element which could make his Absolute intelligible. It is an Unknown like Spencer's, but unknown for another reason. I cannot see that we gain anything by that.

He is quite right in saying that truth is not the whole, but he is not right in saying that thought is not the whole. Knowledge, or truth, is thought or reality in division against itself. But 'thought' or reality is always greater than its presentation of itself. It reveals itself *so far* in every presentation. What remains unrevealed is not something other than thought, but *more* thought.

Of course, I don't insist on the word 'thought'; 'Spirit' may be better. But some intelligible element of continuity running right through from the lowest finite to the Absolute, we *must* have. But this is the same thing to me as actually to identify thought and reality, or spirit and reality, instead of making the former a mere element. From this point of view, feeling would be a *form* of thought, the lowest, and the Absolute would be its complete oneness with itself.

B.'s zeal for the Absolute, and his eagerness to acknowledge that we are only finite and that we know no truth, has made him unjust to the Absolute and to the finite. He must make more room for the latter.

Pardon me for writing so much, and especially for writing in such a cocksure way. I know I see only a very little way, but I'm blown if I'll admit that I don't see what I see,

Let me know if there is anything at all in this. The whole thing rests on the division between the ideal and the real—the meaning of an idea, and what it stands for, and on the confusion between an *idea* and *thought* as an activity. He won't, *in thinking*, start frankly from reality. He harps back on *feeling* as giving reality.

Would you send this back, with a word or two of criticism if you have time, because if I write on B., or lecture on him, I would expand what I say here? But before that I must read much more of him.

(*Mr. F. H. Bradley has kindly permitted the printing of this letter to Jones on certain points in the latter's 'Lotze.'*

*Only a fragment of the letter has been found.*)

August 1894.

It seems to me that if some agreement could be come to as to what facts 'Thought' was to cover and include, the controversy would be carried on more profitably. What would you say, *e.g.*, about time? Are you prepared to bring its movement wholly under the head of Thought? Is Thought to be discursive or what more? I do not see that on a matter like comparison, say of Caesar and Napoleon, you will satisfy Lotze that you are meeting his argument. Yes or No? he would say. Is this movement a movement of the Reality or not? For myself I should attempt to say both Yes and No. I do not know whether you would say 'Yes' simply.

The criticism you have passed here and there on myself is, I think, mostly right. It was unfortunate that I did not write my book on Logic from any consistent point of view. Of course, I never thought or meant to imply that the world of events was the real world. And as to judgment, I never meant to say that the subject was not qualified by thought. But I fear I gave reason for any one to suppose that I did so. I have not read my book for so long that I dare say I may have sinned worse even than I imagine. I should not issue the book again in anything like its present form.

I don't think you are so right as to what you say as to

'symbol' on page 111. The word was misleading, doubtless; but I believe the alienation of character from its presented complex to be all right. On page 113 it seems to me you go too far. You appear to me to aim at abolishing the possibility of using say a presented flag as a message. I never said that there was any feature in any fact which was incapable of being a meaning. But in any group of characters, I take it you may have one part of the group which *for a certain purpose and relatively* is mere existence. I can't otherwise understand what the psychical existence of ideas is to mean. I admit that the difficulty of pointing out what the psychical existence of an idea is, is great. I admit that on page 346 and following, you rightly point out that *perception* and *conception* (taking conception as a whole) are not clearly distinguishable, and that in the end no principle divides them. But on the other hand, what you say as to meaning goes beyond the truth, in my opinion. But I am not sure as to what you hold exactly. I don't see that in any case you show that the subject of which ideas are predicated is not in the end given as 'this.' And I don't see that you can show that this subject in and for the act is only meaning. Whether it *otherwise* can become only meaning is another thing, in my opinion. What you say as to the consciousness of reality on page 351 is to me hardly clear. I do not quite understand what would be left if sense were removed, unless it could be replaced by something higher, which, so far as I see, we have not got. I don't think I follow you here. What you urge against the truth of perception I believe to be true. But, after all, if it has not got in one way superiority to thought and greater likeness to reality, whence comes its charm? Do you deal with that?

The phrase 'encounter' I don't know the origin of. I used it without attaching the least importance to it. It should mean that our perception of reality is largely practical. I am sorry I used it. I wish I could send you something better than these disjointed remarks and could have spent more time on your book. I am sure that it will do good, and to myself it will have been of use in many points, if only to show me where I have exaggerated distinctions. I think that on the whole you are in the right



in your criticisms, and that they will be instructive in pointing also to a better way.

Please do not trouble yourself to answer this letter, which is doubtless full of misapprehensions on some points. I have much enjoyed reading your book.

*To F. H. Bradley (in reply to the foregoing).*

LLANGERNYW, August 1894.

DEAR MR. BRADLEY,—Perhaps you will allow me to answer your letter, for which I am so much obliged, in a hurried and inadequate manner. A doited fate has called on me to try to follow Caird in lecturing on Ethics, and these days I feel its cruelty keenly.

You point to fundamental matters in Lotze on which I have not dwelt. That is quite right. Your letter and Caird's, and indeed my own conviction, which I haven't the force to acknowledge, make it plain that I must try to follow this with another volume. I shall, in the preface, call this volume i. and give its sub-title 'Lotze's Doctrine of Thought.' In volume ii. I shall use as sub-title 'Lotze's Doctrine of Reality.' I have tried in volume i. to show that his doctrine of Thought forces him to treat it as Reality. In volume ii. I shall try to show that his doctrine of Reality forces him to treat it as Thought. I have really avoided the question of the relation of Experience to Reality in this volume, and spoken only of the relation of Experience to Thought. I shall not be able to avoid that next time, and indeed it is *the* problem which interests me. And I may add it is the problem least satisfactorily solved either by you or Mr. Bosanquet—if indeed I have any right to speak. I have no special love for the term 'Thought.' But so long as we use it, I think we should be sure that it is not a logical abstraction like Lotze's. *His* thought is not pleasant or painful; mine always is—mostly painful. *His* thought goes on without the help of reality and is engaged *upon* reality. My thought is really never mine, though I fancy the universe too would very promptly repudiate it. Whenever I catch thinking going on, I find two parties engaged in it; and if

Lotze likes to insist that things don't think, we have the same right to insist that men don't think. As long as we do start from a psychological basis and pick up thought as we pick up pain or pleasure or volition, as a phenomenon of our experience, we must at least do justice to this empirical fact and not amputate it and sever it from reality. But Lotze does amputate it; and then with this poor remnant of a psychical phenomenon in his hand, he shouts, 'Is this the principle of the universe?' When we look for that ultimate principle I don't think we should begin with a psychical fact. For if we do, one psychical fact won't explain another. Thought won't explain pleasure or pain any more than these thought. This way is blocked up. We are led to try another way which has no more respect for thought than it has for pleasure or pain—to *begin with*, at least. To end with, it has much respect for thought as a spiritual activity which everywhere shows itself; for nothing is found or ever can be found to go on in the world except conscious experience, which has always an emotional quality. Nor is it spoilt by having that emotional quality any more than it is by having all sorts of other qualities, or characteristics or forms of existence (I don't know what word to use)—unless I presume that this principle must be simple. But if it must be simple, I might have saved myself all this trouble, for the simple won't be true even of itself. I don't see, in a word, why pleasure and pain should give more trouble than any other concrete phenomenon to an idealist. He *must* either regard the ultimate principle as concrete enough to carry with it pain and pleasure and even whiteness and blackness and blueness and weight and length and all the sensible world and *be* all these, or else it must hide behind them.

But this brings up the problem of your Absolute, which has given me no end of trouble, and which, if I were fit, I should so like to speak of. I only say here that I don't understand what you mean by it, and that some day I hope to hear more about it from you. It is certainly not reality, if reality is not something that makes a face behind a mask. But I am getting cheeky to one of my masters.

One word as to the *symbol*. I quarrel out and out with all this business, because I don't think that the psychical

existence of ideas means anything. I wish I were backed by any one in this opinion, or that some one would take the trouble of exploding it. You ought to do it, for you certainly are half responsible for it. It was your criticism of the association of ideas which made me ask whether ideas are entities at all, or can build up knowledge. Will you tell me why we substantiate ideas any more than deeds? Or how they can be symbols unless they have some kind of continuous existence? Are we right to conclude from the fact that psychical activities take place that psychical entities called ideas are? If a wheel turns round, does a revolving motion exist and can we have a system of motions? If ideas are *not*, I don't see how they can symbolize, and a distinction between validity and existence seems to me a very desperate resource. Am I right in thinking that ideas which do not exist are said to symbolize, and that ideas which symbolize are said not to exist? Or that ideas are said to exist in one form and to symbolize in another? Things symbolize—that flag, *e.g.*, or the letters of the alphabet—provided they set the individual thinking in a particular way, and as long as he is thinking. But to say that *ideas* do implies that psychological starting-point with which our difficulties begin, I do believe. There must be something very badly put on page 351—I have not my book here—but the last thing I should think of saying is that ‘sense is removed.’ What I wish to show is that ginger is hot in the mouth even though heat is from the physical point of view only a mode of motion, and that if the psychologist did his part the sense element of taste would remain in the explanation as *motion* does for the physicist. But I suspect I may have got beyond my depth here, as elsewhere. I would not lay stress on the word ‘encounter,’ but any other phrase which would express the idea that perception is truer, or liker, or nearer to reality than thought would be equally questionable to me, and I thought you held this view. But it is no use going on. You will allow me once more to thank you most sincerely for all you have done, and to express my regret that I have nothing better to show.—Yours very truly,

HENRY JONES.

*To his wife (written when Jones was compelled to return to Glasgow shortly before his father died).*

LLANGERNYW, 22nd June 1896.

I'll give my tweed-suit to *no one*. The deevil! am I to go about naked myself? Or has Murray, or some other of the Profs., handed *his* old suits to me? Whence this superfluity of generosity? I'll wear these clothes in the Highlands, my bonnie; and they'll help to keep me humble. I had them out on the grass on Sunday afternoon—the first time for me to have anything else on.

Well! to turn to other matters. Daid<sup>1</sup> was very fair on Saturday night and Sunday. I was at Bodgynweh; and the one night there, of going to bed at the usual time, gave a new beauty to the morning. People complain, do they not? Well, I should like to remind them that, about 350 times out of the 365, they go to bed well and rise well in the mornings, and neither watch the dying nor are ill themselves. And the *world* in which those who are well live is a different *world* from that of the sick, and even from that of those who tend them. Tuts! we are an ungrateful lot, and I am sure that more intelligent beings are often ashamed of mankind.

Last night Daid was not so well: I was up till 5.30. His left leg is hanging loose, as if he had had a slight touch. But otherwise there is no evidence of it. His leg was snow-cold, and so indeed were his hands. Flannels wrapped round the leg and hot bricks had not the least effect. The doctor was over yesterday. He found Daid a little lower down the slope, but that is all. He may last a few weeks yet; he may not last one! No man can tell.

I don't think Daid will feel my going at all: Nain<sup>2</sup> does terribly and says nothing. He was asking me last night who I was, etc. etc. He remembered the names of all our bairns, but he could not, try as he would, connect me with them. Of course he is so, only after heavy illness: *he is not himself* really: we have only the shell here, my lass.

I find it harder to think of really leaving them than I thought I should. But I am not going to make any noise

<sup>1</sup> Grandfather.

<sup>2</sup> Grandmother.



or fuss, one way or another. Daid has got a fragment of life to finish before going : I 've probably got a little more. It is quite right he should get rest ; and he 'll sleep well. It is all right ! Death is as much a part of the plan as birth is ; and who knows which is the better of the two ? He who has the will inclined the right way (God forgive me for *naming* such an one ! ) will complain at *nothing*, but be very joyous and work very hard while it is day.

But I must not go on. ' Only,' I repeat, ' I do *not* want to wear weeds for Daid, within nor without.' When I think of him dead, I 'd fain cry : ' Heap up the flowers, and strike up some glorious chorus, with all nature as orchestra filling in the music of all God's people.' I think this bonnie vale will be filled with music when Daid is put beneath the yew tree. It is not merely that his pain will be over, or that I know or even guess anything as to what is on the other side ; but that a *piece* of work has been *well* done, a *part* of the journey loyally travelled, and the Palace Beautiful reached on the Hill. I have *absolute* faith in the ways of God, or if you like in the way of *Nature* which is Spirit. And *this* is His doing : not mine, or yours, or any erring being's ; else, so taken, it would be a poor enough business. If I brought the wee ones to Daid's funeral, I 'd put them all in white ! my dear—that is, if I did as I felt. And if I were to lose *you*, my lass, I 'd feel in the same way. I might put black on myself, for I am not pure enough to be anything but a blot, at any rate, and a '*big washing*' will be announced as soon as *I* appear on the other side ; but the *bairns* should be in white !

But I must try once more to stop this ! Only, you see, I am not going to mourn. I have Daid provided for ; and as for me, I 'll dree my weird knowing right well that I 'll get less lashing than I deserve.

However, don't you presume on this *new* humility of mine ! On *Wednesday evening, the day after to-morrow*, at 6.45, at the Central, you will find a healthy, sunburnt, ruralized biped, neither young nor old—if all is well : who will be glad enough to see his own.

I shall *not* change again, unless Daid's *great* change has manifestly come : and I do not expect that. I shall start from Abergele at 10.10 and hand over the reins at the

station to Aunt Maggie, who will come back with John Williams. The train is due, as above, at 6.45 at the Central. If you are there, it will be well; but do not mind: I'll be glad to get amongst you on any terms, were it only like a bit of driftwood flung on the shore.

I can't think of anything else to say, somehow: nothing except my leaving Daid and my coming home.

Try *not* to overdo it, my love. I should like above all else to see you fresh when I come. Nellie's last word makes me a trifle apprehensive.

Tell the children to be good: to be loving and true and brave.

*To Miss E. M. Mahler (in reply to some criticisms of an article on 'The Child and Heredity').*

1 THE COLLEGE, GLASGOW,  
18th November 1904.

DEAR MISS MAHLER,—I have no doubt at all that your knowledge of this matter is much more real than mine. Nevertheless, I should try to make good my conviction that the environment is the whole content and stuff out of which character is made, and that in the newly arrived child there is something nearer a real new beginning than anywhere else in this world—if I had time.

That we cannot go back to an absolute beginning I admitted. There *is continuity* between parent and offspring, and the *possibilities* of children are not even at birth nor in the embryo state all equal, either physically or otherwise. It would be wrong, therefore, to say that we can make *anything* of *any* child; this is so obvious that I need only mention it. After all, the environment cannot *create* powers; it can only realize possibilities or potencies already present. So that I most thoroughly concur with your postscript.

But the fact that children are born unequal does not militate against the other aspect of the truth—that the environment is the stuff out of which character is made, just as truly as the air and earth are to the plant. Of course, the selection is made by the life within, and that

from the first. But I don't wish to escape by this or any other loophole. For I believe that if we only knew the bairns thoroughly enough we could guide the selection itself to a great extent.

I have six children myself; their powers are both unequal and different in quality. Their selective interests were never the same. Methods of education on the hearth that would be helpful to one would not be helpful to the others. But, after saying all this, so strongly do I believe in the power that wise parents have over the spiritual nourishment and therefore the character of the child, that I should confess with a head bowed very low that if any one of them went wrong I should be in *very great* part responsible for it. My insight has not been clear enough. Nor my method fluid enough. It is to lack of wisdom on the part of parents, to methods that are too rigid, that take too little account of differences in temperament, that present right action in the form of unattractive imperatives, that make virtue repellent, that rely more on prohibition and repression than on encouragement, that command when they should only 'airt'—if I may use a beautiful Scotch phrase,—it is to such unwisdoms as these that I would attribute the sorrowful results that too often follow the education of children on hearths that are virtuous. We err, not because our intuitions are not good, but because our methods are rough, are not the results of reflection, nor born from insight. The wiser the parent, the more unfit he is likely to feel himself to deal with a matter that is at once so delicately poised and so intricate as a child's character, and, I would add, so *malleable*; in short, when it comes to questions of good and evil—the actualizing of these powers in choice and conduct—it seems to me that the world, the environment, must be present. And we can lay hold of that—we can starve or feed, and that to a far greater extent than is ordinarily acknowledged. We can't make all equal, it is true; the difference of power prevents that. But we can do much—perhaps everything if we are only wise enough—to give these powers an *upward trend*. Children are like 'plants in mines.' The original endowment of man is that of a *rational nature*, and that means that by nature he must seek the good however much he errs.

' All with a touch of nobleness, despite  
 Their error, upward tending all, though weak  
 Like plants in mines, which never saw the sun,  
 But dream of him and guess where he may be  
 And do their best to climb and get to him.'

(*Paracelsus.*)

Seize this fact—the intrinsic bent towards the better which makes man man; and I think it ought to help.

Perhaps it will lead us (not to minimize the difference between right and wrong but) to find some good in all, and to seize that as the core and centre of what is real and abiding in them.

I can't apologize sufficiently for this hurried note, but you will pardon a very hard-worked man. Do write again, even if I have to postpone answering you, if you think I can help you in the least, and let me know precisely how your *practical difficulties* press you.—Very sincerely yours,

HENRY JONES.

*To Rev. D. M. Ross (after Will's death).*

BIRKHILL, LESMAHAGOW,  
 1st June 1906.

MY DEAR ROSS,—The memory of the service you led in my house on Wednesday will follow me and my wife all our days. You began with an old friend of ours, and we heard nothing but the voices of old friends as you called one up after the other. And you seemed to have a *right* to call them; to say, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want,' and to issue the challenge of St. Paul once more and bespeak the peace of Jesus. I want to thank you in my own name and my wife's and my two boys' for the grand simplicity and the reality of it all.

Our loving regard to your wife and our thanks for her sweet sympathy. Tell her we are going to pull through all right. None of the Churches would have my creed or my wife's, but it stands the storm wonderfully.—Yours ever, in the bonds of affectionate friendship,

HENRY JONES.



*To his son, E. H. Jones, in Burma.*

GLASGOW, Sunday, 1st March 1908.

How far will this cap fit you, laddie? Weigh every line, for it is Wordsworth.

' Whose powers shed round him in the common strife  
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
A constant influence, a peculiar grace,  
But who, if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
Great issues, good or bad for humankind,  
Is happy as a Lover and attired  
With sudden brightness, like a *Man* inspired.'

How Wordsworth comes up to his final lines like a rising sea! You, too, are a '*Happy Warrior*,' aren't you, laddie? in the loneliness and in the wilds. Don't overdo it. Keep your pith for the final lap, which you *may* be running with many eyes upon you. God keep you, 'machgen anwyl i'!<sup>1</sup>

I had a wee bit 'turn' about you yesterday. A cable-gram was put into my hands, and I knew it would not come from you for nothing, and I thought of none but you! It was some deevil of a doited Welshman from North Carolina sending St. David's Day greetings and saying in Welsh that he was with me in spirit—a fellow I don't know from Nebuchadnezzar—or Judas Iscariot. I feared your mother had had a fright, but luckily Enid had suggested that it was from Jean announcing some change of plan.

Don't you conclude from this that I am going about oppressed and anxious about you. The pang was natural, and it lasted only a minute, and indeed I was very cool, but oh! thankful! For you are my own boy! and we're just a bit entangled in one another, you and I. And I am proud o' ye, and you are the joy of my heart: and *I* am an old ass!

There's no news at all, Hal, and this is only a scrap before I go from my room at College to the house and to bed, for it is going on for eleven o'clock. I have had quite a fair day's writing, and things are wending on towards our meeting. Nos Dawch<sup>2</sup>! machgen i.

<sup>1</sup> My dear boy.

<sup>2</sup> Good-night.

*To his family (en route to Burma and Australia).*

IN THE ADRIATIC, 3rd April 1908.

MY DARLINGS ALL,—This is the beginning of a letter to finish whenever there is a chance of posting, if any comes before Port Said. I am sitting in the warm sun after promenading ever since we started, till after twelve, along these long, clean-scrubbed decks. There is some little coldish east wind blowing, enough to give a pleasant tang to the air and make it the most perfect day imaginable. There is not more to break the level of the sea than there is when a wind gets under a carpet, and the water is laughing all over, breaking into little bright smiles. And what a deep blue it is! It is almost difficult to realize that we are moving at all. The engines don't throb and the boat is absolutely steady. No more perfect beginning of a voyage is possible. Besides, I have now got my baggage all together. All except the kit-bag is in my cabin, so that I have not a care at present. I am spending every minute in the open air, not in any smoking-room or cabin, and I'll continue to do so, for my deck chair is here with 'Henry Jones' glaring on its back.

I don't think much, as yet, of my mates at table. Two of them I am pretty sure are vulgar rich. There's a biggish dark woman, hard as nails I should say, and much travelled. I wouldn't like to come between her and a thing she wanted. But if the table is not interesting, I like little Colonel H—— very much. We shared our berths in the train. He is travelling second, but I have been over in his quarters. He ain't allowed to come to mine. Then there is a West Australian man—very intelligent and much travelled and kind. I don't know his name nor his business, if he has any. I fancy he is very well off. I have also had a chat with the captain, very serious-minded and dignified, but may have fun in him—I don't know. He looks as if he were very cautious not to give away any of his bigwig-hood; but he was funny as to the claims of the high, low, and broad Churches, the Wesleyans, Papists, etc., all wanting to hold services. He let every man jack of them do it as he pleased. I asked him if attendance was compulsory, and

there was just a gleam of fun as he said 'No.' Such is the condition of affairs at 1 P.M. of my first day, as the bugle goes for lunch.

IN THE ADRIATIC,  
*Saturday morning, 4th April.*

The same splendid weather conditions and everything as good as any mortal man can desire. I do hope and also trust that all is well with you too, my dear ones. If I did not trust as well as hope I should be unhappy. I cannot doubt but that things are rightly ruled, and I want to 'fall in' more and more and take my place in the ranks of the obedient. Well, there are no news, none at all. Since I wrote to you yesterday I have done nothing except tramp round and round the promenade, read a little, and take my meals. The dinner was long, for it was a regular six or eight course affair, but it was not dreary. There is an old white-haired lady there who had sat silent a while, but on the chatter taking a more solid turn she pricked up her ears and struck in like a good one. She had been shy, and I at once responded to her and she brightened up wonderfully. This morning she was inclined to talk too much, but she is a jolly good old sort, I am pretty sure. I went to bed at eleven and had quite a good sleep. There's hardly a throb to be felt in my cabin, and nothing could be more perfect so far.

Would you believe it, these chaps around me who made a big breakfast at 8.30 are now at their whiskies-and-sodas? and the beef tea will be swallowed by their feminine counterparts. Things like this, and indeed our all too luxurious life, make me feel how wrong matters are. I think the working man is better without these luxuries. But I think all the same, there are some cupboards on which our stomachs depend that might be better filled.

Since breakfast I have been walking, and writing to you, and now I am going to walk again, for it *is* beautiful. I did love the starry sky last night, and the sunshine on the water and the deep blue of the water itself this morning are beyond speech and make your heart glad with gratitude. I wish one could remember these things

when bad weather, bodily and mental, comes, for it would be nice to be like the dial and count *only* the sunny hours. I am off now, and as I walk I am going to think of all of you—of my brave boy whom I am nearing, I hope, with every turn of the screw, and our other boy, our own Will, one with the Eternal and yet himself, leading, I doubt not, some greater life than any we know. God bless you all!—Your own old dad,

HENRY JONES.

THE ADRIATIC,  
*Sunday morning, 5th April.*

Now for another bit addendum to my lengthy letter. I wish I could give you a picture of things as they are at this moment. It is 11.30 on a Sunday. I am in my own deck chair in bright sunshine, and looking westwards over the bonniest blue expanse that ever was. You will be surprised to know that I have still got all my winter clothing on, just as I left Glasgow, but in a day or two we'll be in some heat, and in a week in much heat. The Mediterranean, they say, is rarely as cold at this season as it is now, and an Anglo-Indian—that is to say, an English lady who has been long in India—was shivering this morning at breakfast. To me it is just perfect weather. There is some wind on to-day from the south and the waves are showing their white teeth, but the boat is perfectly steady. I haven't felt a single roll or anything of the kind since I came on board. It has been splendid weather so far. I have been travelling round and round, walking a good many miles a day and not reading or writing except to you, not one word. I am getting to know some people on board, some nice fellows, and I'm not enough quite alone to drink right deep of the beauty and the peace. There are white clouds floating about the sky to-day, and there are floating shadows of them on the face of the rushing waters. The wind and the sea together are making a deep music; so many-voiced and yet so molten are the voices into one unity that one could almost write the music of it, and yet nothing and nobody can. It is lovely.

Mamsie bach, how you would have liked these peaceful days! You would have neither cark nor care, for



somehow the conditions will not permit them. A quiet, half sleepy, and utterly restful atmosphere quells emotion and stills all thinking. But I hope you are very jolly at home with your two lads and two lasses, although your two Harrys are far away. And oh! I do trust you have good news of Hal. You certainly must not be anxious about me. I am so very well, and the provision for one's welfare on these big boats is complete.

The second-class passengers are very interesting, I think. There are children amongst them. I found the dear wee colonel playing with them yesterday. He and I turned the rope for them to skip, and I tried to teach one of the wee girls to cross her hands in skipping. Jean and En will perhaps remember that miraculous gift of mine. . . .

I am getting rather gravelled for matter to-day. Except for one wee birdie with a reddish breast, which had got far away from land and amidst evident fear alighted for a moment to rest on board, I have seen no bird life at all. Oh yes, one or two seagulls. And some of the folks saw a whale blowing the day before yesterday, but I did not happen to be about.

By this time, I suppose that Jim knows whether he has passed or not. You know, laddie, my views. Rejoice if you have passed, but don't grieve if you have failed.

Good-bye, my beloved ones.

*To the family.*

NEAR ADEN, 12th April 1908.

This is the second of the two letters. I posted the first on board ship last night just before going to bed. Orders had gone out to close all the ports to prevent the sea lashing in. Says I to myself, 'I'll be sick during the night and prostrate to-morrow, and I'll no' care whether I post my letter or no, so I'll post it to-night.' No sooner said than done. The letter is now at the top of the 'companion' in a box fixed up whenever we approach a port. Well, I wasna' sick last night. I slept very fairly well, thanks to the electric fan, without which the cabin would have been suffocating. We are now in the Gulf of Aden, and should

be in Aden early in the afternoon. It is a grand Sunday morning. The sky is sort of misty and has been mostly every day, clearing only at night. But the sea is blue, tipped with white all over, tossing joyously in the sun as if it did not know what to do with hilarity. The white melts on the waves sometimes like the spreading out of a bride's veil. Oftener it breaks up in spray, and a few times it has sprinkled the fore part of the upper deck. But the boat is long and we are crossing the waves. We are steady, and instead of discomfort there is peace ; mingled with the beauty that appeals to the eye there is the grandeur of the sound. My ! that *is* fine—the multitudinous voices of His power. Whenever I consider that for aught man knows the world might as well be silent, dumb, barren to the ear as its sandy waste to the eye ; but that it is instead crammed full of magical music,—why should I not believe in a great good God, the Inventor of it all ? I want to open my heart more to this music, and above all to the sadder, greater, more splendid music of the tossing life of humanity. ‘He that hath ears to hear’—he is the man who is blessed. There’s a finer divinity than any pagan god with his hands on the harp strings ; and my, can’t He play !

Well, darlings, I have nothing to say, but I like to say it. My love too is ‘lyric’ love. It sings round my heart each morning, when I have most peace to let my mind wing its way home. What is distance except a thing that deepens love ? And what is nearness except a thing that does the same ? And time is the same also. *It* can’t mar love. There is nothing that can mar love, but all is fuel to its flame. How are you all, I wonder, this morning ? I am picturing every one of you, and am without anxious care. I am glad I have come. I feel sometimes as if I could walk more lovingly all my days and be much gentler to every one after this. But I *do* want to meet Hal. I do hope I shall not be denied the joy of seeing him well and strong. I am impressed with the loneliness and the distance of his fighting-ground, the laddie, the laddie ! May God grant him His protection ! I hope you heard from him yesterday. I hope myself to hear from him at Colombo. I shall stop now, for I am sure I have havered so much that you will be tired of my letters. One is so long out of sight of land.

The sea is so barren of incident and of visible life. The land one sees is so distant that there is little to speak of that can be interesting to you. No one on board interests me deeply at all. Every one is most pleasant to me, and the chatter is lighter than the sea foam.

*To his wife.*

28th April 1908. (*The meeting with Harry at Rangoon.*) On Sunday afternoon, about three o'clock, . . . we got alongside, and I was looking for Cook's man, or for Harry's possible police friend, feeling a bit forlorn, for every one had friends, when a lanky, wiry, tanned young fellow came up and stood in front of me, whom I looked at and did not heed particularly. Then came a 'Don't you know me, dads?' and I was clean knocked off my equilibrium. I could not say anything, for I was choking, and had to go round out of sight for a moment for a silent little snuffle. Oh Jove! I thought the lad had had hard times to change him so, and I was *so* glad to find my wanderings reach the goal. He came on board and up the ladder, and we didn't say very much. . . .

2nd May 1908 (*from Kawkareik, the headquarters of his son's sub-division on the Siamese frontier.*) (*A bullock race.*) I went to see the start of the race; and really it was funny. One of the oxen would do anything except start fair. It lay down, and four men could not haul it up again. They took the car off, then it was all right. When they put the car on again, the beast stiffened out its four legs at a wide angle, and would not budge. Then down it went again in spite of every one. The other side had a quiet ox and waited patiently for a fair start. At last they got it to stand in the course, they got the car carried to it and put on gently, the man sidled into his seat; there was a simultaneous *Hooroosh*, and away went both oxen as if there was a devil in them. But the devil in the camstary ox was the most daemonic. He won by a great lot.

I enjoyed the whole affair greatly. Round the silk-skirted tawny crowd of laughing and jabbering Burmans and

their bairns—their wives sitting around a little by themselves—were the great trees, like the trees of a magnificent park, and in the distance the great range of circling mountains clad with forest to the very summit. The sun was setting and the sky was as wonderful as the earth. . . .

(*A boxing pré.*<sup>1</sup>) This *was* a scene, lasting all through the afternoon till after four. First there was the roped-in space for the boxers, all naked except for their ornamental silk *longyi*'s<sup>2</sup> tied up hard between their legs and around their middle. Around the space were the townsmen and women and children in hundreds. The township officer and some other bigwigs sat at one table on chairs, and Hal and I sat at another by their side. On the tables were some old silver pots, with betel nuts for chewing, and some drinks, and cigars. Two men were put behind Hal and me to fan us. . . .

There were four villages in all come in, one of them twenty miles, to struggle for the boxing honours. . . . First came one or two challengers from a particular village. Then as many more from another. Each challenger clapped his left upper arm, laid across the chest, great loud slaps, and sprang in the air, to and fro, and stood on one leg, holding the other leg bent forward, crouched, sprang, boxed about with his hands, shouting challenges the whole time. After a lot of this, the various village challengers (no one fights any one from his own village on these occasions) were taken into the middle of the ring, set side by side to see if they were similar in size, and asked if they were both willing. Often one would say 'No! I am afraid of him,' or 'I am too small,' and he went back among the crowd and hunkered, and there was no disgrace at all in the refusal. If the two were found willing they were taken before the judges and asked to say so. The crowd cheered any match fixed, and the combatants retired into it to strip, and to put on their charms. These charms they put into the article they wore round their middle. Four or five matches are fixed at the same time, and the combatants are called by name as their turn comes. The calling of them into the ring is the occasion for more slapping of the upper arm and chest. Then

<sup>1</sup> Festival, show.

<sup>2</sup> The Burmese skirt or kilt.



they begin, crouching, leaping, fighting with fists, feet, knees, hitting with the head, kicking (bare feet) like lightning, wrestling—every mortal thing is legitimate. Many of them fought blindly, and had more enthusiasm than science ; but some were up to all sorts of tricks. This went on for hours, and on two successive days (one of them our Sunday, I believe), all their local rulers present in honoured places, and a nominally civilized Professor of Moral Philosophy enjoying it as much as any of them all. The finest and funniest thing was their utmost good nature. They would bang one another hard in the ring, making faces and putting out their tongues at one another, but *at once* you might see them hobnobbing together and smiling as sweetly as any mother and bairn. Many friendships are evidently made in the ring.

. . . . .

As examples of the heat and what it means : The covers of the books get crinkled up as if you had held them before the fire. You could not hold your hand on the road, and you feel the warmth of the ground through your boots. But I am in simply splendid form.

. . . . .

*10th May, Kawhareik. (Children's sports.)* The children are such splendid wee sportsmen, and they laugh so good-naturedly when they are licked, that it is impossible not to enjoy these things. I never saw a more merry crowd. The least little incident brought out great laughter from all round the ring ; the women, the youths, the old men, and even wee tots of seven and eight joined in it with all their hearts. They *are* a light-hearted and kindly people, these Burmese, and I do like their ways with their children. The little things, naked as your hand, are so fat and free and easy and confident : it is plain they are not checked or harassed or browbeaten. They certainly do get a fair start towards manliness in this respect, and I could not help contrasting them with the poor creatures either over-nursed or under-nursed in Glasgow. The children here grow like apples on a tree, and upon my word I believe much in time may be made of the people they will grow

into. Hal says they are not so lazy as they are said to be. During the rains and rice-time they are most industrious : and that they are not worn down with to-morrow's cares is no disadvantage to *them*, though it may be to their pockets—supposing they had pockets, which they haven't.

I thought the series of *pwés* were done, but the funds had not been all expended. And, indeed, so ready are these people for fun that I would not be surprised to hear that another *pwé* had broken out in a fresh place without any one having any funds.

Hal is winning the people hand over hand—that is evident. . . . I wish you could see him at this moment. Not in the least conscious of what he is doing, he is sitting on the floor with a fellow-sportsman, a sunburnt, sweaty, dirty old headman from the midst of the jungle. They are chatting away in Burmese like two brothers. The old fellow twenty minutes ago came up, went on his knees and 'shikoed'<sup>1</sup> (in prayer), Hal half sternly asking who he is, what he wants, etc. He wants the renewal of his gun licence. 'What good did he do with his gun last year, when he had his licence?' He killed two tigers. 'With what sort of gun? Where did he shoot them? Would you like to see *my* gun?' and so on. The old chap is nearly worshipping Hal's rifle, and handling it lovingly like a real sportsman. . . . The old fellow's face is sun-wearied with much working in the heat on the fields, and his mouth is all red with chewing betel; but these items, no more than the rags, have not the least influence on the mutual and most sudden love of Hal and the old headman. It is amusing!

25th May. (*A shoot.*) We had a great time yesterday afternoon at Thambaya, up the Zami river. We went out shooting, starting about 3.30, with the greater part of the male population of the village acting as beaters. First we went through the wee village standing above the muddy river bank. Hal and I were planted forward at the side, comparatively clear of a belt of jungle. The villagers went through this jungle, shouting and routing, first in the distance and then nearer and nearer. Nothing broke out on my side. But I heard the sharp crack of Hal's rifle. He had a very short glimpse at a deer, and hit him. Then there was

<sup>1</sup> *Shiko*=the customary Burmese attitude of devotion or petitioning.

tracking—a footprint here, a spot of blood on a leaf there, water and no marks and thick grass again, then a bit path under trees and amidst clumps of bamboo, then a halt for a council, then on again, the sweat pouring out of me in a stream, and appearing in wet patches on Hal's coat. We got him! He was carried to the boat on a cane resting on the shoulders of two youths. They skinned it on the bank, sent us a leg, the skin, and the horns, and with great satisfaction distributed the rest amongst themselves. This morning, at six, the beaters came on board the wee launch. There were seventeen of them. Every one was kilted—most of them had nothing on besides their kilted *longyis* round their waists. Their bright eyes and brown shiny skins and their tattooed legs, and their go and *vim* and enthusiasm were great. Hal and I took our morning cups of tea, with pineapple. (We aye eat one whole pineapple between us, and splendid they are!) By the time we'd finished our 'little breakfast' it was time to land. Off we went just a few hundred yards. There was a great big, brawny, light-oak-brown fellow, with stiff hair beginning to grow a little grey and a great big mouth with splendid teeth black as jet with chewing—a powerful, simple-minded but really savage-looking chap, a passionate hunter, who killed four tigers last year. He and Hal had chummed at once the night before, and were inseparable through both hunts. This man was the real ruler of the hunt. I was placed in one spot while Hal went on to another after stationing two hunters with me. . . . Our first patch of jungle produced nothing, though here and there all about we could see the marks of wild pigs rooting. We moved a little way off. I had Hal's double-barrel gun with ball in one barrel and big shot in the other. We watched silently, I standing on a wee bit hillock, about the height of an office stool, peering into the grass and tangle around. 'Thakin! Thakin!' <sup>1</sup> whispered one of the two hunters with me; and, by Jove, within thirty yards of me there were three pigs, the size of good porkers, going at a trot one behind the other. I ups with my gun and lets go bang! Then another bang at another of the three as it went into the grass again out of sight. My first bang was with the bullet,

<sup>1</sup> Sir.

and my word, I had killed my pig! I had hit him in the shoulder and he never moved out of the spot, but was finished promptly by the native and his *dah*.<sup>1</sup> Hal saw nothing. He came to me and gave me his hand and made me as proud as ye like. But alas! my pride was soon overthrown, for before the hunt was over, at about 10 A.M., I had missed two fair shots at deer and one at a pig.

28th May (on board the launch). (*The parting with his son.*) I am alone again, and so is Hal. We parted two or three minutes ago. I left him in a wee village, with its piled houses and their leaf walls, going to sleep, his men about him, as usual in the jungle, in a *zayat*.<sup>2</sup> He is well and strong and full of courage: and I too am all right in every way. He stood on the river bank, all white from heel to head, leaning *still* as still on his white umbrella. Behind him, higher up the bank, were the bairns and men of the village, with their bare legs and bodies except for their many coloured *longyis*. Up and down, to his right and left, were the bonnie banks, all fringed with vegetation right to the water, and before him the great yellow stream of the Attaran. It has been a good time. I shall remember and be thankful for it as long as I live.

30th May 1908. (*Moulmein society.*) . . . Yesterday was muggy and close, and the white and white-ish element in this city is greatly given to being 'social.' Very late dinners, considerable whisky and soda-ing in the club, bridge, Russian billiards, a costume ball, and SCANDAL in as large letters as you like to write or think of it. Thanks! I've had enough of this already and will be quite glad to face the risks of sea-sickness on the way back to my work. I am happy and grateful when I think of Carsphairn and its healthy life, and of our own dear old tragical No. 1 and its two-course dinners—rivalling *nobody*! It's the 'rivalry' that is the root of these social vulgarities. Jove! a 'Burmese Hunt' is in better taste. True, the hunt is conducted amidst a neighbour's hair, but all the hunter expects to catch and exhibit is an occasional louse! 'a

<sup>1</sup> Burmese sword.

<sup>2</sup> Rest-house.



clean animal, and familiar to man.' But *these* folk hunt for 'reputations' to pinch and make crack, and to emit a stink between the finger and thumb. Heigho, mamsie bach ! Let me congratulate you on having a mere old prof. for your 'usbing.' His poverty and upbringing and work prevent him from possessing a *complete* catalogue of the vices of Society and Fashion, even though he has hankered long in vain for a white waistcoat and check breeks ! !

*To his wife.*

ADELAIDE, 27th June 1908.

My days of laziness are nearly numbered. They have been pretty jolly on the whole ; now and then one would like to be away from folk. The chitter-chatter at the dinners is perhaps the most trying. But by taking my breakfast a little late, and no lunch, but instead an early tea all by myself, I am doing no' so bad. In the smoking-room at night there is sometimes tremendous fun. Nature is very prolific in the tropics, and the variety of plants and animals is amazing. But the variety of fools she produces, and of others than fools, of good people in their way, beats everything. Last night I had to leave the smoking-room, for I could not stand laughing more. There was a big, good-natured, and most stupid Yorkshireman, drawing his £4000 a year from some inherited business or other. He told stories with such immense enjoyment that there were long interruptions in which he laughed at what was coming, and *not one of his stories had any point at all !* It was one of the funniest things I ever saw. I was beyond all control. I felt his head for his bumps and rollicked around him asking explanations of his story as he proceeded, and the maddest questions mixed with gratitude and approbation. And he was pleased with himself and with me just beyond speech. I could make my fortune by showing him round. Poor chap ! I had qualms of conscience now and then, but I could not let him be. The men were almost rolling on the floor with laughter.

Ten minutes later there was another sort of fool, a quarrelsome one. He tried to give a bit of his mind to the captain, a splendid old boy, but of course got the worst of it. Then the captain took me to his private room and showed me his treasures, and the chief engineer took me through the engine and stoking rooms, right down the belly of the ship. And there were actors and public singers on board, some of whom sang beautifully. Every one has been awfully nice to me so far. Some few times, and with some very few men, I have had some serious talks, especially about social matters here. One night I gave a parliamentary bigwig something to do in discussion. I don't know whether I can lecture or not the next weeks. But if my mind is as nimble as it has been for some time back, I'll do all right. The ladies I frankly don't like; not one of them is quite natural, except perhaps an Irish girl, who has fallen in love with one of the officers and made me her father-confessor. Some of them are a downright bad lot who have never had a sensible thought in their heads.

The Australian working man strikes me as a fellow who means to govern himself. He looks independent even to aggressiveness, and as if he revered neither God nor man. My word! they'll want light from somewhere if they are going to run the Commonwealth without wrecking it.

*To the family. (In Australia.)*

WOOLLAHRA, SYDNEY,  
26th July 1908.

You will remember that this last week was to be a heavy one. I'll go over it briefly. Lady Northcote was exceedingly nice at lunch on Monday, and on Monday evening we had a most jolly dinner of Glasgow graduates. In my speech I referred to old Caird, feelingly, and MacCallum moved that we should cable to him: 'Glasgow graduates dining Jones send affectionate greetings,' or something very like that. He replied: 'Warmly return greetings. Congratulate Glasgow graduates hearing Jones.' That was very nice, wasn't it? and gave me some sort of assurance that Mr. Caird is still holding on. So much for Monday. On Tuesday I gave

my fourth lecture. It was about as good as the third—a real good time. On Wednesday I went to Woollongong, about fifty miles from here, to lecture. The train travelled slowly for three hours, stopping every now and then at wee stations in the middle of endless bush.

Well ! on arriving at Woollongong station at about 4.30, after useful wee snatches of sleep in the train, didn't I find myself awaited by the Aldermen and leading citizens ! I was in my ordinary clothes but with an extraordinary hat—the grey one, battered in Burma and sweat-smeared. They put me in a big brake and drove straight to the Town Hall. There was spread a table with bottles of wine, whisky, ginger beer, and cakes. The Mayor gets up and proposes a vote of welcome to the great man who had honoured Woollongong, etc. etc. This was seconded in another speech by Alderman X, supported in a third speech by a retired doctor. I do like Brer Tarapin, when the briar patch was on fire, and make a fasheeshious reply, and look to going home to prepare my lecture. But wait a bit. As soon as the address of welcome had been gone through, a new motion of the Mayor, the health of Professor Jones. I had thought the one was included in the other. But no ! it had to be seconded and supported as before in several speeches, and I had to reply. Then I had to propose the prosperity of Woollongong and couple it with the name of the Mayor. By this time all hopes of leisure to draw out the heads of my lecture were gone. I gave them as bad a lecture as I give once in five years. I was clean ashamed, for they were listening as if some tremendous wise visitor from another planet had come just once, alighting at Woollongong, privileged above all earthly places except one or two big cities, which must at any rate command the respect of the Almighty, to teach them all that was worth knowing. However, they seemed to be satisfied, and thanked me at the end most cordially. I said to them that I was glad they were pleased, but that my lecture was scandalously bad. The following day, Thursday, up come the Mayor and Corporation again, with a coach and three horses, to drive me to their show-places: a round hill 1700 feet high with a grand vale and sea scene from it. And very good it was. We had a really jolly picnic lasting

till 3.30 P.M., when they drove me in great style to the station and the Mayor and Corporation took me to the refreshment room and hurrahed when the train started. I wonder if ever a peaceful and not too high-minded Professor of Moral Philosophy was treated in that way before.

In the train I prepared my lecture, getting it clearly and topically sketched. Then to the Australian Club, where I changed into evening togs. When I was at it MacCallum brings my letter from home and one from dear old Hal, at last. I tore out the contents of that letter, I can tell you, though I knew it was late for dinner and that two judges of the Supreme Court were waiting in another room. Well, we sat down to a very swell dinner and lots of champagne. I was between Sir Sam Griffiths, Chief Judge of the Supreme Court, and Sir Edmund Barton, judge of the same Court and first Premier of Australia. On the other side of Sir Sam was Sir Norman Maclaren, the Chancellor of the University, etc. etc. Opposite me was wee MacCallum, as jolly as a cricket. At 8.15 we adjourned, the whole table, to another club, the University Club. The billiard-room was crammed with Sydney University men, no one else admitted, and I stood up pretty jolly and gave an address.

Next day, on Friday, there was the fifth lecture at the University. The tramways strike was on, and people would not be able to attend, and it was rumoured that the lecture was to be postponed. However, luckily, I had every word written out, and much of it was exposition and reading of Browning. It was not one of my best lectures by any means, but it wasna' very bad. The audience was wonderful. People had tramped miles to come there. That ended a busy week, all except a jolly dinner, a quiet one, at the old Chancellor's, an old St. Andrews man. There I was solemnly informed that 'there had never been anything in Sydney like my lectures,' and other things almost as extreme. Yesterday I lunched with Professor Walsh. Then at three o'clock I was fetched in the motor car of the Chancellor's son, Dr. Maclaren, and motored about Sydney's environs with the old Chancellor till evening. Then a quiet evening with Professor Wilson, a charming man, Professor of Anatomy and a great power in the University here, and



much interested in philosophy. I leave him at one o'clock to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Kater. Then I go to MacCallum's to stay till the day after to-morrow; then to Brisbane, unless the railway strike is on. This is an awfu' braggin' sort o' letter. But it is quite true, both the good and the bad in it, and I had promised to let you know. The last lecture comes to-morrow night, and it is only sketched. But the sketch covers a few things I can say with pleasure and conviction, and I mean to *speak*. I am just in perfect health and entirely fresh. Good-bye, my own darlings, and God bless you every one!

*To his wife (on the return voyage from Australia).*

THE ROYAL MAIL LINE,  
8th September 1908.

I have begun a letter to Jean and the other bairns this morning, but I *must* have another word with you. I am entirely myself at last. Not that I was ever very much out, and spite of the roar of talk all around I am quiet in spirit and enjoying more than I can tell the extreme beauty of the sea and the warm ocean atmosphere. I am giving all the news about Fiji to the bairns. Indeed this is only 'Good morning, I'm coming now.' How many a time I have deeply wished that you were with me, and how many other times I have thanked God you are not! Last night, after dinner, I went out for a walk in the moonlight amidst the waving cocoa palms and bamboos, for there was a lovely breeze blowing. Two little children passed me silently in the moonlight with their bare feet on the white road. They were covered with one cloak, and there rushed in on me a thing you taught me on one of our early walks—'Come under my plaidie. . . .'

One is brought into very curious relations with folks on board a ship. On the main deck at this present moment, there are first, on the left, a lady reading her letters; second, my old Dutchman reading a substantial book, as usual—if I have a sweetheart on board it is this old man. Not one of the young generation, male or female, can touch him. You should see the two white pows, his and mine, wagging

together ; he is a nappy old boy, frog-shaped big features, extra big mouth and teeth, and a paunch too high up, but he is all heart and patience and goodwill and sound sense ; and there is not much he has not experienced, except evil. I'll bet my head that old man has been as upright as he is successful in business.

Next comes a Londoner, who is always 'improving' himself, a Jew in part, a radical, well off, and as respectable and as second-rate as you like. Just in front of me, so near that I could kick one of their chairs, is a group of four women, one of them a silly laughing creature ; another a Yank, probably of German extraction, a biggish girl of about twenty-five, not without sense, I think, but wants a sweetheart much and is not fortunate so far. The two are talking with a frail old lady, with whom I have not spoken. She is, I think, the wife of an old Scot who has been Australianized. The fourth is a woman about forty, a good-natured lump of flesh of the more coarse kind, but a good useful wumman no' ower licht for her wark, I should say. Close to me on my right is a young man about thirty, with a creeping incapacity of the spine, in pursuit of health, poor chap. I am sorry for him : he is so gentle, so subdued, so conquered, so sweet, poor lad. He was half inclined to give up at Suva, but I encouraged him and he is glad he went on. He is reading one of my books, Defoe's account of the London Plague. Next to him, almost tending him, is a Mrs. Gillespie and her niece, both real ladies, very quiet and sensible, and neither shy nor obtrusive. After that comes a Brisbane dentist, beginning at last to find people to talk with him ; and a group of three wee girlyies, the one a little wild American, and the other two the charming wee lasses of Mr. Fielding Jones. Beyond these are the footballers, about whom I am going to tell a tale. But enough for the present. I have given you a bird's-eye view of my environment. I think most of them like me a little. At any rate, every one greets the Professor very kindly each morning.

*Wednesday, 9th September.*

About a fortnight more and we shall be in Vancouver, if we get tolerable luck. So far that luck has been below

the average on this voyage. The old captain said to me last night that he never knew the Trades so boisterous. It was not as stormy as we have had it, but we swung through very considerable angles. Our chairs were lashed and the fiddles were on the table. It moderated towards the evening, as I have told the bairns, and this morning it is very nice again.

We are just about crossing the line, and although it is not yet 8 A.M. the sun is pretty hot, but there is a lovely breeze blowing, just enough to ripple the water and cool the air. I've got on my lightest possible clothing to-day. I had occasion to go through my trunk. Jewk-deaive, mamsie. It is time for me to come home. Either I have an undiscovered stock of collars, hankies, and stockings, or I am in very low water. I thought I was awfully careful, and I was; but, mamsie dear, one wants a female woman to look to one. 'Sides, the pocket of my grey flannel jacket is undone, and catching in doors and things, and a stitch would put it right, but ne'er a stitch from all these silly, silly talking women; only gabble, gabble. My! I will be glad a fortnight hence when we reach Vancouver and get away from one another. Except for the footballers, who are intellectually very raw, I don't know what I should do.

*Saturday, 12th September.*

The end of the week of eight days, thank goodness! It is not often the time passes too slowly for us old folk, is it? But really the period since we left Sydney and Brisbane looks months. I think if I had to travel again on a long sea voyage I'd set to work at once. Many and many a time these last days I have been thankful that I have to work for my living. It is about as great a blessing as good health to have the day's duty cut out for one. I promise myself to be a very happy man when I have my gown on my back and my books under my arm, crossing the quadrangle to my dear old class-room. . . . I fairly confess that this week I have to keep hold of the reins, so as not to get too impatient. Who said that there wasn't space, or that it's only an idea, bless his muddled head? He must have had nae wee wifie who would care for him and let him care for her more than all the world beside.

*Monday, 14th September.*

We are still in the tropics—about the latitude of Hal, in fact. It is so beautifully fresh and clean and pure in this great Pacific. For three or four nights last week there was the most perfect moon. Have I told you already how she seemed to me to be the old classic Diana, chaste and fair, hunting her quarry through light and shade? We also had one gorgeous sunset, comparable only to those I saw coming out, on the Indian Ocean. A great molten, striated expanse of fire, and stretching away to south and east, inland seas of light blue, with dark islets floating on them. But tut tut! I can *see* the thing now, but I can't name the colours or describe it in the least. . . .

The two boys who clean the knives have contracted a great but silent friendship for me. I found them sweating, turning the handles of their machines with backs bent so low that their noses were within a foot and a half from the ground. I said to the captain that he could make two lads much happier with a few inches of planking. The old man looked at it and got the ship's carpenter, and the next time I passed one of the boys flew to the handle and turned it round and round, saying, 'It's grand!' His face was flooded with pleasure. Poor wee urchins! We are a thoughtless set, and so little sometimes makes such a great difference.

*To Rev. G. MacNaughton, minister of Carsphairn.*

DUNEATON BRIDGE, ABINGTON,  
26th March 1909.

MY DEAR MACNAUGHTON,—You see where I am? I have been here for a week, and I think have exchanged not one word with anybody, save the old curling-stone maker's family with whom I stay. I have been writing about Wordsworth and rather enjoying it.

I like all your friend says about Jesus, but I don't like any of his negatives and exclusives—'The result of every one else's labours a sublime nothing,' etc. etc. Does he really think that Royce and the rest do not find God?



Jove ! I wonder if they ever find aught else ? Tell him that God has more sons than one, that He speaks in diverse ways ; and, above all, that all negatives, if they are unsympathetic, are false. It is this ' Jesus only ' that is irritating and untrue. I prefer him as the firstborn of many brethren.

Did you see the last *Hibbert Journal* ? Watch for the next. It is all to be about ' Jesus and Christ.' You know what I mean : the old ambiguous play between the mystic symbol of infinite love and the remarkable Jew who taught so much that was true about the shores of Galilee a while since.

But I must not run on, for my work is waiting and clamorous.

Remember me to your boys and my friends.—Yours  
always,  
HENRY JONES.

*To Professor Macneile Dixon (acknowledging a letter  
on ' Idealism as a Practical Creed ').*

TEWKESBURY, 22nd May 1909.

MY DEAR DIXON,—Man, you are generous. That book of mine has a frightful flaw. If any one asks, ' What is the creed of Idealism ? ' he will get for answer, ' Oh, it 's this sentimental something in general ' ; and of course the critics will be down on it. It 's a splendid target which you 've seen and said nothing about. I hope to goodness I may live a little to follow it out and articulate it. I am stirred just now with some odd results which have come from looking as closely as I can at that frightful obstacle to all Idealism, viz. animal pain. My optimism has got an impulse from it that is like feeling one's wings in the upper air for the first time. Look here, Dixon : supposing that pain is the inward recoil, the sort of subjective report of the value of external happenings to the self, the value for *me* or for *you* and for no one else, then these pains can't be accumulated. Sympathetic pains there are, of course. But these too are my own or your own, altogether an inward happening. To every soul its own and not a bit of any one else's. What follows ? A splendid law of distribution and

incommunicableness, so that the actual greatest pain in the world is not greater than that which is suffered by him who has it. For we can't aggregate each other's feelings as we accumulate and inherit knowledge from one another. This law of privacy and distribution has been overlooked, and the world is not so bad as it seems. And look again—is pain ever a bad thing? Is pain ever anything more than a protest against an injury which is being done, a 'Stop that!' What brings the pain may be bad, but pain itself is the waving of the red flag. We often are, and possibly always should be, thankful for it, and it is not the fault of the pain—it is not bad, even if we won't or can't take its warning. Again, is not pain relative to the mentality? Don't all the lights of the soul go down together, so that a dim consciousness can't have much pain, and none if the conscious activities, of which pain is the inside reflex, stop? We have been exaggerating frightfully and forgetting that pain is a utility (that may be frustrated but is still a utility), and if we take a wider outlook it may be all right. Is all this nonsense, and am I losing my head? or am I discovering something worth saying? Man, you almost make me believe in myself. God bless you!—Yours affectionately,

HENRY JONES.

*To a friend (on the loss of her husband).*

OXFORD, 20th February 1910.

MY DEAR ———,—I had not heard of your terrible loss, and I do not know what to say in the face of a tragedy that must bring to you the very depths of sorrow. But I would fain, if I only knew how, say something that may help you to prevent your life from being devastated.

I wish now I had known your husband. What you have sent me impresses me more than I can say. A life that was so full, so devoted, endowed with such silent strength, and that deep inarticulate tenderness—inarticulate only to an undiscerning world: you knew all the beauty of it.

Well, my dear friend, may I tell you what *I* felt after I lost the ablest and finest of my boys at sixteen years of age; so full of promise, so sane and strong. It was that

I was grateful to have had him even for a little while. He was, and is, a possession for ever. So was yours, and so it will be for you. Your husband was a gift that will never be taken utterly away, for there are things which time cannot touch.

Besides, I have often thought that, except for those who are left, death cannot have the significance we are prone to believe. Most probably the parting is not final. We cannot say, for we cannot escape the limits of our experience here, and there is the long, long, unanswering silence. But death is not an alien thing to the great scheme; it has a place, I believe with all my heart, and is not a meaningless intrusion.

I think I may say I have sat with sorrow, and I would bid you *trust*. Life will mean something less to you, for ever more, but it will also mean something greater. It will be linked more closely to what lies behind the horizon. *Trust*, my dear friend. Follow from day to day what tasks the days bring, and you will find the burden lightened on your heart. And be very sure that you will be guided. At every cross-road there stands, for the faithful, an indication of the way.—Yours affectionately,

HENRY JONES.

*To J. Morton, Carlisle*

*(acknowledging the gift of a rug, into which was woven Jones's 'family motto': 'From Awl to All.' Jones had recently spoken at an election meeting in Carlisle).*

GLASGOW, 28th March 1910.

DEAR MR. MORTON,—My wife and I don't know well how to thank Mrs. Morton and yourself. The rug came on the heels of your letter, and my two daughters at once spread it out before their mother and me. I have left them gazing at it. They are rather down on me for the motto; they have a vista of afternoon callers demanding explanation, and they are inclined to revolt, and there is great fun over my 'cheek.' But they are absolutely charmed with the rug. It is like a 'clean heart,' Mrs. Morton. For a clean heart means the renewal of the whole personality, and this rug

ought to carry with it the condemnation of its surroundings, and the renewal of them too, when my ship comes home, which will not be in this life.

I wish your arms were on it, for I wanted to be associated with you, but you Scotsmen draw back from little follies where the Welshman plunges. However, I shall prize it as long as I live. It will, I trust, be a reminder to my bairns that for once at least their father was in dead earnest over the affairs of his country, and met with one not less in deadly earnest in you, and that will help them too to be good citizens. With all thanks and greeting,—  
Yours very sincerely, HENRY JONES.

*To Miss E. M. Mahler.*

*April 1910.*

One feels that one is living in a world of meanings, and one's soul ought to be, and sometimes is, too, a stringed harp amongst the winds. I wish that only rays of light elicited sounds from it—would it not be nice to be senseless to all else, to feel only beauty, and goodness, and love, and to feel them to the full? . . . It is only once in my life that my spirit longed for colour. That was after too long a stay at St. Andrews. I longed for high hedges and narrow lanes instead of straight, hard stone dykes, and for green woods and green grass, and landscape that had no use except the glorious use of being beautiful. And (I must add) I am never altogether at home in the city. I want Nature—God's own unsullied garment. I've hungered for music, too—hungered so as to be thankful for crumbs, and thirsted till a mere drop of any kind of water was sweet: I've stopped in quiet corners to listen to a hurdy-gurdy.

But never mind these things. It is enough that the world is rich, and that its bounty is meant for us, and that there are wells at which one can drink deep, and that the thirst, and the slaking of that thirst, return again. That is not the orthodox version, I know. Still, it is true; for the glory of our life is this alternation of hunger and thirst, with fullness and joy and gratitude. 'Open thy mouth, and I shall fill it,' and 'Knock, and it shall be opened to you.'



If we could only avoid putting the shutters on the windows of the soul and blocking out the sweet light of heaven ! For it is only in that light that earth is at its bonniest. It is the sun that lends the colour. Earth responds, it is true ; but still it is the kiss that brings the flush that suffuses—the rose red of love, trust, and joy.

*To Professor Macneile Dixon (acknowledging a letter of sympathy on the death of his daughter Jeanie).*

GLASGOW, 17th June 1910.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Just one word. People have been very kind to us, and there is much writing. It is to say that for the time being, at any rate, all is well. I must say more. There is something very fine about it. You see, we have nothing at all to regret. I don't think I was ever unkind to Jeanie—no one was. She was perfectly beautiful. I always was a bit daft about her and unable to see any fault. And that beautiful life was quite complete, always complete, and now it can't be marred. Then she is very much with us *so far*. I have not so much the sense of loss as the sense of her presence. 'My beloved is mine,' and if I behave myself she will be mine, and I can go on all day at present as if I were doing things for her. What hinders me from carrying her within my heart now just as I did when I was from home, only *much more* ? These are the things that Mrs. Jones and I feel *at present*. Desolation *may* come, and I am afraid of later times. But as yet I can't say that 'God has been unkind.' You see, we had Jean for twenty-five years, and that was no mean privilege but something that makes us lift our heads.—Your affectionate friend,

HENRY JONES.

*To Rev. D. M. Ross (on Jeanie's death).*

ST. FILLANS, 21st July 1910.

MY DEAR ROSS,—I have been unable to write ; even now it must be just a word, for it tries me too much.

I shall not forget your kindness. You will know my regard for you from my coming to you when I was stricken. You must not be anxious for us. We have a great strong faith, Mrs. Jones and I, but things *here* have not gained their old value as yet. By and by they may be worth one's while again.

She was a most beautiful girl; and not one thing can any one of us regret either in what she did, or what we did to her. *That* is something. The beauty of her life is irrevocable, and we, Mrs. Jones and I, had the great glorious trust in our keeping for twenty-five years, and we are trying to be grateful. Indeed we are grateful, and we are not without hope; I think 'we shall arrive.'—Your affectionate friend,

HENRY JONES.

*To Miss E. M. Mahler.*

*May 1911.*

We leave the great things of life—life here and life beyond—in the hands that can hold them, and we too hold fast to the Love than can never die, but lives for ever. . . . We'll trust. Trust is everything, trust is peace, and it is even a kind of joy. Do you trust, and do not allow your thoughts to dwell on the sadnesses you cannot control.

That way lies helpfulness to others, and our own strength. . . . For God's love is like the open sea: it holds up those who trust it, and is the very medium of their life. So let us help when we can, and then wait patiently and trustingly. Do your very best to set aside cares you can't lift, and cares you can't help, and to say, 'These are not mine, but Thine. I do my little part. That part is Thine, and I trust.' Depend upon it, the discords of the present life are meant to melt into a wider harmony, and you know, and I know, what glory a resolved discord gives to music. Therefore have great joy in your work. For joy is such a strength. It will bring sleep, and strength, and courage, and even insight. I am always glad of Browning's phrase: 'Gladness be with thee, helper of the world.' Henry Drummond wired this to me when I was elected to St. Andrews; and many a time I have been thankful for the phrase.

*To Sir Harry Reichel (on hearing news of Lady Reichel's grave illness).*

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW,  
24th October 1911.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Gray told me this morning of your most grave anxiety concerning Lady Reichel, and I thought I should like just to reach you my hand. For there is very little we can say when we are being tried to the uttermost.

There was one day this last summer when Mrs. Jones and I received a cablegram from Harry which at the time seemed to mean what was worst. We walked round about the place, not able to say one word to one another.

We are acquainted with sorrow, Reichel, as your loving heart and Lady Reichel's know. Indeed, whatever one is busy with, sorrow seems always to stand at the door, and every now and then to knock and to say, 'I am here.'

But sorrow does not stand there alone, nor anxiety. You and Lady Reichel know how to trust the everlasting Love. Hold, my dear friends, to every gleam of hope, and believe profoundly that God was *never* unkind. Perhaps you will let me hear from you before long.—Yours affectionately and with deepest sympathy, HENRY JONES.

*To Professor Gilbert Murray (acknowledging congratulations on his knighthood).*

GLASGOW, 8th January 1912.

MY DEAR MURRAY,—I am foolishly, extravagantly glad to find that you are not condemning me. It cost me a lot of tossing to decide, and you and Bradley and W. P. Ker were in my thoughts. I remembered the actor in one of Browning's poems, the crowd mad with applause, but the *one* man whose verdict he cared for grim and silent.

*Of course* it is the reward of mediocrity; it never is anything else these days, for the fine old title has lost its lustre. But tho', God knows, I did not want it, and even fought hard to avert it, I could not refuse it in the end. There are my boys—my Burma boy most likely condemned to start life afresh at home, for he is ill with dysentery;

and there is my subject (inadvertently recognized), not without its use for the public and none the worse of a little recognition. And then, as Ll. George insisted, there is 'Wales,' a very wee country, which 'likes this sort of thing,' as he said; and 'You know, Jones,' he added, 'you and I must buck up for it.'

So, my dear Murray, I am very glad you don't condemn, and want you to plead for me with Bradley.—Yours ever,  
HENRY JONES.

*To Sir Harry Reichel (acknowledging congratulations  
on his knighthood).*

GLASGOW, 11th January 1912.

MY DEAR REICHEL,—I know quite well that your delight in any good that comes to me is like all else about you, as sincere as the open day; and I am glad that it is so, and very grateful to you.

I was very, very loath . . . I felt so keenly that *my* people are the common people. But I am glad that the better pride won the day over the meaner sort and that I accepted, especially since it has given the chance to so many of my old friends—many of them long out of sight—to express their goodwill. I have been very deeply touched both by the Scotch and my own dear wee people.

Don't lose courage, my dear old friend. We'll wait, you and I, and we'll trust, and in God's good time 'we shall arrive.' Amongst the 'cloud of witnesses' there are for you and me faces loved so deeply that in the presence of that love 'death does not count,' as Nettleship used to say. So we'll let it be and go on ploughing our little allotted field. We are in good hands.—Your ever affectionate friend,

HENRY JONES.

*To Miss E. M. Mahler (on his way to Texas).*

NEW YORK, September 1912.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—After a voyage which had begun with prospects of much internal trouble and ended with peace within and without, I am here, as you see, on dry land once



more. The first letters for England since I left Moville, at the north of Ireland, leave to-morrow, and I must have a word or two of a chat. I joined the boat and got your letter at Greenock, straight from Tighnabruaich. Jim came with me, and we parted very quietly on Greenock pier, not to meet, if all goes well, for five years—his first leave. I have just written to him from here, hoping to catch him before the boat leaves Southampton on the 9th October, and I was telling him how grateful I was *for* him and *to* him—that I had no least anxiety about him. He is the soul of honour and the most courteous of true gentlemen, is Jim.

At Moville we took in 400 additional passengers and were a crammed boat with more than 1200 souls on board and not an empty bunk. The Moville contingent were put in at night, the clear moon overhead, from two boats clinging one on each side of our own, like bairns to their mother.

Before morning next day there were signs of internal dispeace. It meant just lumping on one's clothes anyhow and hurrying on deck. I had hardly any actual sickness, but I was mighty quiet for the next two days in a deck chair, venturing neither to my cabin nor to the dining-saloon all day. Beside me there was a lady, in like condition, whom before long I was chaffing into courage and cheerfulness, no easy virtue in sea-sickness. After two days, the ship had less aggressive smells, and the world as a whole was beginning to acquire value and all was bright again. Then began a sort of free fellowship amongst the passengers, and an amount of kindly goodwill to me which made things very pleasant. In my own opinion, a combination of the 'professor' and 'sir' was responsible for the interest, fulfilling what one of my friends once said, that the title would help me to 'guide the ship of fools.' But that is a harsh and false word, for the Americans can be genuinely kind, and they were at their best with me. We had discussions in the smoking-room, hearty and friendly and also vigorous, over the Panama Bill, the Monroe doctrine, etc. etc. The first on which I entered with the least earnestness, came about through my noticing a square-jawed, heavily built, broad-shouldered man a little younger than myself,

with his skin all freckles, and stiff light yellow hair—one who had been taciturn and whose forcefulness seemed to betoken the merciless aggressiveness of a millionaire—speaking at last. He was about the only one who had not made up to or bowed to me, or otherwise showed kindly interest. ‘Well,’ I heard him say, ‘you have given your worr-r-r-rd’ (making the letter *r* growl and rumble), ‘and you should just keep it.’ He was standing like a granite rock for honesty. I struck in with him with my ‘wee bit logic,’ as Annie calls it, and we became great friends. He was no millionaire at all; he was like myself, a ‘stickit’ shoemaker. He had for years made boots with his hands, somewhere in the north of Scotland, and attended night schools, and is at present head manager of the shoemaking side of the Glasgow Co-operative Stores, with some fifteen hundred men under him—a royal block of manhood.

There was another of nature’s gentlemen—a working engineer on his way up, and there is no finer being living than the working man on his way up. I fell in love with him too. A Glasgow man he was, who had been in Honolulu, had ridden broncos somewhere, and, in short, I don’t know where he hadn’t been. Then there were two Californians, one of Scotch and the other of Irish extraction: one, I should say, an English public-school product, and the other the product of the world into which he had been launched at twelve years old, and of which he was now master of more than he could ever want, and owner of a whole line of ships trading with China and Japan as well. He had just been receiving the freedom of his native city. Both were first-rate men.

But I could write a long essay without doing justice, even by a sketch, to the interesting lot of passengers. I should have to speak of the ladies, and of the bonniest bairns I ever saw, except among the fairy Brownies of Burma. One day there were sports on deck from noon till eve, and the greatest fun, and ‘*Sir Henry Jones, Esq.*’ was the printed president who had to conduct the prize-giving in the saloon at night. ‘*Sir Henry Jones, Esq.*’ seemed to hit the popular taste, for the meeting ended with the most vociferous ‘He’s a jolly good fellow.’ Next night there was a concert, and a *first-rate concert*. A lady pupil of Joachim’s, now Professor

of Music in the University of Virginia, and Herr Schintz, first 'cello player of the best New York orchestra, took part, the latter calling himself a 'friend' in order to avoid breach of contract. The Californian shipowner was in the chair, and he spoke for twenty minutes on 'The Union of the Anglo-Saxon Race as a Condition of Universal Peace.' I had to propose the vote of thanks, and I struck in with the old fellow heartily, after some little chaff of 'sweethearts in the gloaming' musicians. I was slipping to bed half before midnight, when I was caught by a body of ladies, then on deck, and you would have been amused, my dear friend. There was no confining their jollity nor refusing a wee bit trinket, having the American and British flags on, which a lady pinned on my coat collar. Next day was Sunday, with writing in albums, and photography, and bidding good-bye, and 'You must let me come for you to Princeton with my motor'; 'You must drop in and see me as you pass through St. Louis,' etc. etc.

Amongst others, there was an old bachelor of seventy-six, just a bag of money, who grew confidential to me about the ladies in New 'Yoak' amongst whom he found it difficult to choose! I told him to let them be.

But I must stop. You *would* have enjoyed the thing had you been there. And now I am about to start for Princeton, New Jersey, and after that for far-away Texas. It is a bit of a bore, you know, and I had rather be at Noddfa on many accounts. But it is so far a right-down good holiday, which is just what I meant it to be. I have had no word from home as yet, nor did I expect any, and I'm not anxious. I'll be home about the end of October.—Yours as always,

HENRY JONES.

*To his son J. W. Jones (on his going to India).*

TEXAS, 13th October 1912.

A strong desire has come upon me just to send you one word of prayerful blessing as you arrive in your adopted country and set your hand to your work. I don't know any peace, Jim, or anything so quietly strong as the feeling that one is doing one's little best, and holding on to the right;

and that somehow or other, we know not how, He who made this most beautiful and wonderful world is at one's back. After what we have come through, you know, one is not sure of anything ; nor can one trust the continuance of things one little bit. I should not be surprised, for instance, if a prophet told me that I'm not to reach home after all, but that the 'summons' will meet me on the way ; and I *think* I would say 'Adsum,' like old Colonel Newcome, and move on to the unknown like a good soldier.

But there is one thing I want. I want my boys to hold up the flag, flying clear in the wind, and to have no spot of rust on their sword, nor of faintness in their heart ; and even when things have *not* gone as well as they might, not to lose one jot of courage, no ! not when they are not satisfied with themselves. I'd not give peace to God Himself, is the feeling I have, but would thunder at the gates of heaven itself to secure that. This is only a wild way of speaking, of course ; but Jim ! my beloved laddie, again I say, 'Keep the flag flying in the breeze and your sword bright,' and may the good God bless you most abundantly !

I did not mean to preach, laddie. But, ye ken, you are in a new country under very new circumstances, and those circumstances will see to it, you may be sure, that you will be thoroughly tried, in body, soul, and spirit ; and my heart goes out to you.

*To J. W. Jones, in India.*

NEW YORK, October 1912.

New York gives me a perfectly different feeling from London. It is not so big, but it is more monstrous in every way. Waste, waste of wealth and of men and women. Vulgar display, implacable self-assertion, a sort of half rhetorical, half challenging attitude towards others, a living in presence of an audience, theatricality of spirit—that is what strikes one in general here. . . . There is none of the feeling of settledness, or of being in hand and looked after and controlled, that there is in London. London has its own most dark side, and God knows it is not kept out of view ; but I can walk there in calmness of spirit at night, while



here, last night, I felt as a deer may feel in the forest in the darkness—listening to the snap of every twig. No doubt I'd get over it if I were here for some time, and no doubt I was a little tired after that long, dusty journey from Texas. But I do not want to see New York any more.

*To Miss E. M. Mahler (on his return from Texas).*

ON THE BOAT, 21st October 1912.

I shall be glad that I have done this trip. It has been a success all along. My path brimmed with kindness from men and women as if with flowers, and *such* hospitality and generosity in Texas! The one thing that I do *not* like, that I almost abhor, is New York, that wicked, wicked city. I had no interest in seeing it. The rushing and the crowding and the noise would have done me real harm in a little. . . . Taking America as a whole, there are evidences of a powerful revulsion from political and other forms of dishonesty. I was told that this guess of mine was correct. I sort of felt this everywhere, and it gave me great joy. These sturdy sons of ours will come to their own yet, and their aggressiveness will be turned towards the things that are beautiful.

I purposed before coming on board this time to think of a subject for the Manchester address and to sketch it. So far I have done nothing except wonder whether a good subject would not be, 'Is it possible to prove moral and spiritual beliefs?' or something of that kind. I don't like at all the way in which people, like Bergson for one, forego strict demonstration and severity of method when they come to deal with things that are worth while.

*To J. W. Jones, in India.*

TIGHNABRUAICH, 19th November 1912.

MY DEAR JIM,—Now for a wee chat across the seas, and across a great lot of India perhaps by this time. Your stay in Secunderabad was to be short, was it not?

When things are going right there is the less to say, and for the last few days things have been going very fairly. Hal was much better yesterday, and once more in good heart. He went away with Arthur, first to Glasgow, and then to London to 'eat his dinners and sit his exam.', and perhaps he will go to Woking. He and I are planning to meet in South Wales at Xmas, some five weeks hence, where I deliver a series of lectures in and around Keir Hardie's constituency. That gentleman, in my opinion, has been lowering the tone of the citizenship of my countrymen down there, aggravating labour difficulties and teaching the working man that unlimited greed and aggression which were the monopoly of the landowners a wee while ago. (I have been reading the life of Charles James Fox, by Trevelyan—a charming book; and it really staggers one to see how the landed aristocracy ran the State, and stole its money, and did as they liked with other folk.) Well! I want to give Keir Hardie's constituency at least a notion of something better. And Hal will come to some of the meetings if all is well. Then we'll go up to North Wales and get a few days in Llangernyw. Poor old Hal! He had a rather rough awakening this last time. I am certain he had dreams of returning soon to Burma. I found him considerably down last Friday when I came here, and only yesterday was he in his old form—teasing his mother, and so on. His pay stopped yesterday, and he is going to the India Office to see if he can take on some other job, supposing he can get one. He'll be happier, Jim, once it is definitely settled either that he can or that he can not go back to Burma. My own private opinion is that the doctors won't feel entitled to keep him permanently away from Burma; for he is still looking well, in spite of being reduced. And he has so much go in him.

Well! Jay, laddie, I'm just letting the pen lead me whither it will. If I did not make it a rule and put a stern rein on myself, I should be anxious lest that East might be hard on you too. But '*hope* is a better bedfellow than anxiety,' I tell myself; and courage and trust are good company. But add *great* caution to all these. Make as much of life as you possibly can, so that, when you've done with it, it will be felt that a *power for good* has spent itself

once more in raising the old world a wee bit higher. And to make much of life one must be careful of it—especially there. Isn't it so, my boy ?

I have not much right to preach, or advise, or admonish, or anything else, these days. I have not done any really good work since my return three weeks ago. But I have started a movement for a 'Department of Citizenship' in the University ; and it takes time to net people into it. Lord Provost Stevenson was interested in this affair : he wanted to make his Provostship memorable by getting a 'Chair of Civics.'

It is a thing that needs skilful steering, Jay ; but so far it's going along. To-night I dine with John Mann—the accountant ; to-morrow I lunch with Sir John Primrose, etc. Then on Friday I'll be glad to get home again to this dearest of all wee places in the world, as mamsie and I think.

I wish I had seen you trundling out that baby. I'd have enjoyed your grin, and your twinkling eyes, full of fun like your grand old Daid's. That's right, Jay. You are one of the lucky fellows who can afford to come out of your shell and be frank and sociable. And the longer I live, the more I believe in being kind to folk through thick and thin. Undoubtedly the world echoes back our own moods and gives us what it gets from us : hate for hate, grumps for grumps, joy for joy, etc. ; though sometimes one meets low and unjust men, and the return is delayed.

Browning speaks of a big hypocritical, unclean bishop, out of reach of the world's censure, and says :

' But he's a case reserved.'

Man ! Browning is a big chap. His poetry is like what I think the Himalayan scenery is, which perhaps you will see, my dear laddie ! God bless you ! You must learn to know and love Browning and the big poets yet. There is nothing quite so good in this whole world, I think, as the big poets at their best.

I must stop now, for my work is crying out aloud.

There is one thing, however, I want to say now, lest I forget it.

You know how your mother has to be kept, so far as

possible, from all trying or disturbing news. You know, too, that she has always wanted Hal and me to exchange our little secrets, and is not one bit jealous, as most women would be, if Hal puts in a wee private note with ' *For Dads* ' on it.

Now, Jay, I 'm behind you through good and ill, of every kind, to the end. There is nothing that you can ever suffer, whether from high or low, nothing in which you yourself may blunder, which will hold back my love and help for one moment. And heaven knows I 've blundered enough myself, and ought to have been ten times bigger and better than I can ever be now. So don't hesitate, if you feel I can be of use and are impelled to make me your companion on the way, when the sky is dark and the heavens obscured. You know what I mean, my own boy.

I wish I could be of more use to you all. But *you* are all right. It is Arthur and Enid whom I feel most difficult to help. I wish *A.* had a stronger passion for his work, and had some goal for which he was resolutely making. There is nothing like a good goal—a bit of high, private ideal that one nurses in one's breast. But, patience, that may come to him too.

However, I *must* stop. I may add a word on the boat, and may not.

More power to you in any case, my own lad.—Your loving father,

HENRY JONES.

*To J. W. Jones, in India (on a lecturing tour in South Wales coalfields).*

PONTYPRIDD, Xmas 1912.

I wish very much you were with me during this lecturing tour of mine. It is a sort of ' Public Health ' business I am after. I want these fellows here to have healthier surroundings for their minds than the poisonous atmosphere of shallow ideas of their headlong leaders and their flint-hard opponents. Jove, Jim! between the folly of their own leaders and the merciless hardness of some of the masters and capitalists, these poor hard-working fellows are like grain between two whirling millstones. This, you know,



is the very heart of the strike district. It will take families here, hundreds and hundreds of them, years and years before they have recovered from the effects of the last strike. Debts in shops, for rent, etc. etc., will hold them down for half a lifetime. And they have really so little to say as to striking or not striking. Irritated and exasperated by hardness and injustice on the one side, and excited by promises which can't possibly be made good on the other, they really are as little free as an instrument is free from the manipulation of the man who plays on it.

*To J. W. Jones, in India.*

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW,  
4th March 1913.

MY DEAR JIM,—This is your mother's birthday, but I never know, laddie, whether she likes one to wish her 'many returns' or not. Her life, in its quiet ways, is very much divided between what she sees and what she hopes and divines and waits for from the great scheme of things. *Love* makes the other world one world with this, and death but a stream, the farther bank of which we can't see; and we have Will and Jean on the other side. For I do not believe, although I am well acquainted with all the forms of scepticism and denial, that the nature of things is so feeble as not to be able to avoid deleting the finest things it produces; and there are characters, like Jean and Will, with all their unrealized possibilities unfulfilled, and their great, great beauty. One thing is *certain*, that *denial* is as unjustifiable as and more reckless than faith in this matter; and if there is not *certainly*, still the balance is on the side of the permanence of the Master-element: and the Master-element in the world, which shapes things and *uses* the world as its material—is MIND.

Well, machgen i,<sup>1</sup> this is the region in which my work lies. Just at present I am hard at it trying to persuade the folk here that economical interests are not everything. It is a stiff job. But I am not going to be beaten altogether.

But of this again, if I have time. I sent you a paper

<sup>1</sup> My boy.

with another speech of mine in it—just to show you that your old dad is not letting his armour rust.

So you've got to Trichy. By the time this comes you will be acquainted with the ins and outs of the place, and I do trust continuing to find things to your mind and keeping well in spite of the heat. Your letter I got last night—Arthur bringing it from Tighna, because I missed this week-end and stayed in Glasgow over the Sunday. You were describing your journey, the jail at Madras, and your own quarters there; and telling of Cymro. Cymro must have slaughtered some poor old pie-dog before he gains confidence in himself: after that he may become brave to imprudence! He's evidently a funny dog, and a good companion.

The jail work does not look inviting, I must confess. But push on, laddie, and you'll shove yourself right through that sort of thing, even if it does come in as you go on your way. When are you facing your exam. in Urdu? Hal is working for his exam. in *Real Property*, and joking and playing golf and flourishing. He has taken his passage on September 4 for himself and Mair. You would be *surprised* if you saw how he is changed. He looks as strong as any country lout you can meet, and will get *hard*, I do believe, before the summer is out.

Arth is fine; En is getting on; and Mamsie never changes. I am *particularly* well. My digestion has given me no trouble since you shoved that sewage pipe into it! You young beggar!

I have just addressed the dictionary for you. I guess, Jay, you want to improve your writing. Now: (1) Know that it is *good as it is*: clear, fresh, natural, and to the point. (2) That nothing improves the style like *always* writing just as you feel. There is *no* quality like sincerity and naturalness. Much reading enriches, and, laddie, I want you to be a reader of good books—I don't say '*goodie*,' mind; but the products of clear, honest, manly minds which have pondered well over this rich world of ours.

I am, for my part, getting fonder of history all the time; and a novel must be pretty good to keep my temper calm.

Will you let me send you some books? One is restrained by the idea of your being knocked about, and I don't want

to SHOVE you, ye ken ; or to act the great panjandrum. You'll be a better man than I have been, my lad, and so will Hal, if you are blessed and guided and given life and health.

There is a strong spring wind blustering outside, with that half-summer, half-winter temperature in it that makes such a grand mixture. I am sitting quiet in my wee room at College, and I do love to hear the music of the gale. I wish you could have a *bathe* in the wind, and pull great draughts of it into your inside. But that will come. You have your own good work and good things, and it is a fine plan to remind one's self that things *are* good, and to 'go ahead.' I fancy that the British Tommies can give one a lesson in cheerfulness—can they not ? But it is very odd, but it often comes out, that in real hard straits the educated nature stands the longest strain. Did you see that *Scott* was the last to die, on that Antarctic Expedition. Man ! there's fine grit in the world yet ; and I *do* believe our own folk have a lion's share of it.

I must stop, however, and turn to, for I am as busy as I am well, and one thing after another is crying out for me.

Have you any uses for your guns there, Jay ? Mind you are not rash when you do get the chance ; for you havena' much experience, and tigers aren't island rabbits, are they ?

Your letters are a constant joy to your mother and me, Jim ; and it will go hard but you get our own wee bit chatter from week to week.—Your loving father,

HENRY JONES.

*To Miss E. M. Mahler.*

TIGHNABRUAICH, *March 1913.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You have been much on my mind since Annie got that unsatisfactory account of you at Beattock ; and we are anxious to know how you are. Will you let Annie and myself know with the least delay short of putting yourself about ?

We have good enough news of ourselves. We did not hear from Jim this last mail—the first for him to miss. But Annie and I are trying to be sensible and to remember that

bad news travels fast. It is, we trust, some petty accident, harmless, that has kept us from having Jim's letter. Enid came home yesterday, and is very cheery. And Arthur is here on holiday, and as happy as the day is long amongst his birds and beasts. The weather has been superb. Yesterday was a perfect spring day, and to-day is fine, though there is a cold blade in the centre of the softness of the wind.

Annie is first-rate. I am very well, playing golf in the afternoons and working at Bosanquet the rest of the day. I must write a review of his last book, and an article on him, before the holidays are over.

I mean to challenge him on a very important point. I think he underestimates the significance of personality, and goes further in the way of absorbing and transmuting finite selves in the Absolute than he has a right to do. I don't know how far individual immortality is desirable for oneself. But I think that the preservation and the continued education of souls may be very precious in the eyes of the Absolute or of God !

In any case, Bosanquet has no right to minimize the matter as he does. I think that there are *lives* worth having if *only for a little* ; but that is not inconsistent with saying that if these lives hold for ever, the good would be still greater. The people who doubt immortality seem to me to have a poor opinion of the *resources* of the Divine Being !

I'll add not one word more, except 'Be of good courage, and at the same time take great care of yourself.'—Yours always,

HENRY JONES.

*To J. W. Jones, in India (written just before  
the operation).*

TIGHNABRUAICH, 26th June 1913.

MY DEAR BOY,—Now for a wee chat, in addition to the weeword I sent you yesterday. I am writing in the summer-house, and the morning is most fresh and bonnie ; and I am feeling *first-rate*. I never was in better trim, nor could I be in better condition to go into the surgeon's hands. I am at present, and I have been all along, perfectly peaceful in mind, and I shall not throw away any least chance of passing



through the operation, or of making the most of what is left of me for whatever length of life remains *after* the operation.

It isn't that I feel certain that I'll come through the operation, or be worth much for any one if I do. I haven't the least idea. But my quietness comes from knowing that all these matters are not for me to settle. The *issue* of the fight is not in my hands. It is in far better hands. What *is* in my hands is to carry out my own wee part of the battle ; and I am going to do that, just like a common soldier who has a grand trust in his 'General.' All the same, I *believe* that I'll come out all right, Jay, and that you and I will have jolly good times together yet.

This is all very cruel to you, Jim bâch ; for you are all alone there. But I've promised to be frank. We are promised to each other to be frank ; and that is, after all, the *least* cruel.

Now, Jay ! I'll give you a tip, for I am acquainted with grief. Grieve as little as possible, *trouble* as little as possible, where you can't help. The way *NOT* to *think* (*needlessly*) *about trouble, is to think about something else*. So, lad, *go on* as if all were right at home, so far as you possibly can : keep your mind in hand and going on something else. One's *work* is the best thing : and there are one's good companions—books, and amusements. *KEEP* the mind *OFF* me, *so far* as you can, by keeping it *on* something else.

This is *all*, I think. I've just had word that I'm to be off very soon ; and that means writing more letters before post time. So, my beloved boy, this being the mail day, I must stop.

Whether I get through or not, **BE BRAVE** : **Be KIND** : and Be a *hard worker* ! And may God bless you !—Your loving father,

HENRY JONES.

*To E. H. Jones, in Burma*

*(on preparing to return to work after his operation).*

13th October 1913.

I am as perky again as a cock-sparrow. I have got my stuff fairly ready, and I expect to get through easily.

There is nothing wrong except that I feel I am a great humbug, for I am refraining from thinking much or doing more than the minimum of anything. The result is a condition of soul which is not admirable, and which is certainly not that of contentment. I don't know that I could write anything much, but I do know that I am very discontented with what has been written of late years, and very full of questions. I don't know whether things are new, but I do know that they never felt or seemed newer than they are these years.

*To E. H. Jones, in Burma.*

*March 1914.*

The only thing that I can boast of is that I am taking care of myself. It is really awful, the little I do. Nothing but my lecturing, and that for the last two or three weeks over familiar ground. The first time in nearly thirty years of teaching for me to give deliberately old stuff (repeat old lectures, I mean) to my honours class. Of course, I re-sketched for the ordinary class every day, but the ground is necessarily familiar. . . .

My insisting on your working less is a measure of my concern, and indicates my conviction that you are in danger of a big blunder, that of overtaxing your system and bringing a bad kick-back. Thank God that I can speak in this way to you, my boy, without tempting you *not* to tell me things. You and I have gone on the policy of being pretty frank and open, far beyond what is common, and I have as much right to preach to you as you had to preach to me; and if I were a bit down again, you would be the first for me to tell, for it would distress you more to think you did not know things. I don't know which of us is the goose and which the gander, Hinery, but I have been a very obedient and cautious father, and I canna' see why you can't be an obedient son and *go canny* and never *overstrain* but *always* have an eye to keeping fit in the midst of everything. It is the long pull, the steady pull, and not the sudden flash and rush, that does it. . . .

*(On his son's anger over a case of official corruption.)*

There is one mark I should like to underline. It is that to keep in one's mind a matter like this, a matter that brings the feeling of hatred and anger, is like keeping a bit of stinking meat in one's larder—it is unhealthy and poisonous. So *out* with it, machgen i, for we can shut things out, and strong men do it. It is a condition of a healthy soul and of good work, and the mischief *will* pass, provided you do not let the matter hurt your mind and it has not hurt you physically. . . .

(After giving advice as to dealing with a particular situation, the letter ends :—)

But I know how foolish it is for me to give any advice. My experience has not fitted me for anything of the kind. Be very sure of every one who is at all near to you and Mair, and don't fear!! You will make real friends amongst your folk, and, though not fearing, will always have your eyes open. One will do, but not less than one, laddie mine.

*To E. H. Jones, in Burma*

*(on the investigation of a charge against an official).*

TIGHNABRUAICH, 19th April 1914.

Your last letter was written when you were on your first tour, Hal. You were just going round getting facts, about to tackle difficulties and 'strike,' as you put it. (Metaphors determine as well as describe one's state of mind sometimes, Hal. Watch them!) I hope you arranged to solve without much striking. It seems to me that your problems now, many of them, have a different character from those of former days—that you have to deal with facts now often at second remove instead of direct, not as they are or happened, but as they have been reflected through and sometimes distorted by the minds or prejudices and passions of your subordinate officials. I fancy you'll find that such jobs are more difficult and less satisfactory—the educated contrariness of some folk is worse than the selfishness and stupidity of simple people. You'll be tried in a new way, and will blunder sometimes, I have no doubt,

and your blunders will be visited on you more dangerously, I should say. And *unless you look out, you will not have the same readiness of sympathy, and that wide charity which is the best guide to justice*, with officials, as when you were dealing direct with the natives. So, Hal, watch yourself in this. I have not the least fear of you, my own lad. But I realize that you are being tried in a new way, and used in a fashion not familiar. If you can maintain the same attitude of sympathy and justice as to the poor cultivators, and gain the goodwill of the officers and their affection while moving amongst them as a wise, just, sympathetic, strong, far-seeing force, you 'll do, my own laddie. And you will move in that way—I have not the least fear of you. And somehow my dread of ill-health for you and for Mair is far less insistent now, and I do hope I am not wrong in this. I feel sometimes as if, like a rickety old Zayat,<sup>1</sup> I could not endure rough handling any more (and the rough handling would be, not my illness, but yours or Jim's), but would collapse into a heap of rotten timber. But, Hinery, I'm no rotten timber as yet—awa' wi' sich thochts. My long lie to-day, if explained, will give you light on the whole situation. After Mr. and Mrs. Hetherington left yesterday by boat, Art and I went to Loch Ascog to fish, the second time this year. We arrived about 2.30, found the loch within little more than a boat-length of the boathouse, launched the boat, and fished diligently till 6 P.M. Arthur was rowing most of the time, except when we were drifting; and I caught just two fish. For three days prior to yesterday I had been golfing one round a day. The first of the three alone, the second with H., a fine, hard-fought game in which he tried to give me four bisques. I beat him by three and two and a bisque to spare. He went round in 40 and I in 42 (bogey's 38). The third day Bennett came with us, and we played a three-ball match, not nearly so good. But B. was giving me beans. He was three up and four to play, and was up on H. too. It ended by my taking the four last holes and beating them both.

Last letter to you I was complaining I had no spring in me, was I not? (I am an old ass!)

<sup>1</sup> Zayat=rest-house—often built of bamboos.



The result of these struggles was that by the time I had finished lashing the waters yesterday, in my persevering way, standing nearly all the time, and putting my soul into almost every throw—dash it, man, I was simply dragging my limbs home, I was so tired. Mamsie saw it and out came the real categorical imperative. So here I am writing to you in bed and enjoying myself A1 really. Mamsie herself is in great trim. She really is looking well and young. The weather now is superb—has been for five or six days; and it is just the time for gardening. And there she is, shoving in some new little area of flower seed in some new corner of the grass or of the kitchen garden, where she shouldn't. There is a fiction that she is forbidden these invasions of the useful by the beautiful, and the fiction gives the fun. You would be greatly pleased with her, Mairie dear; and if I thought you got in your garden something of the health and peace and strong quiet that Mamsie has in hers, I would be so thankful to the good God. . . .

I am glad you are hearing from Jim. Keep the connection close. These are the most precious things in life, these bonds of kinship and love.

*To Lord Novar, shortly after his appointment as  
Governor-General of Australia.*

TIGHNABRUAICH, April 1914.

My friends are a curious assortment. First comes the 'muckle buik,' as you say—some sort of a verse remembered from childhood. Then after that I think my main stay is Browning and Wordsworth. But I am no help to anybody else. So much of my work lies along the horizon where 'this life dips out of sight,' and the issues of character are so much my study, that I find refuge—only, the word is too strong—in the oddest places. I turn to some outside book. About three weeks ago it was *Robinson Crusoe*! Just now it is Sir Percy Fitzpatrick's glorious dog book, *Jock and the Bushveldt*.

For you, I am certain, whose life will be more than ever filled with men and their concerns, nothing would be finer than the finest of the same two poets. But there are miles

of waste land in both of them, and the books of excerpts, except Matthew Arnold's, don't give the best. There are three parts of *The Ring and the Book* (Caponsacchi, Pompilia, and the Pope) that have pumped more courage into me at times than aught else, and have helped to give me quite unlimited faith in the benevolence of the great scheme of which we are such minute parts. But the joy of life is in what one does, not in what one gains or has. You and Lady Helen will be helping some one all along. Not self-sacrifice. I don't believe one bit in that for its own sake, but in effective hitting out against some evil or disentangling and straightening some mess. And then a wee bit of Wordsworth or a snatch of Shakespeare comes in so grand, as one takes breath for another bout.

May God bless you both! You are both amongst the dearest of all the friends that I have; and though we did not meet very often, the feeling that you are going far away presses a bit. Be full of courage. You can't help being kind, and these two qualities will pull one through almost anything.

*To E. H. Jones, in Burma.*

*May 1914.*

I wonder much what *is* the value of man's life on earth relative to the moral salvation of the race. I fancy it is small. History, or the spirit of it, is willing to buy the *good* for humanity, by means of humanity, which is the only way, at a terribly big price. It must be a fine thing, Hal. . . . Life verily *is* one d—d thing after another, but it is wonderful how well one can strap the bundle to one's back and trudge along, if there is a happy sparkle on the hearth—and you two possess that priceless good fortune. . . .

Think of Mamsie and me as 'holding on' with a courage and trust made fairly tough by hard work in the past. Be you, too, trustful, and feed *your soul* a little when you get the chance with the *fine* things. For it is the invisible world of motives and purposes, and ends, and will and justice, and loving-kindness—that is the *big* world, and not the mere shell we see.

*To E. H. Jones, in Burma.*

26th August 1914.

As to being 'a hanging judge,' laddie, I've no fear of that. You know far too well how 'o'er-punished wrong grows right,' as Browning says somewhere. Punishment loses all value when it is *regarded* as excessive, and the sympathy changes from the wronged to the wronger, making the criminal a hero. But you'll be saying, 'Maw, I'm no' gaun to write to Paw ony mair, 'cos he preaches at me.' Your mother was quoting you to me to that effect at tea this afternoon. . . .

*A stoot heart to a stey brae*, laddie mine. Remember that '*justice is mercy in disguise*,' and that when it ceases to be mercy it ceases to be just. You'll always be kind to the weak, laddie mine; can you as easily be gentle to the strong? I'm afraid I canna'. But I have little experience and no light to give. But I have great reliance on you, and sair pity. It's awful if you have to wreck a man old in the service, without the chance that youth has to repair its ruins. But you must go straight—and you *will*—God bless you! Be full of quiet trust, and have a read of the *wise books* now and then, 'for they enlarge the view.'

*To J. W. Jones, in India.*

TIGHNABRUAICH, 2nd September 1914.

MY BELOVED BOY,—For the first time since you left home your letter has not come side by side with the letters from Mair and Hal. And I fancy I know the reason why, my own laddie. I am thinking that the military powers have struck in and kept your letters back; and even, perhaps, that your regiment and you may be already in Europe and on the way to that awful battlefield. So I am writing, as it were, into empty space, and I don't know where you will get my letter, or under what circumstances. Your mother has not guessed as yet that you may be in the War; but I shall prepare her little by little, so that if,

or when, she is told, she may be able to bear it. She is very brave, you know, but it costs her a great deal. A couple of days ago we were speaking of Arthur, and of the possibility of his serving the State in some capacity. She agreed cordially with me that it would be far better for him to enlist than to go about to the end of his days afraid that he had not done his duty.

As I think of you, perhaps in the field or just behind it, I feel quite incapable of giving advice. One thing I know with absolute certainty, and that is that you will face *anything* that is required without flinching: whatever else you boys or myself may lack, we are not funks. What I think you might do in the way of an error would be to overtax your strength, or face an *impossible* and therefore unnecessary task. Be prudent and have your eye in your head, my own laddie, as well as full of heart and courage. But, dear, dear! who am I to give you advice, if your circumstances are such as I think probable? I'll just send you our love instead, and the little quiet news of home. We are all well, and so is Hal; and Mair, if she carries out her purpose, should be starting home to-morrow. We don't know yet if she is really coming, for the letters are about a week late in arriving. Hal had not heard of the War, except that of Austria and Servia, when he wrote; though he guessed that we might be drawn into it. Hal wrote very cheerfully. He is *very* busy, and still on the track of the fellow he suspects of taking bribes. The job, I gather, would tax the powers of Sherlock Holmes. Arthur is to leave Novar for home this week; but he won't arrive for some days after leaving Novar. He is going to call round some of his chums. I still propose that as soon as he gets to Glasgow for the serious work, he shall begin to drill in some capacity—so as to be ready to be of use, *if possible*, at home, but if need be, abroad. I wish he could stand more fatigue. He has pluck and he is cool, but he is not able to stand as much as Hal or you. Bless you, my laddie! How my heart does yearn for you; and how you *would* like to send a word to and get a word from your mamsie and me! Mind! I'm *not* going to go one inch to *meet* trouble where I can give no help. So I'm going to think of you as giving *immense help amidst*



*the awful wreckage.* But I must not go on in this line. I believe that all is well, somehow, with those who serve the *Best* that man knows; and, in all probability, this is the mere *prelude* to a bigger life. For it is not the things you *see* and *handle* that rule even here: it is *mind* that fires and invented the cannon, and *motives* that no one ever saw which have set all the machinery of war going—the crazy, guilty motives that go to make vulgar ambition amongst the powers of Europe, and especially that marauding brigand Germany. I'm glad and devoutly grateful that it is your mission to *heal*, my own boy. I trust you will come back some day to quiet life, enriched and strengthened by your experience. Enid comes home to-day—her month at the Children's Home now over, much to her sorrow: she was quite loath to leave. Mamsie is first-rate, and uncle Hugh and aunt Janie and Dame are here. Dame waits a while, but your uncle and aunt go off to-morrow. I am going to try to beat him at golf this afternoon. He *is* a good fellow, and mother loves having him. He and I find it difficult to talk or think of anything but the War; and tho' we are now at opposite poles of politics and all that, we see eye to eye on this business. I just got off my article on it for the *Hibbert Journal* in time. It was a toughish job for a time, but after I found my second wind I got on all right.

Jack M'Intosh is training in the south of England, liable to go to the front. Arthur M'Intosh is a trooper in Tullibardine's Horse. Willie Jones, your Bangor cousin, is second lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery, also going to train *more*, somewhere. Arthur Miller (our Arthur's friend) has applied for his commission, but hasn't got it as yet; etc. etc. But not a soul knows except uncle Hugh and the Medrox aunties that my own laddie, *you*, my own brave boy, are nearer the line of fire than any of them. May God bless you and keep you! A great trust in the right and a great calm of soul for you, my laddie! The 'Man of Sorrows' used to say, '*MY PEACE I leave unto you*': and that peace of soul in the midst of stress is one of the great things of life; and a man at his post, who is doing his best, has a *right* to that peace.—Your trusting and loving father,

HENRY JONES.

*To Lord Novar.*

TIGHNABRUAICH, 27th February 1916.

MY DEAR SIR RONALD,—Your letter came yesterday, and I was glad to have it. I wish, however, you had told me more of yourself and of Lady Helen. But it is evident that there is in your mind just one thing, like the rest of us—the War and what it means. I wish you were here. I wish we could talk about things, though discussion leaves one just where one was before—fronting things that time alone can unwrap!

What you tell me of your people is very interesting. I liked them during my brief visit. They were generous, light-hearted, somewhat pleasure-loving, and in a way irresponsible and flighty, I thought, but also musical and adventurous, and with a happy recoil in them if fortune used them ill. But I may have been all wrong in my judgment. Even so, my liking lasts, and my memories of Australia are exceedingly pleasant and grateful. I have no doubt that when you come home you will bring a rich freight of liking for them in your soul, and we shall be gladder than ever to get you. Your letter, both your letters, tell me of Mr. Hughes, your War Minister. I wish I knew how to meet him and how to be of any use. So far, I have not heard of his arrival. When he does come I'll not fail to let Ll. G. know what a countryman he and I have in him. . . .

The one thing I allow myself to say about our leaders at home is that they could do with a good deal more *courage*. They were *afraid* to withdraw from Gallipoli; they have been afraid to deal with strikers; *ditto* with trades, and above all with the Drink Trade. The country would gladly have stood *far* stronger dealing. It is undoubtedly better than its leaders, political or religious or moral or financial!

But, on the other hand, when I compare what we have done with what Abraham Lincoln did in the same time, I'm a very proud man! Lincoln was very great—possibly the greatest statesman since the elder Pitt. But, however you look at his success, even *relatively*, you will find that it was less than ours. Asquith is slow, but he is wise; Ll. G., with whom I had a charming talk on Thursday night, is no

fool, and he has both enterprise and courage. And really, the way in which he has turned Great Britain into a munitions shop is marvellous. He was *awfully* tired. I think, unless he takes a rest, he may mess something or another. Bonar Law is playing the game well, and making a reputation—as easily as any man I’ve ever heard of, but quite honestly. Bless my soul, what a rickety affair, full of petty contingencies, the getting or the losing of political favour with the public often is !

But *the country is superb* : steadfast, patient, resolute ; and our young men on the battlefields are incomparable. They are sound in every fibre of the soul. My own three boys are typical of thousands, and I would like a *chance* of bowing and laying bare my white old head before them. Arthur, who was at Novar, has been for months at the Ypres salient. He has a section under his charge and *machine guns*, and is liked and trusted much. He writes wee cheery scraps to his mother *almost* daily, and tells her now and then what things are like. He is perfectly clear-eyed, and steady, and cool ; as brave and as noble a lad as ever breathed. When you let me come to see you at Raith I’ll tell you some of his stories. *What* an experience he is having ! and what a man it is making of him !

Harry wrote his last-arrived letter to us from Kut-el-Amara. It was on the 25th November ! Since then he has been under siege with Townshend as a second lieutenant, enjoying his work greatly, in the Indian Army Reserve, Volunteer Mobile Battery. *Well !* this last week a wire came from Basra saying that Hal was ‘*safe and well.*’ It came to his wife—who has two babies, one a wee lass, and another a wee boy about two months old. She is in Wales with her folk. Whether Harry has merely got a message out, or whether he has been allowed to *go out* and has escaped, carrying some message, I don’t know. We must wait and see. The last alternative is what his wire would bear out most naturally. And, furthermore, he had no sooner set foot in Mesopotamia last July (or June) than he began to learn Arabic. Wherever he went he hired a tutor. Now, *that* may have made him useful to Townshend or some lower authority, and helped him to escape. We’ll see !

I must stop without telling you anything of your friends

and mine—yours much more closely, for you have known them long. But I saw that Sir Hugh Shaw-Stewart was saying things about the Liquor Control Board that much needed saying. That Board *did* muddle such a fine thing through pettiness of mind.

At home here, what remains of my family is doing well. My daughter has recovered; Annie and I are getting old (really), but are still ‘joes,’ and more than ever perhaps; and I should add, my third Indian Medical boy, Captain with the Guides, is doing excellently. The University has very empty quads, and they are always becoming more empty; but the best have gone long ago. And one way or another we are going to pull thro’, even if it costs us twenty years. . . .

But I must not sin by being too garrulous as well as by being so long silent. I send my devoted greetings to Lady Helen and yourself.—Yours ever, HENRY JONES.

*To the Rev. G. MacNaughton, Carsphairn.*

TIGHNABRUAICH, 25th April 1916.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—It was a true feast, your letter and your annual message to your people. The first had so many movingly generous and affectionate things in it that I dare hardly refer to it. Somehow I think that you and I are pilgrims on the same road, to the same country. But I am very lame and limping, and always prone to turn into some byway, and ‘the Light’ does not sit on my brow as it does on thine, my dear partner. So I value you as Christian valued Faithful, and will follow!

Your address is true and strong and kind, and therefore full of help, and it turns on one of the finest of all the phrases of the God-intoxicated Spinoza, a great favourite of mine. There is something in *Sartor* about looking at the affairs of men over the horn of the moon, and about the city seen from the heights, looking so small that you might cover it with your hat. But looking at things ‘*sub specie aeternitatis*’ does not make them small. It rather shows the possibilities, the spiritual potencies that may be in circumstances otherwise very insignificant. ‘Inasmuch as



ye have done *it*'—a cup of cold water—a visit in prison, etc. What *is* a good man except a man who sets *free* the spiritual splendours that slumber in homely things and circumstances?

But I must not go on. I was glad to hear news of Carsphairn, and above all of your two boys. Give them my very kind greetings, and tell them that even yet they may show their father and me how to catch trout in those silent Galloway lochs.

My own boys, the three, are doing what they can. Harry is in Kut-el-Amara. Our last letter from him was dated there the last week in November, but we had one wire since, about two weeks ago, which he smuggled out somehow and got forwarded from Basra. His wife and two babies are here with us, and she is very brave and placid and will not let her anxiety limit her use to my boy's bairns. Jim, the doctor, wrote us last from Basra. He was going up the Tigris. Never before have we been three weeks without hearing from him, but we are not so anxious about him. He is probably extremely busy with the wounded. Arthur was on the Ypres salient for a good three months since Xmas, and in peril every hour. He went to France in August, he and eleven other young officers who had been training together in Barnard Castle. More than six weeks ago he said that one of the twelve he did not know of. One was like himself, well; two were nervously smashed and in hospital; three sorely wounded, at home; and four killed—amongst them his best chum. Now, however, Arthur is in a relatively safe place. Moreover, he had been put in charge of the transport of the Machine Gun Company and is very happy amongst the horses. He writes less now than he did when he was nearer Ypres.

My wife and daughter find the wee bairns a great 'divert,' and indeed I am no' muckle better mysel'. They are very well indeed; and as to myself, I am not getting much wiser or better. But I *am* getting older, and this Royal Commission on the University of Wales is going to tax my leisure heavily for a long time.

Our session closes on the 26th May. Till that time I expect to be in Glasgow every week, and most free on the Wednesdays. Can I not hope to see you, my beloved

friend? We three here unite in sending you our affectionate salutations.—Yours ever,

HENRY JONES.

*To Professor Pringle-Pattison, on the death  
of his son in battle.*

TIGHNABRUAICH, 18th September 1916.

MY DEAR PRINGLE-PATTISON,—I cannot bring myself to say nothing to you in your deep sorrow, though words are of little use. I am acquainted with grief myself, as you know, though so far my three sons have escaped wounds and death; but the light of our home went out when we lost our daughter.

What helped me most then, I shall never forget, lifting me almost off my feet, was the thought of the generosity of the Giver of all good gifts, in entrusting us with the charge of a life so beautiful as my daughter's for more than twenty-five years. Nothing, I felt, could deprive me of that—even though the future held only emptiness.

You and your wife have that great sustainment—your son's noble dedication of himself to the highest cause that ever man has died for. I would fain let you know the sincere depth and tenderness of my sympathy with you and Mrs. Pringle-Pattison. It was some help to me to feel that in the darkness of those days my friends were not beyond hearing. We are partners in the same enterprise, you know, and believe in an unconquerable good.—Yours always most sincerely,

HENRY JONES.

*To Sir Henry Hadow  
(on his proposal that Jones should write a text-book on  
Citizenship, for the use of the soldiers in France).*

TIGHNABRUAICH, 14th July 1918.

MY DEAR HADOW,—You have thrown a bomb into a munition factory and there has been the deuce of an explosion; and what's next, I hardly know. For the last fortnight I have been writing hard and slowly but with all my soul. Bosanquet in his latest book has said in effect

that moral philosophy is of no use for practice : it can yield only general truths, create an atmosphere and set an attitude at the best ; but all action is particular. Every circumstance makes a new call, and every character which deals with it is unique. Bradley had said the same thing in his *Truth and Reality* : ‘ My will and my conscience can, in short, no more tell me how I ought to pursue truth than they can show me how to ride a horse or play on the piano ’ (p. 11). ‘ If a man is assured on the part of philosophy that his religious belief is false, he is warranted, at least formally, in replying that this is so much the worse for philosophy ’ (p. 12).

This sort of thing, added to all the rot we hear about intuition and faith on the one side and pragmatism on the other, has stirred my blood. I want to tell the world that this is bad philosophy to begin with ; a confusion between ‘ generalizations ’ which are always feeble and empty, and principles (like the principles of science) which lie at the heart of every fact and creep into every action. They make even the man who knows nothing of the laws of electricity, and sees in a tramway car nothing but a thing going on rails and a rope, get to his business every day by a new method. What buckles his pack on the back of a German private, I wonder, and keeps him mucking in the trenches, except false notions of *the good* ? And what has sanctified the life of my own boy, the most tender lover of animals that I have ever seen, as he poured death upon his fellow-mortals from his machine-guns, till he fell himself and ‘ God took him,’ took him whether to be alive or dead ? What did this, except his knowledge of the good ?

So I am going to hit back. And to begin with, I have put the moral philosopher on his trial and am at present working out the charge. I am asking what is the use of theorizing on morals—with a world at war—and making as strong a case against him as I can ? Then will come the defence. I shall not be satisfied if I do not do something to convince some folk that in comparison the world wants nothing but the guidance of the moral philosopher, and that nowhere else is there such need of hard thinking. Man is dealing with values, and values are fraught with fullest meanings, with ideals which are the master powers. What is the

machinery of war or its massed munitions except the servant of ideals? And what are ideals except notions, true or false, of the good—the forces for which even men may be fodder, and of which the moralist should give a scientific account, so that men may find their true nature and use? This being done, I propose to make plain the nature of the good, the good primarily of the State, and especially how its only might and right to be is moral; how all the relations between its citizens are at bottom moral; how the State is the end and aim of the citizen, and the citizen the end and aim of the State, just because both are moral and therefore ends in themselves. Here, of course, comes in the essence of Citizenship, the mutual implication, under and within the moral law, of State and Citizen, so that each borrows *everything* from the other. I would illustrate all along by reference to the War. And then I thought of bringing the same things to bear on our industrial condition, and above all to hit on the head the one big blunder of Hegel in the independence he gives to the economic world.

*And so forth.*

Now, Hadow, if this is what you mean by being in the ‘line of the Newcastle lectures,’ I think I can do it. I have my sketches but nothing more. They represent badly what I said (which I can’t remember, all the same), and they contain nothing of what *you* said, and you know how what you said set me off. One lecture fully sketched I sent off by post in mistake for another MS., just as my train reached Newcastle. I prepared another sketch in the half-hour between my arrival and my dinner and the lecture. You said something from the chair that made me give as a lecture something quite different from both, and I believe you thought it the best of the little series.

If you are going to set a man of that kind to write a text-book, I don’t think he can do it. I *can’t* arrange my opinions under heads and put a pin through each as if they were dead butterflies. But I hardly think you mean the handbook to be a text-book in the usual sense. At least, my lectures have not that character, and I don’t want your lads to learn ‘opinions.’ I want them to have one or two sound opinions and to spend their lives believing and working them out.



What I would do, as far as I can see, and what seems to me to be best worth doing, and what you want of me, I think, is to talk of Citizenship so as to let your laddies *know* what a fine thing they are living and dying for. It is the great implications of Citizenship that I would try to lay bare. Possibly the book might fall into two parts—possibly, even, they might appear separately; the first, in that case, to be ready for the beginning of the winter, if it be within my power. The first part would be concerned mainly with the value and urgency of the study and the general nature of the problem of Citizenship. The second would work out some of the main applications of Citizenship in war and peace. Can you give me this freedom to do what I think I can do best and is best worth doing? Ach, man, I wish we could have just one other night together such as we had at the Oxford and Cambridge Club. But I think we can understand each other by means of the pen, and in any case I can hardly come south at present. Let me hear from you, and meantime I shall turn back on what I have written and write it over again with the handbook notion in view, and I shall have little heads and marginal phrases indicating to the reader what is going on. Then I shall see how it looks and send it to you to see, as soon as I get it done. In your great work, blessings on you!

H. J.

*To Professor Pringle-Pattison (acknowledging a letter on Jones's anxiety about Arthur).*

TIGHNABRUAICH, 2nd August 1918.

MY DEAR PRINGLE-PATTISON,—It is like your gentleness to write, and you know how thankful I am for the feel of your hand.

No! though Haldane wrote at once and got all that *can* be known on his side with the least possible delay, there was nothing to say. Only one officer of his company survives, and he did not see Arthur on the 10th of April; and the two privates who saw him are themselves 'casualties'—the phrase used.

And now we have the more distressing news of our eldest

son, who got transferred from the Indian Civil Service in order to join the army as a private. He has been sent from Asia Minor, where he was a prisoner, and is now ill at Constantinople. We have no details, and the last news of him was sent on the 18th May.

My wife is wondrously brave and patient—but her deep, quiet suffering is writing its tale on her gentle face. All the same, don't forget that we are not engulfed. I think we may say that we are going on an even keel. Our lads, all of them, were so splendid! And the end is not as yet.

I am well again. For a good many weeks since we met, the strain of the winter's public speaking had done me more harm than I had known. But recently I have been working hard; and *very* glad to do it.

I have just written, in obedience to an earnest request, a pamphlet on the *League of Free Nations*. It is a poor pamphlet, for it was written under a double disadvantage of anxiety and weariness, and in a great hurry.

I am afraid that when the plenipotentiaries of peace sit round the table they will not feel behind them anything greater than an empty wish for lasting peace. So far, even our statesmen have gone no further than to approve the idea and to speak about the difficulties of carrying it out.

It seems to me that the nation must be *roused*, so that its representatives may know that at *whatever cost*—and the cost may be great—the instrument of a lasting peace must be forged, and that the difficulties are here to be *overcome* and not merely to be enumerated.

I *know* that one prominent parliamentarian spoke of the idea as 'sentimental flapdoodle'—God! must we face a worse war yet?

And are we going to have everything thought out and the lines laid down for our commerce and trade after the war, while postponing this matter till the experts deal with it? The nation is not in earnest, my dear friend! And postponement is full of the worst possibilities.

I'll send you (with many apologies that it is so poor) my pamphlet when it comes.

And I want you to throw your wise pen into the matter.—  
Yours always,

HENRY JONES.

*To Lady Jones (Universities' Mission to U.S.A.).*

NEW YORK, 9th October 1918.

Here I am in my own private room, with bath attached, and quiet all around.

We've been met by a number of prominent men and got our 'itinerary.' We go all together; and we shall be accompanied everywhere so as to get our luggage and all else seen to. As far as I can see, kindness could go no further.

But it is a somewhat formidable programme. It takes in New York, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Princeton, New Haven, Springfield, Boston, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Ann Arbor, Chicago, Madison, Minneapolis, Des Moines, St. Louis, Lexington, New Orleans, Houston, Montgomery, Tuskegee, Atlanta, Charlottesville, Washington, Boston.

I am asked personally to give a course of lectures at Houston (Texas), and to PREACH at Harvard University!

I'll probably accept the lectures at Houston; they were so good to me before.

And I'll take care of myself in every way. We shall find things easier since we are going all together, and I shall, as far as possible, keep out of merely scientific things.

We stay in New York till Monday, and dine out every night! But don't you be anxious: I am extraordinarily much the better of crossing the ocean, and I shall feed carefully.

And what grand news we got on arrival! If the American newspapers are not misleading, Germany is weakening and events since I left have been moving very rapidly in the right direction.

I don't know when I shall hear from you, my loved ones; but, ye ken, there is *One* whose care never sleeps, and His gentleness is infinite. I'll try to be His very humble and grateful servant. We'll just go on—till evening, and trust all the time.

*To his family.*

NEW YORK, 11th October 1918.

MY DEAREST MAMSIE AND EN AND MARY,—I have not received one word from home as yet, and will not do so for some days. We took measures to wire home, and I hope you are at peace concerning me. I am very well, and taking it very easy in a way of speaking. But one is very little alone.

Yesterday was a good day. In the morning we went through the Natural History Museum. It is magnificent and interesting beyond speech. The birds and animals are so beautifully made up, and the most wonderful art has been used to show them in their natural and usual environment. We had a grand lunch there, beginning with oysters—as usual here; and they let us off without much speechifying at all, after a downright good time.

From there we went to a magnificent undenominational theological college, and had a nice chat with the Profs. and a cup of tea. Amongst them was Hugh Black—an old Glasgow student and very famous preacher. In his room there was a portrait of Edward Caird, and his welcome to me was *very* warm.

Then at 5.30 I had another tea—*this* time with a small knot of philosophers. We discussed matters till seven o'clock—a friendly fight.

At seven I rushed off to *dress*; and I appeared before 7.30 with a stiff shirt and a soft collar—but looking quite spry: En would have been quite pleased with her old Dads.

That dinner was very swell. It was given by the *Harvard* Club, and some of the most important Americans were there. Oysters began it—after a preliminary bitters—and champagne ran right through; then speeches. Up to this point I had been spared. . . . The chairman gave the first speech, and then Elihu Root—one of the most prominent of their politicians after Wilson. And he put his back into the speech. It was good, serious, bearing on American and British friendship in the War and after, and had many good points. Then came Shipley—a clever, neat speech. After him I had to speak; and that, too, was all right. Half of



the men in the room, at least, came and thanked me ; and I won't put down what they said. *Miers* was awfully pleased, and that contents me. It is all right, Mamsie ! And I *am* thankful ; for it looks as if I could be of real use in deepening the sense of kinship. I was deeply moved by their friendliness, and the thought of you and our boys was behind all I said, and the sense of not belonging to myself but to a *great* cause, like Hal and Jim and Arthur and all my loved ones.

I am in good fettle this morning, after a good sleep ; and the day is not going to be too hard. We have to watch a tremendous procession, etc., this morning, and at night to speak at a big meeting. And to-morrow we go up the Hudson River to a great banker's house for the day ; then a dinner in the evening, as usual ; and on Monday it is to be Washington.

A couple of Welsh ministers found me here last night ; and after that we had a *very* nice dinner at the Principal's house—the University of Columbia.

The kindness of every one is simply overwhelming, and my heart is full of gratitude for the better news. And I am quite patient and trustful about you at home : feeling about you, someway, as if a special great Love compassed you about. You all three be very brave, and mind to give my love and send the news to Mair.

This is all, I think, to-day.—Love like the sea, as Mair says, from

OLD DADS.

*To Lady Jones.*

WASHINGTON, 17th October 1918.

I am still very well, and still forgetting floods of facts, and still overwhelmed with kindnesses. Last night we were out at dinner at the British Embassy. On my right was Lane, the Secretary of the Interior ; on my left (here's my telephone ringing—some one coming up to my bedroom. It was a newspaper man for an interview) was a Mr. White, who had been an Ambassador in Paris and also had been in London diplomatizing for more than twenty years. After the dinner we had to go to a Grand Company

of Ladies in another house. . . . In the afternoon we had sailed in a Government ship down the Potomac to Mount Vernon, Washington's home—a very beautiful old English house. In the morning we had—well, done some of the institutions. I've no time, nor much desire, to tell you about them.

To-day we were with a Mr. Claxton, sort of Education Minister, got photographed again, and then lunched with President Wilson and his wife and daughter. Mr. Lane and Mrs. Lane, Mr. Claxton and his wife, were also there. It was all very magnificent, and they were as kindly as if we had been old neighbours. President Wilson took me to himself in a conspicuously kind way, and more than twice refused to let me go away when I made to withdraw. He referred to his first wife's regard for my *Browning*; Miss Wilson remembered my lecturing at Princeton; and the President himself discussed his answer to Austria. He was most extraordinarily cordial.

If I weren't an 'old man,' and had no ambition except to help on a good cause or two, so as to have my sins forgiven and stand half worthy of being your old man and our children's old dads, I should have my head turned as well as my heart touched by all this. But I went to bed last night, slept splendidly, woke fresh, and now am going to try to think of something to say to-night. I *know* that, unfortunately, that speech of mine at the Harvard Club has made them expect me to speak well, and I must stand by our (here is the telephone again in my bedroom) party.

*To the Rev. G. Bennett, on the death of his little daughter.*

TIGHNABRUAICH, 5th March 1919.

MY DEAR BENNETT,—You will know without my attempting to tell you how full and deep the sympathy of my wife and Enid and myself flows to you and Mrs. Bennett, and Anna's brothers and little sister too. The same post which brought the news of your bereavement brought us a letter from the War Office intimating their despair of knowing any more about Arthur. My wife and I have been too deeply acquainted with sorrow for our sympathy with you

and Mrs. Bennett to be shallow. But there is no bitterness nor resentment mingled with our thoughts of your bereavement. Your love of Anna was so full and pure, Anna herself was so bright and cheerful amidst all her suffering, and the loan of her to you and her mother for the years you have had her was such a bountiful and splendid gift. And love is so immortal, and God is so good and His tenderness so unfailing. We think of you as triumphing over your grief while in the midst of it.

You have a hold of things that time can't touch and tarnish, my dear Bennett; and you will serve Him who gave you Anna, *never* to be lost to you any more, but to be a sacred element and a holy place in your very soul—you will serve Him with new ardour and faithfulness.—I am, my dear Bennett, yours always affectionately,

HENRY JONES.

*To Sir Henry Hadow (in reply to a letter about  
'Principles of Citizenship').*

TIGHNABRUAICH, 16th April 1919.

MY DEAR HADOW,—Your letter has given me a genuine streak of happiness. I am so glad that you approve of my little book. I wonder if you are like me in this matter—that you don't care one rap for what most men think or say, and are not much moved by any one's fault-finding unless you think you deserve it; but *are* just exceedingly helped and pleased by a clap on the back from a few—a *very* few. Whether this indicates a good or bad quality I do not know, but praise from Andrew Bradley has had tremendous value for me, and what you have said I shall always treasure and find a help. You have no idea how constant is my despair over my own writing. Would you believe it, Hadow, that in nearly a month's work at a thing I have now in hand I have accomplished only about ten pages? It is literally true. I have rewritten most of them a score of times. But enough of this. I do believe the book will do no one any harm, and that there are lots of teachers who should find it helpful. Citizenship as a study is ruined by men who go off on Town Planning or Charity or Civic Institutions,

etc. etc., without having any Ethics as centre and substance. It is like Physics trying to get on without Mathematics, and a parallel abstraction to that which makes Psychology so misleading.

As to what you say regarding the will and the intelligence, morality and knowledge, I am all with you, every word, and what you say applies to lots of things. For example, the *Pacifists*. Because an ignorant will is a bad will, I have not felt able to petition for their being let off. Again, I am in deep revolt against the constant insisting on 'the hazards and hardships of morality' (see Bosanquet), and the emphasis on the 'self-sacrifice' and the 'negative.' And I have wanted to write on this; it is mischievous doctrine. Right doing is an uncommonly happy way of living. The analogy of the intelligence should help. There, advance is only at the expense of relative ignorance, and we don't consider the negation of error or of inadequate knowledge as loss and sacrifice and the rest. Often I have told my students that knowing is volition caught half-way round, and so on. Hegel is very sound on this matter in his *Rechts Philosophie*. But I must not weary you. Let us make sure of having a few days together when you are north. I'll promise you charming scenery if you'll come here.—Yours always sincerely,

HENRY JONES.

*To A. C. Bradley.*

TIGHNABRUAICH, 29th May 1919.

MY DEAR BRADLEY,—I had heard a rumour that you were not very well, but not more. Little did I think that it was anything so painful as inflammation of the ears. And now you are anxious about your brother. I wish I knew him well enough to send him a message of sympathy, for he has helped me more to think simply and sincerely than, I think, any one living—or dead—except Edward Caird.

I shall not *try* to tell you how much your approval of my little book means for me. You are *always* generous in your criticisms, Bradley. But after making every deduction, I still draw comfort and encouragement from your words. Most of the critics have been kind. I only



saw one which was not—a little thing, calling my ideas mid-Victorian, etc.

But I am writing really to reassure you, for I am not worthy, Bradley, to be a trouble to your kind heart. The operation troubled me very little, and it did not weaken me very much. I have had both more mental trouble and physical pain from toothache than from the operation. Of course, it was disappointing. After being free for five and a half years I thought I was quit of it. But I reflected that in one form or another every one was carrying death in his pocket, and so far mine was not painful. . . .

Thank God, the thing as a whole gave me hardly *any* real trouble, and I was able to help my wee wifie, who ought *never* to have any pain or anxiety or trouble at all.

So, my beloved friend, you are not to waste an instant's sympathy over *this* matter. Moreover, the probability is that I have done with it.

There *is*, however, a wound that is slow to heal. I find it awfully hard to bear the loss of my youngest son and to help his mother to bear it. Now and then I *would* like to lie down in a ditch and just let things roll over me. Yesterday came his Military Cross and Bar, and with them the first account we had of what he had done to win them, for he never told us. Brave, modest, peaceful, strong soul that he was, and clean as driven snow.

But I must not go on in this way. My wife and I are *not* under water all the time; and I feel that if *I* could only play the man and do *my* part, things would not seem so much awry. God will manage *His*.

And I do want to write more before the end comes, for I have some things yet to say. Indeed, I feel I have never had my say; I have always just 'pottered,' and I ought not to allow this d—d finickiness to dry my pen. At present I am rewriting some lectures on Citizenship. I want to go for some popular fallacies that have been doing mischief. And *all* the time Caird's Memoir is standing still, a silent and awful reproof. Don't blame me much, Bradley: I have been driven like a wisp in the wind since I began losing my children, and I am not a very good sort at any rate.

I should like, if I could, to look forward some day to having

a walk at your side, looking down upon and surveying with an understanding mind this troublous scene. But I fancy I shall have to stay down below and trust to hearsay.

And in either case, I am coming to see you the first time I am in London, were it only for five minutes.

My wife joins with me always, when I write to you, in affectionate greetings.—Yours ever,

HENRY JONES.

*P.S.*—I *hate* bothering you about your own writing, but I *will* say this much : all England welcomes every word that comes from your pen.

*To W. D. Robieson (on the death of his brother,  
M. W. Robieson, at one time Assistant in Moral Philosophy  
in Glasgow).*

TIGHNABRUAICH, 22nd July 1919.

MY DEAR MR. ROBIESON,—I would like to let your father and mother know how deeply I sympathize with them ; but I am not sure whether you *have* both of them or not. I would like *you* to know also how my heart goes out to you in this, one of the gravest losses that can ever come to you, tracked and hunted by sorrows as we are.

Would you tell them from me, who am acquainted with grief, and who knew that your brother's promise of service, by his learning, his sound sense, his boundless love of knowing, and gentle beauty of character, was greater than that of almost any young lad that has ever studied with me, to take heart of trust and even gratitude ? It is very difficult. It looks so obvious that these losses might have passed us by and alighted elsewhere. That thought *will* recur to me, as I think of my youngest boy lost in France, buried in an unknown grave. But I remember what helped me *first* on the day of my daughter's funeral. It was a great rush of gratitude that God had trusted me for twenty-five years with the charge and care and love of so beautiful a life as Jeanie's. And her brothers were worthy of her. Tell your father and mother, if they are within reach, that they have *had* Matthew, and that it was a glorious gift ; and

they and you may meet him yet. I do *not* believe that the purposes of Him who invented death are to be overcome by death, or even arrested.

I only wish we could gird our loins to a yet more diligent service, till our day also closes.

God bless you, my dear Robieson! and may all whom your brother loved be glad of him still, and believe that all is well with men of his noble spiritual stature.—Yours most sincerely,

HENRY JONES.

*To the Rev. H. C. Williams.*

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW, 15th December 1919.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is a very keen disappointment to me to be denied my visit to Wales, and my chance of saying something to my own people on behalf of the movement for Adult Education. It would have been an immense joy to me to confer with you, and with the other leaders of the people in the things which are true and good, as to the possibility of extending the power of the College and the Churches in the way we contemplated. But I am not to have it—at least, not now.

The continued study of the great poets of the Old and New Testaments makes me always call men like my grandfather, ‘Wm. Williams y Cwm,’ men of *genuine culture* and of real education. But I *can’t* call the hurried tit-bit reading of newspapers and novels and attendance at cinemas means of culture. There is no real education where there is not *continuity*, a steeping in the truth, ‘meditation on His law day and night.’ And whoever wrote Job and the Psalms, and whether there were two Isaiahs or not, I *know* who made the stars and flowers, and whose Presence is in all history and not confined to that wee Jewish patch. Can’t we teach the world that all is sacred which is properly handled?

But I must not talk more. However, I rather think that Wales will rise to the occasion and move on, and my uselessness will matter little except to me.—Yours ever sincerely,

HENRY JONES.

*To Lord Novar.*

TIGHNABRUAICH, 8th February 1920.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter, which I received yesterday, made me feel quite guilty, for you wrote last, and you have more of the pen and of dictating letters than you want. But you told me not to write, Ferguson, because you were coming home, and I have been listening for an echo of you. My ! I shall be glad to see you and Lady Helen, and I do approve of your imitating that old Roman and going back to your ‘farm.’ But you ’ll want to be out in the open after a year or two to help to keep the old country safe. *Never* was it more in want of upright men and honest dealing. . . . Meantime we are governed not by principles but by expedients. We have grand laws against profiteering, and the country is crammed with profiteers. The fines exacted from them are not enough to pay for the ink used in summoning them before the courts. We are maintaining ‘free trade,’ forsooth, but we are seeing to it that it does not work ! The Labour lot are the most honest, but they are as greedy as the capitalists, and no one can say worse of his neighbour. Ach, yes, we want honest and able men badly. There are some, of course. I am not a despairing ass. But I think you will find more difficult tasks, and bigger possibilities too, in the country than ever before. But I must not go on ; you will be here to see before long, and I trust I shall see you.

Things are not looking too bright as to my old disease. But if it *is* here, it is very slow, and on Friday the doctors are going to try radium, which slackens the speed of cancer, even if it does not cure it. Meantime, once more I am going on quite peaceably with my work. I *never* enjoyed my lads so much. Their war experience lends value to my dealings with the problems of the good life. And my own University has been awfully good to me. The other day it appointed me Gifford Lecturer. Arthur Balfour finishes next year, and then, if I am within reach, I follow him. So I am busy daily with great issues, and ought to be a good man ; only, the practice is harder than the preaching. My wife is always here in our bit cottage, among her flowers, quietly



brave and at peace, but longing, longing always for her last lost boy.

May you and Lady Helen have a happy voyage and a most joyous return to your old home!—Yours ever,

HENRY JONES.

*To A. C. Bradley.*

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW, 7th May 1920.

MY DEAR BRADLEY,—I am just *longing* these days to hear from you, and I am not going to kill any more impulses to write to you. Not that I'll trouble you much: I love you too well.

I want to know how you are.

I want you to answer a question.

I think I could (except for my wife and bairns' give the coat off my back to see you give the world (and me in it, of course) your Giffords. What does it matter, Bradley, that they have endless flaws? Let's make our ragged contribution and go under! It is the *cause* that makes me bold. As for myself, I don't know that I am fit to speak to a respectable pig. I'm sure I should bow to a dog and go on my knees before a horse!

One of the reasons for my longing to hear from you is that I am once more reading Nettlehip. He *is* great (I'm saying '*is*,' you see, not '*was*'), and there are pure pearls in your sketch of him.

Another reason is that my colleagues here have made me their Gifford Lecturer. And here I am, an old sinner, hair white as snow and nothing else white about me, fighting the cancer in my mouth with weekly applications of radium all the winter, lecturing I think a little better than I ever did before, for all my lads were fighting and I love them—and under *these* circumstances feeling that I must think *all* things *anew*.

So you see, Bradley, how I need you. Your brother I value. I think both he and Bosanquet are bigger men far than the men some folk cackle about, than Bergson or Croce, etc.; and your brother is the bigger of the two, and the biggest *known to me* since Hegel. But I love poetry as

much as philosophy, and I want what *you* have to say. No other man in the world can give *your* message. Let this blessing off on its wings, Bradley, and it will 'come home to roost'—they always do.

I must stop. But I am forgetting the question. Why does Nettleship say (i. 40) that 'a process to a constantly higher being seems a logical impossibility'? Or, as the question pinches me, how can the Absolute be, or do, anything if the *static* conception is valid? and why is the *impossibility* of new or fuller perfections higher than their possibility? Is it nonsense to think of the most perfect as that which is a self-enriching love, a love growing by its own activity? Was Spinoza's God capable of endlessly new radiations? Is that perfect which is at the end of its power and possibilities?

Can the *whole*, whose existence is due to itself only, and within which *all* activities take place, be *in* and *as* these activities and yet static? If it is *not* static, why should its activities be *reiterative* and not progressive?

I don't know any one who thinks this notion worth discussing in these times, but I don't *like* [an Absolute] who is aye at his *limits*. If they are his *own*, is he not beyond them? My wife, if I ventured to confess to her that I am troubling you, would join me in deeply affectionate greetings.—Yours always,

HENRY JONES.

*To the Registrar, University College, Bangor (on the occasion of the unveiling of his portrait).*

TIGHNABRUAICH, 29th June 1920.

DEAR MAJOR WHELDON,—Let me thank you most cordially, on Lady Jones's account and my own, for your kind letter of the 24th, inviting us to the College on the 15th of July. I am sorry to say that we cannot come. My old friends will know without my telling what prevents me from being present amongst them on *that* day of all days in my life. I should like them to know further that I have not despaired of being able to come to Wales some day yet, and of renewing old joys with a new intensity.

Of course, it is a deep disappointment to us both. It is,

like our gratitude for the generosity that led Sir Robert Thomas to give the portrait, and my own old College to accept it in the way it did, not easily measured and, possibly, best said nothing of. It is somewhat late for me to aspire to anything, but I wish I could *deserve* this last symbol of the unlimited generosity with which my friends have looked at what I am and have tried to do. May Sir Robert Thomas find more and more as he lives the immense joy of serving his people, and of seeing his children and his friends serve them even better than himself!

Had I been able to be there I should try to find some fitting word to say of Mr. Christopher Williams and his charming handling of a rather impatient patient. That his work is almost perfect is certain. In a short period of three months he has achieved what Lady Jones has failed to bring about by forty years of resolute and unremitting effort. He has improved the 'original.'

Then had I come to you I should have inevitably gone back to old times, which is at once the weakness and the privilege of growing old age. The Senate was a very small group: some five of us gathered round the Principal, and finding him what Wales has found him more and more, year after year, a man who is great in the simplest and greatest of all the virtues—kindness, justice, honesty, and trustful courage. Of course, we criticized him, and heard others do the same. We also heard all the criticisms end in one way: 'but he's a gentleman.' Of my other colleagues I will say one thing only: rarely has any professor in any college been surrounded by a group of abler men, and never by men who plotted the country's good and sought it more assiduously than they did. Wales owes a lasting, and fortunately indelible, debt to that little group of adopted sons.

Were I to look to the future of education in Wales, which I should have been tempted to do, I should speak hopefully. I am inclined to believe that Wales is gradually falling into the power of a great ideal, sound in its character and with a reach not to be limited. It is discovering more and more, in a convincing and practical way, that the care of the mind should be like the care of the body: not a matter for the few, and for a few years at the beginning of life, but for

every one, and throughout the whole length of life. Year by year, decade by decade, generation by generation, the meaning of this idea will expand and its practical grasp of the nation's ways of life will strengthen. Humanity has achieved before things that once looked still more impossible, and the value of the 'science of sciences' will ever become more plain, namely 'the science of relative values,' which teaches us what we should 'seek first' and what things can without tragedy be postponed or done without. Two things have grown upon me since my happy days as Professor in the North Wales College. The first of these things is the sense of the measureless wealth of meaning and of beneficence imbedded in the world which surrounds us. It is pressing its gifts upon us with both hands, if I may so speak, pleading for our acceptance. The second thing is our helplessness and even reluctance to accept these gifts. We do not know their value, nor often even that they exist. The windows of the soul have never been opened to the light, and the generous air has not been allowed to carry health and quiet music into its compartments.

May my beloved old College have the unspeakable privilege of helping on my country towards the days when its people shall respond to the world that invests it, by learning its laws and obeying them, by loving its beauty, and not only by discovering, but by evolving, the higher values that live in it and that last always!

With the most kind regards to all my old friends,—  
Sincerely yours,

HENRY JONES.

*To E. H. Jones, in Burma.*

TIGHNABRUAICH, 10th August 1920.

Isn't it funny that I can never hear the 10th August without thinking of 'Ffair Llanrwst,' or 20th August without thinking of 'Ffair Abergele'—great events they were! I ran off to the latter from Llangernyw, though my Sunday clothes had been lent to John Ty Coed, my cousin. I was found there by my father or mother (for I think that for once she went there), circling round on a wooden horse, and I have had half-dreams of being in a room crammed



with men who were fighting, and Taid lifting me on to the window-sill out of the danger. It was all confusion and excitement, a nightmare. On this Ffair of Llanrwst I am sort of lazy. I get a day occasionally when I funk writing. I am going sailing in the afternoon with Colonel and Archie Jamieson, who have hired a wee sailing-boat and are having plenty of holidays, and are as leisurely, especially Conn, as if they lived in Eternity like God, and had plenty of time. To-morrow I go for another dose of radium in Glasgow, and I am doing more or less wisely in making an idle day of this. Mary and En and I were on Bute yesterday, and I had a stiffish pull home, for neither of the girls is worth anything on a boat. All this will show you that things are going on as usual with us, including your lazy dadoo. Your mother and bairnies are out in the garden all this morning. Yesterday afternoon your mother was knitting on the shore and they were wading. If ever perfect peace and concord and mutual trust and happiness had a place on this earth of ours, they were consequences of the sort of relation that exists between your mother and the wee ones. Her wishes are to them as if they were their own, and they adopt them unquestioningly. It is obedience to a sort of law when I speak to them; the categorical imperatives of grannie are all naturally within, and obedience has the bonnie character of spontaneity.

*To E. H. Jones, in Burma.*

*September 1920.*

It is a beastly wet and cold day, and after a good morning's work I'd like open air. My hand is stiff with writing. There is not a thing to say worth your while. Auntie Jamiesons are on holiday in Ayr, Miss X is losing her servant, Miss Y is indignant at servants' wages, one chicken is dead, Pero<sup>1</sup> has been off to Kames on his own, and politics be d—d! So hurrah for the quiet life and a clean life, and the love that doesn't grow old! May God grant you health! and, Hal, don't try short cuts; the seed that must have most time to sprout and prove that it is not dead is that which is sown in the soil of human nature.

<sup>1</sup> The terrier.

*To E. H. Jones, in Burma.*

5th October 1920.

The first Gifford is to be at 6 P.M. on Sunday, 24th October, in the Botany Lecture Hall, the best in the place, I believe. The members of the Senate were tumbling over each other to meet my wishes. And they approved of them, too, seeing only one difficulty. They expect *crowds*, Hal, and the Bute Hall would be crammed, they said. But they know its discomfort; so first come, first served. . . .

It is a beastly raw day, and I feel the weather more than I used to. However, I am keeping myself cosy before going on with the attempt at a day's work—short days they are, Hal. I am just entering upon the relation of religion and morality—a very ample theme, and one on which, if on anything, I have something fresh to say. For I am going to go for the fixed antithesis that is usually set up between them, and make them both into aspects of spiritual process. Process is as much to me, Hal, as 'becoming' was to Heraclitus. But I must not bother you with this.

I have only one anxiety about you: I fear your overwork. Stultifying later, big things by imprudent zeal for the day. Keep *proportion*, Hal bach; take care of yourself, as you would have others do. Which of your clerks would you have working late into the night? and if not them, why yourself? Moderation, machgen i, for you can't be spared. . . . Don't court a breakdown. When I think of anything happening to Jim or you, I repeat that line of Browning, 'I have had troubles enough for one. . . .'

*Wednesday.*—I am going to declare a holiday to-day and to-morrow, for John has to go away on Friday morning, and it will do me good. But I wish I could get my 'conscience' removed. It's worse than an appendix. I'm not sure that it helps me to do right; it only bothers me, I think, sometimes after it is too late.

*To Miss E. M. Mahler.*

GLASGOW, 24th April 1921.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—This letter is meant in the first place

to thank your mother for her great kindness, and to tell her that I enjoyed my visit more than I can say. . . .

. . . But the rest of this note is for you, and it is meant to scold, as usual, your excess of generosity. This refers to the wee note, more specially, which I found with the sandwiches. I don't deserve that these things should be said of me, but I cannot all the same abate the ardour of my faith in the overwhelming loving-kindness of Him who has us in His charge. And, my friend, you can draw as much comfort as you please out of this living well—its waters fall no lower. Draw deeply and often. I am none the worse of my journey, though I did not get a very good sleep, and the travelling was very trying. Annie is looking uncommonly well, and we are starting the term in very good heart.—Yours affectionately always,

HENRY JONES.

*To E. H. Jones, in Burma.*

ABERSOCH, 25th July 1921.

I wonder whether the fellow you had to break for not going straight was the fellow you had near you and suspected of being in with the smugglers. I am saved that sort of thing, Hal. I have to do with the best element in Scottish life, and before the world has smeared it. And, Hal, in your ear: I'd like awfully much if I could think that there may be a few years yet given me in which I shall be with my laddies. We must wait and see. At present I could not give you a trustworthy estimate of my chances. In general health I am very well, but I have had some thundering bad hours and have known what it is to carry on long debates with despair. These days I am better and going on with a little writing—namely, about the fictitious character of the moral world as ordinarily conceived. It is the tenth Gifford, and I have the pleasure in it of talking about Bosanquet's views. Our very best man, I think.

Your mother told you, I think, that I have stopped my Memoir<sup>1</sup> at the point when I was elected to the Glasgow chair. I may take the thing up again any day. But if not, it does not matter, for some of the younger fellows

<sup>1</sup> *Old Memories.*

could carry it on—you chief of them, Hinery mine. Mean-time I shall expect, and be awfully interested in, what you have to say about the parts of it sent to you by Jim. My plan has just been to obey my pen and let it run on. And now and then I had a quiet poke at some person in the past, which I thoroughly enjoyed.

The Giffords are a quite different matter ; they demand all I have and am at every step, and still they don't satisfy. I can't remember what other moralist folks have been saying, Hal, and I have far too little respect for the ordinary run of professional philosophers, nor have I taken enough trouble to follow what younger men are doing. I don't want any philosophy or poetry except the very best, and I want it stored for a while like port wine.

*To E. H. Jones, in Burma.*

*6th August 1921.*

I am dealing just now with the problems of evil : (1) natural, (2) moral. It is my thirteenth Gifford. This morning I got a good three pages done, if they will stand. I go through them to-morrow morning again, and as a rule change a lot of little things. To-day I was stating that things *are* what they *do* ; objects *are* the manifestations of a process, probably of a single process which breaks out into immense differences and yet secures the unity of the universe. That process in man becomes self-conscious. Now, our acts must be estimated in *relation* to such a process. Natural evil, like pain, I can account for ; but moral badness is rather a stumper. I make it a process that stultifies and extinguishes itself but remains dead loss. I am dead against any idea of static perfection ; nothing spiritual can be static, not the intelligence nor the will, etc. Fixity is incompatible with what is best, for moral progress at any rate is a better thing than any fixed goodness could be, were such goodness possible. . . .

I am awfully glad you like the whole five chapters of the Memoir. At present it is at a standstill.

I am rather better than usual the last three or four days, and less given to give in, which is the silliest thing one could do. It has been dreadfully wet weather, and often I don't



get out of the house. We are rather lonely, and occasionally time drags and my energy runs out, but on the whole we are doing very well. . . .

Don't overtax your strength, Hal. After all, good health is a splendid thing, and I wish I knew how to get at it again for a wee while, and after that a sudden drop! But one must wait and be patient. . . . And now I am off for another struggle with that problem of evil, which is *very* stiff. I have got to be unusually chummy with a couple of old brother shoemakers, both over seventy a lot; a clever old pair, and as good as natural men can be made. I often visit them in the workshop; they are the most intelligent men in the place, and thorough gentlemen.

*To E. H. Jones, in Burma.*

14th August 1921.

Your last letter was a hurried pencil scrap, which you may remember when I say that you had just got a man, Lewis, in hospital and cared for. Well done, boy mine. But the other day your mother sent me a little word that pleased me *greatly*. Mair had told her that she and you had resolved to call the little boy Arthur. I don't know why it gave me so much gratification, except that there is now a chance of somehow clothing the one Arthur with the love of the other. Our grand boy's life was incomplete. The grand basis of it was revealed in the War, for I am certain that he went beyond all limits in the last fight. They had been told not to give in, but to stand as having their backs to the wall, and Arthur was, at best, never optimistic as to our winning. I expect to hear somewhere and somewhen of Arthur's ultimate self-sacrifice. Meantime, Mair and you, God bless you, are doing what is in your power to perpetuate his name in our family.

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS TO HIS YOUNGEST  
SON, LIEUT. A. M. JONES, M.C., DURHAM LIGHT  
INFANTRY AND MACHINE-GUN CORPS

1915

*17th August (on hearing that he would shortly go to the front).*—I got your startling note just before leaving Sudworth. I have nothing much to say. But I would ask you to hold fast to the belief that *nothing* can go finally wrong, least of all with those who are in the service of the Highest, the Right. And you, who seek nothing in all you are doing or facing, except what is right, you will find it on your side. . . . I have not bothered you boys much with what is called religion, but I am content and more. Of all the thousands and thousands of splendid youths now devoting themselves, there is not one whose devotion is more pure than Hal's and Jim's and yours, and that *is* religion. All is well, my laddie. The stars are on the side of the true servants. In straits and perils, those whose hearts are clean know of an inner peace, a splendid music into which all these discrepancies dissolve.

*3rd September (on conscription).*—Yes, laddie, every one belongs to the State, and the State has a right to compel service from every one. I would not say one word against the Government making use of the information it got through the registration papers, but that, even followed by compulsion, would not be conscription. Conscription means drilling every one in a military way, making every one a soldier.

We can't do that; and there is not only no need, but it would be most unwise. Conscription itself does not mean discrimination, and discrimination is required. . . . Of course, when people speak of conscription they are thinking only of compulsion; compulsion may be right in whole or in part, while conscription may be wrong. The ordinary folk, of course, don't discriminate. If compulsion were either wise or necessary, you may depend on it we'd get it,

for it could be given now without damaging the electoral prospects of either party ; and I, for one, don't admit, as I told one complaining Johnny, that all the wise men are outside the Cabinet. . . . Don't you be worried about us, laddie mine. I know that you will buck up, standing to the call of circumstance, and that you are not outside the reach of the Divine care, which keeps the stars from wrong and ordains the laws which bind the universe to His throne.

*29th September (during the battle of Loos).*—I am going to Glasgow this afternoon, just for a day, to arrange about going to Wales to peg away at getting more men and munitions. It is quite cold. I am sitting writing close to the fire, and your mother is working away like a good 'un with her hoe in the garden. She is bearing up wonderfully. . . . There is no movement of a breeze about you, lad, or fluttering of a bird's wing in your neighbourhood, which does not interest her. All the same, mind, she is brave, and she trusts that somehow, somewhere, God will stand by those who stand by His cause. I don't pretend to know the meaning of the details of the scheme. But that there *is* a scheme, and that it is the embodied will of a Father who is leading His bairns by the thorny way of freedom to a spiritual inheritance, I have no least doubt. None of the deepest minds I know doubt that. So, laddie mine, you are fighting under a grand flag, which is your country's, and with it under a still grander one of a justice that does not sleep and a loving-kindness which does not grow weary. . . . Well, dear laddie, as I told you yesterday, we went to Bute, and felt there for a wee while as if we had shut out the troubled world. We had received your letters before starting, and seen that you had held your gains there, so far as the papers knew. The country is deeply and quietly glad, and trying not to be unreasonable in its expectations.

*13th October.*—I am leaving Noddfa on Friday, and it looks as if I were going to have a real busy time in Wales till the end of November. Meetings are getting fixed, and I shall get my fill. I am going to do my very best. . . . I want to come back with a clear conscience, happen what may. But I am not very sanguine. Mother thinks the

willing men have already enlisted, but she quite approves of my going to do what I can. . . . It is deuced little reward that comes either to you or to your mother except the reward of knowing you are doing your bit, and that is worth something. Nothing helps so much, when evils are very great, as a sense of having met them on the road that is rightness. I shall pity the poor devils who may wait to be lugged into service. What can they have to sustain them when hardships and disgrace are on their backs at the same time ?

*27th October (Blaenau Festiniog).*—Here I am in the midst of big crammed meetings. The second was last night, here ; to-day's is at Colwyn Bay. I had my favourite quarrymen, and it was a grand meeting. . . . Such a reception, laddie ! you would have been proud, and I'll not tell you how all right it was. It ended by my challenging them, and also warning them to face up, after reflection, to a resolution. . . . Only one man that I could see sat down ; all the rest carried the resolution standing on their feet. They tell me it will have a sure effect. We'll see. At least, I can't do better to help my beloved lads and the thousand others at the stress and strain of danger. It is the only thing your old dad can do for his boys and his country.

*29th October.*—My dearest boy : there are no firsts or seconds in the best things. All are firsts. Every one in his own way. Mother is dearest, and En and Jean and Will and my three fine boys. I am writing in the train on the way from Wrexham to Aberystwyth and the last of my five meetings this week, so don't mind my trembling hand. It is not drink nor old age that spoils my writing as yet, but the roughness of the Cambrian Railway. It has been such a rush with me that I can't for my life remember when I wrote you last and what I said. It was only yesterday that I got your letter. I can well understand how little you like dandyism, even in times of peace, and how intolerable it is to you to harass the men about it when they are driven and tired and done up. But the only advice I can give you is what Caird said to me once when I saw him



as placid as a hill-side when any other would have been irritated. 'You see,' he said, 'I *leave a margin* for these things.' So, laddie, leave a margin for that kind of foppery, and go ahead, resenting it as little as possible. If you could at the time, instead of diving inside yourself, put in a kind of respectful little word, giving your view without any anger, it will generally help. All these war fellows mean well as a rule, but they are the victims of their training, and they dole out just what they have learnt. Take these things very lightly; if you *can*, make a bright wee respectful answer at the time, and don't go on the huff if possible. Better let out some wee word of manly, respectful defence of the men, just a word and no more. That is all the advice your old dad can think of—and heaven knows I'd find it hard to follow. My tendency was a red-hot way, and I had to be turned out of the ranks, you remember!<sup>1</sup> So I'm not very fit to advise; only I'm a little older, that's all, and have seen more sorts of men.

. . . Somehow things appear to me more and more in a wide, wide context—even the War itself; and I am sure they do so to your mother. Only one thing matters, that one stands for the good so far as we can see it.

*5th November.*—Hal has twice referred to his experience as a Tommy, and its value for him now he is an officer. Its essence was that the man who got the most out of his men was the gentleman who asked of them *nothing* which he would not ask of himself in like circumstances. It is the gentleman and not the brute who is considerate; so go your ain way, laddie. Kindness and order go together better than order and brutality. Try not to be disturbed when you see fellows that *can't* behave like gentlemen. *Look*, as Dante said, and pass by. They are the concern of the higher powers, and one is responsible only for one's own deeds. I don't know what chances of promotion there may be. But be sure not to put the least obstacle in its way, *not* from personal ambition or selfish reason of any kind. But you have been brought up gently by your mother and old dad, and know in every way the value of gentleness.

<sup>1</sup> A reference to an incident in his Normal College days when he was dismissed from a parade of the Volunteer Corps for remonstrating with an officer.

That is the kind of soul that should be armed with power, according to old Chaucer's account of a perfect knight.

*12th November.*—It is my guess that the war will last a long, long time, so there is nothing for it but taking it as patiently as you can. Don't let it worry you, for that only makes the wrong still worse, *adding* to it. I think I'd give anything to share your burdens, as you would mine if I were in France and you home, so the best we can do is to cheer one another as well as we can. Buck up your men, too, lad, with your indomitable courage and cheerfulness. There's real wisdom after all in being a sort of Mark Tapley in these awful times. Do you know that favourite character of Dickens? . . . Another week's speaking is over for me. I shall not object to go back to my students and to Pero and Dima.<sup>1</sup>

*20th November.*—I have had a pretty hard week with six meetings, with deadly earnest talk in every one of them. On the whole, I am absolutely certain that Wales has done extraordinarily well. Of course, I was sent to the stiff parts, and the Welsh people have been nice to me all along. Fancy a Welsh audience, only a portion of which understood English, standing an address in English for more than half an hour in a long meeting without a single sign of impatience! Also, how sweetly they took off their hats when the hymns were sung; and *what* singing we sometimes had! Last night it almost overpowered me. I could have wept, and very nearly did, at the thought of telling them to go where you have been, in those unspeakable trenches.

1916

*10th January.*—Your letter telling about the thrush singing at dawn among the ruined trees came this morning. . . . It was a beautiful letter. . . . I know where your thoughts have been since I sent you the news about X. Mine have been there too. It is one of the saddest tragedies of that kind that I know. Only, more and more I get to believe that the things of time are but the play on the

<sup>1</sup> His son's dogs.

surface, the sort of spume on the top of the wave. ‘Seek ye first the kingdom of *heaven*,’ says the good book; and the old Stoics, after all is said and done, made much more of life than the Epicureans, though neither of the old schools had as good a doctrine as we have. Circumstances are the raw material from which a good life can be compelled if only we have plenty of alchemic power. Old Paul had a great lot of it. He was a splendid old chap: ‘in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft,’ etc.; but the old boy sang like your thrush on the wasted field.

*3rd February.*—It grieved me to the heart to hear of M.’s death. . . . I could storm and rage in the face of the high heavens at the insanity and cruelty of the whole matter. But it is better to stiffen one’s resolve and sharpen one’s weapons. . . . Time can’t touch *moral* values; they remain, and they alone matter. . . .

I have been reading an amazing book, *The First Hundred Thousand*, and, as in some of your letters, the kind of life you have there is driven home all too vividly. ‘It’s a mad world, my masters.’ ‘Oh, Lord, what fools these mortals be!’ Puck was quite right. The blethering shop at Westminster is opening to-day, I think, and furnishes us with something else to be astonished and angry and amused at. . . .

Dear wee Noddfa is as peaceful as ever. The snowdrops are plentiful, and so pure, and the crocuses are yellow under our windows among the pebbles. Pero and his wife<sup>1</sup> have a path right through them, with nobody to hinder. They are all right too, but much inclined to middle age and obesity.

*17th February.*—There were two things that brought us a great flood of joy and very humble gratitude—your letter telling us what your mother and I mean to you, and a wire from Hal saying he is safe and well. . . . I am a Knight, which I didn’t want to be; I am a Doctor of Laws in one University and a Doctor of Literature in another; and I have for a long time been one of the hundred men

<sup>1</sup> The dogs.

who constitute the British Academy. All these are good to have, and came unsought as the dew. But not one of them, or all together, brought such joy and gratitude into my heart as your letter.

20th May.—You know perfectly well that it is paying back the Germans, or (as I prefer to put it) defending against them the treasures of our best life, to do the job you are at. You have not sought a safe job, and neither seek the opposite. I know that you agree that the beginning and the end is the willing mind ready to do whatever task is laid out. . . . I quite agree with you as to playing for money and betting. I remember putting down my stakes *once* on board ship—a shilling or so, guessing what way the ship had made. In doing so I told the fellows, ‘I am doing this just to show you that I am not a mere bigot, but,’ I said, ‘why should I want other folks’ money for no service, or want them to have mine? Can’t you leave money alone sometimes?’ . . . All this betting is really symbolic of lack of interest in really good and jolly things. It means that men have to create interest by these artificial means. . . . And this points to a big thing. Cows have no interest in poetry, I believe, nor in music or social questions, and there are men not *very* different. Their souls are crude, their powers undeveloped, their interests few. These great things of art, science, morals, social well-being, are not real elements or wants in their lives, and so they must get away from their own empty selves in some other way. It is the silliness and vulgarity of shoving their money, money, money to and fro, that disgusts one more than the wickedness, although there is harm, awful harm, in that way sometimes.

I have felt the same thing in one or two cinemas I went to look at. What shoddy, silly, empty things delighted the folk! Wonderful photography, machinery and everything from a material, scientific, and mechanical side first-rate, showing any amount of research, invention, imagination, etc.; but the human side, men’s desires and interests, and what would satisfy these! These were about the level of Dean Swift’s ‘Yahoos’ or the Australian aborigines. I am trying to see if a big national thing can’t be organized



to avert the exclusive emphasis and interest now laid on merely natural, scientific, industrial, commercial elements, to the neglect of the human side, the science of *man*—the very mistake the Germans have been making for nearly one hundred years.

As to the other matter, the day will come, Arthur, when you will, I hope, be dedicating to some lovely soul like your mother a soul and body as pure as the woman you love. Nothing, not all the pleasures in the world, can be bartered for that. And as to a difference of rule in the matter, between the two sexes, there is none; and if there is, the man is the more guilty. I think there are few things in this bad world more wicked than that of 'taking advantage' of a woman's weakness. Far less cruel would it be to rob her of every penny and leave her to the mercy of poverty, than to rob her of the sense of personal purity. These silly or shallow (for that is what they are), ill educated, but not willingly mean fellows would rather die, almost, than let another man bang a woman about or hit her themselves. And yet they'll bring the agony of self-disgust, of being tainted for life, on poor girls, and that through *their* affection and trust. . . . Mind you, there are bad women too, but we are not speaking of that side. It is the obligation of the man to care for both, the woman and himself, and sully neither.

1917

30th June.—I believe in nailing one's colours to the mast. . . . There are loyalties from which we won't budge, tho' all goes to wreck. . . . I visited the camps in Cannock Chase last week, and found in one of them some three thousand German prisoners. I tried to look at them without prejudice. But I was going round with the General, and the way they stood at attention, the crushed looks and faces showing souls acquainted with suppression—I can't describe them. But I am sure I saw the results of lifelong tyranny. They are dehumanized. . . . We are in to *liberate* those people, come what may. And it is going to be done. . . . It is with no light heart I say this. But I had rather see life closed for your mother and me—and it

will be a sorry remnant for us if anything occurs to our lads—than see things done incompletely.

*August.*—You will learn more and more what a rare thing impersonal courage is, courage that is not in the flare, and to be very patient with folk that have had but a shoddy chance of estimating things that are fine. Starved plants. Stand and help and be very patient. But I have seen folk more perseveringly, imperturbably patient than either myself or you. So, if it is necessary to *wait*, wait on slow folk, commonplace folk, even ignorant folk; obeying, too. Do that also as well as you can, my boy.

1918

*16th April (Arthur had fallen on 10th April).*—I saw in yesterday's papers that the Durham Light Infantry had been fighting splendidly, and I feel certain you were in it. You were against overwhelming odds, and fought well beyond all limits. God bless and keep you! And here I am saying no word to your mother, both fearing a telegram and desiring it. Write, laddie mine, whenever it is at all possible. You do that, I know. I have no ground in a way for wishing more, but one's hunger is insatiable. I am glad you like your command and your new unit, and do deeply hope you may be allowed to do a great service. For not in my darkest moments can the greatness of the cause be obscure in my mind, nor my conviction of its triumph. We should not be restive under the burden of care. It is nothing to the terror and fatigue our noble laddies are enduring, and we will try to trust more and more the things which are eternal and which painfully clothe themselves in the things of time, making towards their nobility and transmuting dreadful deeds into divine service. Never was the distinction between what is and what is not worth while so emphasized in human history, and I want to keep at the level of divine trust and humble service, if I only could. The dawn will break yet and there will be a new day, and possibly, possibly one that will be the purer for the terrible time that is passing.



### III

WILL JONES : 1889-1906

A MEMOIR





## WILL JONES

1889-1906

A MEMOIR, WRITTEN EARLY IN 1907

It was at Perfeddgoed, near Bangor, North Wales, that Will was born, on the 17th November 1889 : a Sunday afternoon, peaceful and sunny like a day of summer that had lingered late, or strayed far from its ordered place.

Three of the elder children, led by Harry, had gone together along the grassy path, over the stiles and under the yellowing trees, to the Welsh Sunday School at Caer Hŷn, while hope and anxious fear still hung, as they had done unknown to them for more than twenty hours, over their home. When they returned, they were told of their baby brother, and bidden be very quiet that he might sleep and grow big.

That was the beginning : in a house shut in with trees, so that there did not seem to be an outer world at all, with his mother in extreme weakness, and his father, like a man in a dream, installed in care of her. The end was on the 27th of May 1906 : another, but different Sunday. Will was dying about eight in the evening, amidst strangers, in a nursing home in Glasgow ; his brother Jim holding his unconscious hand for the last few moments of life ; his mother sweeping through the darkness at the utmost speed of a motor car from Lesmahagow under charge of the doctor, and crying upon God for one more glimpse of her boy—in vain ; while I was in Grafton, Gloucestershire, amongst the blossoming orchards, all unaware of the tragedy which was unfolding, and believing all was going well with the boy.

Between the beginning and the end—the end *here*—was a placid stretch of sixteen years and a half, years of health and happiness rarely broken, of quiet contentment and constant growth. I wish I could tell their simple story to

his brothers and sisters, that his memory may not fade as the years come, bringing their cares and their joys.

Immediately after his birth he was made over to the old Welsh nurse, for his mother's life was more feeble than the first light of the most timid of days. I knew, as I waited below, that something had gone wrong, and that there was a dire struggle waged above; and I shall not forget the earnest, whispered word by which I was bidden to take the nursing of my wife upon myself, the doctor guiding me by detailed written orders for every hour that followed. It was a marvellously sweet time, that month of stocking-soled nursing, growing in clumsiness and in fun as the strength of the mother returned. By steps so gradual that they could not be marked, she came back to us, till one afternoon she was fit to be taken with her babe where the sea breeze might find her and the baby boy. The drive to Beaumaris, over the Menai Bridge, under the trees that hung above the road running along the straits, and over against the noble Snowdon range, will remain memorable—memorable for the old horse which tottered between the shafts of the country car, and for the admonition, intended to 'prepare,' but issuing only in scared excitement, that old horses had a way of falling dead as they went, without a moment's warning.

At Beaumaris, Willie and his nurse and his mother spent some weeks in the simplest of lodgings, venturing out whenever the sun gained a glimpse of a feeble victory amidst the showers of a dripping December. Day after day I ferried over to them from the College, and always as I left they were warned not to expect me on the morrow. But the morrow always found me there, and always expected; and it closed with the same happy seven-mile walk home, through the wet, to the group of little bairns in the house in the wood.

I remember little of Will's infant life. But I can see him in the nurse's or his mother's arms, with a big head on a neck so thin that the head generally hung on one side—like Caphusalem, the rag doll, the children said. But his mother calls him the most peacefully content of all her children. When the spring came and the early summer, they spent together many quiet hours, generally sitting on a shawl spread over the grass in some green nook sheltered by the

little copses which make Perfeddgoed so beautiful, shut in closely from every intruding wind.

With the College long vacation there came the change into some different scene, a change which his mother and I have missed but once since we had each other and the children. We went to Abersoch, on the landward side of the little peninsula of Eifion in South Carnarvonshire. There his aunt Jeanie visited us, and made little short coats which kept the backs of the children from the sun, while they waded in the sea and played on the sands the livelong day: Willie, in the meantime, rolling about his mother's and auntie's feet as they sat chatting on the shore.

The second summer we returned again to Abersoch; and there, a little incident in Will's life has got imprinted amongst my memories. His mother had gone to Scotland to her old home, away just for a little while from the duties which pause neither day nor night when the children are small and many. I was in charge, aided by a young and uncertain nurse. And one day, while writing in the little parlour, I was startled with the cry that Will was *lost*. A wild search along the roads and fields, around the house amongst the rain-tubs and potato-shaws and beehives, and ultimately in the house itself, ended in discovering Will upstairs, shut up in a room, quietly engaged in mischief and altogether happy. We all went to meet 'Mother' when she returned, the most forlorn and uncared-for looking group she had seen from Wales to Scotland and back again.

Then came the removal to St. Andrews. St. Andrews suited Will, and he flourished apace. He was his mother's constant companion, along the Scores, over the Swilcan, and on to the sands, chatting endlessly. He liked above all things to be alone with her. 'Isn't it nice, mother, when all that crowd is away!' he said, referring to the rest of the family. His mind was opening fast; already there were little signs of his quiet humour, and of an excellent memory. He was immensely pleased with an illustrated book of Limericks, given to one of the children, and could repeat 'There was a young lady of Norway,' or 'There was an old person of Bangor,' and scores of others—nearly the whole book, indeed—without ever seeming to have learnt them.



At that time he was extraordinarily afraid of dogs, of which St. Andrews is very fairly full. Every time he went out into the streets the dogs would throw him into a wild state of alarmed excitement. So, on his mother's suggestion, I brought home one day a little terrier puppy from Wales. It was about the size of a man's fist, but Will's terror was extreme. He roared with fear and tried to scramble up on the chairs. But in a very short time, in one evening, I think, the basis of a friendship was laid which was as close as ever tied boy and dog together. Will became very fond of all dogs, and between them and him, even on first meeting, there was a good understanding, a secure and quiet mutual trust as if it arose from old acquaintance.

If kindness could spoil children, which it cannot, Will would have been spoiled. He was hardly ever crossed, and hardly ever needed it. He was placid in temperament, full of observant interest in his little world, to which he was naturally friendly and in which he seemed to take everything the right way. And he was always with his mother, and the main centre of her love and core of her affectionate attention for four years. Then came Arthur, and an apparent dethronement for poor Will, which he took, it seems to me, with a kind of amazed surprise. There was no revolt on his part, nor need of it, for one love does not cast out another; but I think there was a placid astonishment for a little, amidst his quiet ways.

It was, I believe, partly at St. Andrews and partly in Glasgow—whither we went when Will was not yet five years old—that he became so deeply interested in 'the Lilliput persons.' For many months he went about reducing the proportions of things and imagining what size they would have for a 'Lilliput person.' 'Wouldn't it be funny to see a Lilliput person's hell, mother? Why, I don't think you could even warm your hands at it.' This, so far as I know, was his first theological reflection—tempering the heat to the shorn, fitting hell to the constitution, in a saner way than is usual amongst grown-ups. 'Would it not be jolly to let a minnow into the bath, mother? Wouldn't the Lilliput persons shout "Shark! shark!" and hurry to the sides!' 'Wouldn't you like to go to a

Lilliput person's church, mother ? Why ! the sermon would be over in a minute '—a trick beyond Swift's, who only shortened space !

For three successive summers after going to Glasgow we spent the vacation at Aviemore. The house, 'Tullochgruc,' was on the verge of the forest, away from the village, near the top of a rounded hill which was almost a thousand feet above sea-level. There he was intensely happy, generally about the house playing with the puppies and chickens, or boating in the wash-tubs on the duckpond with his brother Jim—his mother expostulating and fairly going on strike when they had fallen in a sufficient number of times to drench all their clothes. One day she found him alone with a looped rope. He was a Samoan chief, he said, lassoing wild buffaloes : the wild buffaloes being Nebuchadnezzar and Belshazzar and Abednego, the three absurdly fat and ragged sheep-dog puppies. Another long day he spent at my side while I was fishing in a little loch away amongst the woods—Lochan Macghuilachule. Thence I carried him to the rock-rimmed, silent, and profoundly clear Loch Eunach, and then along six miles of road home. Often he was in 'Russia,' as he said, running for his life before a pack of wolves, represented by Cymro, the Welsh terrier.

Once, and only once in his life, he was punished by me. It also was at Aviemore, in the woods. Some little quarrel had sprung up between him and Jeanie, deep friends as they always were ; and in a fit of passion, as profound as it was rare, he had clutched his sister's hair and taken out a good handful. It came out easily, for she had recently been ill of a fever—a fact which I forgot. I laid the stick across his trousers sharply, three or four times. He neither moved a muscle nor uttered a sound ; and it was then, I think, I first saw his extraordinary power of enduring will. Neither of us forgot the incident ; and neither of us needed to repeat the experience.

By this time he was approaching seven years of age. But we did not trouble him with lessons of any kind. He seemed to be absorbing knowledge fast enough, and, like all true knowledge, it was all 'useful.' I don't remember how or when he learnt his letters—probably in a little school kept by 'dames,' in the West End of Glasgow. There he

went day by day, the little prudent knight of a still smaller little lady, Rosalind Murray, whom he led along the streets in all safety ; and there he modelled clay and wove coloured ribbons of paper, and perhaps awoke that deftness of hand that afterwards was so great.

About this time, one sunny day in May, I took him and his elder brothers and sisters for a 'sail' on the Clyde, in the *Clutha*. It happened to be some town holiday, and the *Clutha* was packed from stem to stern with East-end mothers airing their bairns. I remember unveiling Will from beneath the dirty shawl of an ample woman, and resolving to land the first chance. But we did not land soon enough. We brought home scarlet fever and German measles. The house was turned into a hospital. There was Jeanie and her scarlet fever in charge of Christina Ritchie in one room ; Enid with measles in another under the care of her mother ; and Will with the remnants of both whooping-cough and German measles under my charge in a third. I gave him R. L. Stevenson's *Treasure Island* to read, offering him a shilling as a reward—for he was just spelling his way into a book. But he was entranced, read it through—his first book—and remarked to his mother that he would have read the book for a whipping. The sagacious little man discussed the characters, the relative badness of John Silver and Israel Hands, as if he had been a professor of literature.

This, I believe, gave him his first taste for books. From this time, at any rate, he was ever a reader ; and he read nothing in vain, but always carried away something that had struck his fancy, or tickled his humour, or added to his knowledge of facts.

He was a favourite of 'the Marquess,' the mistress of the infant department of the High School, for he was a quaintly wise and most humorous boy, always taking a calm and friendly view of his surroundings. He was not very fond of games at first, though he became fonder of them as he grew. Once 'the Marquess' found him reading his Bible during the school 'interval,' while the other boys were at play ; and she held him up as a shining example of early piety. But Will explained to his brother Jim, his confidant in all matters, that he was only reading the fighting stories he had come across for himself in preparing

his Bible lessons. For it was his way, not so much to learn his lessons, with their 'notes' and 'spelling,' as to read them right through for the stories, and even the 'facts,' as soon as possible after they were put in his hands. For he had always, from a little child, a hungry mind. No kind of knowledge came amiss to him. He had no need to resolve to read, or to toil for general information. It came as of itself and from every quarter. He pastured on it, rambling everywhere, serenely and most sanely observant. Wherever the conversation turned, while we sat around the table, a happy eight, with Will sitting at his mother's left and my right, between his two brothers, Will followed it, not speaking much nor first, but always adding something none of us knew, or making some quaint and sage reflection, or citing some absurdly humorous observation from some of the boys' papers which he always read. Manysidedness of interest, by which he linked himself to the special pursuits of every one of his brothers and sisters, marked him off from all of us ; and did so more and more as he grew older. But he was never obtrusive. His remark generally came in *last*, to complete the truth about the fact, to pass a judgment, or to touch it with humour. A rich, calm soul, endowed with many mental gifts, was Will's ; a temperament that was naturally friendly to all the world, which never once raised a quarrel, and rarely failed to see that a quarrel need not be. And with it all there was a certain self-sufficingness and plenitude, a rich world of interests all to himself, so full, so complete, so rounded back upon itself in an ordered whole, as to give him a kind of isolation—the isolation of one who was natural heir and happy ruler of a territory that carried all resources within itself, and needed no commerce with what is alien and without.

But I am anticipating, and shall turn back once more upon his early childhood. Of his years in school as he passed from form to form up to the final sixth, I have little to say. He was slow to resent any wrong, or to repel an insult whether from master or comrade : a timid child at first, with a most steady trust in his brother Jim, who ever hovered around him like a small militant providence, ready at once to burst into quick flame and to face any odds 'for Bill.' Jim fought not infrequently when he was small,



and most if not all his fights were 'for Bill'—Bill enduring, enduring with a stoicism that did not know how to break down. A most beautiful partnership this was of the two brothers—an interweaving of two natures, so intimate, running so through every turn and wind of the temperament, that it is yet a marvel to me how the web stands at all for Jim, now that warp and woof have been separated.

Where Jim was, there was Will, as a rule; and where Will was, there was Jim: both leaders and both led. We spoke of the two together as 'the boys,' and 'Jim-and-Will' ran into one word. If they were at times apart, the one always knew where the other was. They occupied the same room at night, studied at the same table in the evenings, shut themselves up in their sanctum, writhed and wrestled together in boy's play: Jim ever the quicker and neater; Will the more original and unexpected in his ways, and sometimes ludicrously clumsy from the failure of some too far-off plan. It was a joint life, their life, its unity deepening as the years passed; but the individuality of each remained complete, for there was no restraint in the partnership. Both borrowed and both gave, and both were trained, strengthened, disciplined in soul and body. If on Will's part there was a wealth of possibilities, manysidedness, a variety of elements, always tranquil, sometimes confused being not yet ordered and compacted, there was on Jim's part a keen-edged directness, a simplicity and straightness like that of a beam of light, a stainless purity of honour, which helped his more complex brother. Natural gentlemen both, I dare to declare—incapable of meanness or unkindness or of little narrow thoughts: the swift alertness and simple decisiveness of the one correcting and corrected, poising and counterpoised by a kind of weighty inevitableness in the other. Oh, yes! it was a tragedy to separate them, even for a time.

Will had a faculty for friendship with adults, a part of his native friendly outlook upon the world of men and things. There was one master, a Mr. Ross (who I believe went as missionary to China), for whom he used to wait after the school closed, in order that they might walk home together. Mr. Ross had noticed Will, when a little fellow, guiding a blind man across the street, and the distance

between child and teacher, too great always where the school is large, melted away. Then, for a time, he walked with his shining morning face with Mr. Baird across the park, amusing and entertaining him with his quaint wisdom and odd bits of information. The friendship was neither cemented nor disturbed by the gift of a watch, which Will wore to the last ; but it flowed on evenly, as was the way with all that belonged to Will. With his uncle John, at Bodgynweh, the friendliness was deeper still—much deeper : idolatrous on his uncle's part, and profoundly affectionate and loyal on Will's. Neither could do wrong in the eyes of the other. His uncle would break into the bedroom in the morning, as if unable to wait for the boys awakening. 'Owain y crys budyr ; cwyd i fyny,' he would shout, quoting from an old Welsh story. 'Be haru ti, 'rhen Grymbo,' was the reply, as Will jumped out of bed on his thin legs. 'Grymbo' is the pet name of his uncle yet, for all the children ; and 'Grymbo' it will remain. They rambled together over the fields, conversing on all things, free, on a common footing of respect and love, both natural, both wise, both humorous. They went together to the fairs, to Talycafn sheep sales, Will herding the sheep on the road, making friends with a random freedom with all the sheep-dogs at the sale, overcoming without effort the surliness even of the most suspicious. And, come back from where they might, they had had a grand day : each had discovered something new and admirable in the other, and their affection was deeper than ever. When we left for Glasgow, some little joke marked the parting of Will and his uncle ; and then there were Will's rare letters, illuminated with little comical drawings, that furnished for his uncle and aunt matter for weeks of admiring talk, and were kept among their treasures.

It was a most happy life at Bodgynweh. Whole days were spent by Will cutting thistles on the steep fields, or making hay ; for he was naturally persevering, and there was not a touch of fitfulness in his ways or caprice in his moods. Indeed, he had no 'moods' in the ordinary sense, but was always tranquil and always well in hand. For days together he would work at a dam in the little streamlet that ran by the house, finding therein some little creatures

of which he had read something, somewhere—guide and leader and consulting adviser for Arthur, and sharer, in a quiet way that never wearied, of his passion for bird and beast. At other times he was ‘beater’ for his brother Harry, arming his knees with newspapers against the prickly gorse: till, at last, he became fond of the gun himself, and would lie in wait for hours for a rabbit and bring it home in triumph if it had been too little wary. Once he brought home four rabbits—poached, as I afterwards learned, though poached under the impression of a farmer’s permit. I can see him yet bringing them in from the back door of the farm, one by one, in order to please and impress his mother and enjoy the full triumph of the chase.

On one occasion I took him alone of the children to Bodgynweh: I believe it was to escape some of the infectious illnesses that come at times on every large family of little children. He had brought mumps with him from Scotland, and I had to leave him in charge of his uncle and grandfather while I went to close the session at Bangor College, and then returned to bring him back to Scotland. His uncle and aunt never ceased to speak of the little fellow’s obedient and quiet good sense when left in their hands without father or mother.

On another occasion I had him and Arthur there. It was during the South African War. There is a field on the farm still known as ‘Mafeking,’ a field high up above the wood, where Will and Arthur toiled for days breaking up branches of trees for a bonfire to celebrate the relief of that village. I remember carrying up food for them, in a tin, as to real workmen in the fields, to their immense joy and pride. Baden-Powell was a great hero for Will at the time, and it was his delight to con the rules that make a scout, and practise the reading of signs and footprints.

Of set games at home in Glasgow there were, for one reason or another, remarkably few amongst my boys; and, while Will joined readily enough in such games, he was no enthusiast, not for football or aught else, as Jim was. He played marbles assiduously enough, especially during the summer we spent at Bouqueron, near Grenoble. There, too, when I recall Bill, I recall Jim: how they went to the Boys’ Lycée down the steep hill every morning on the same

bicycle, the one riding in the saddle and the other on the back-step, and doing it alternately ; how they returned together through the heat, shut out the world when they closed the door in the high wall of the old garden, and set to their games. A time of almost perfect happiness we all had there ; ‘ the boys,’ unlike the girls, being as happy in school as they were at home—Will, in particular, bringing home every now and then some humorous aspect of pupil, teacher, and school life. And we always waited to hear when Will began to recount an experience. No one ever thought of crossing his speech ; for we all knew, without being definitely conscious of it, that he had something to say which was at once wise and droll—the rare boy !

But I return once more to Glasgow, and more especially to his last winter there. I shall miss his companionship in the early mornings, before my eight o’clock lecture and his departure for school. More and more regularly as the winter passed, he came down about seven into the study, made a morning cup of tea and buttered toast, and sat quietly at his geography, or Latin, or Greek, so placid and so companionable. We would not see him again till the late afternoon, when his first greeting always was a tranquil ‘ Well ! Mams ’—even his voice was quiet. He had plenty of a voice, which had become very like Harry’s ; but he had no ear for music—less than any other of the children, perhaps. But none of us will forget to love the sound of his

‘ Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest—  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum ! ’

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as he came down the stairs to breakfast, morning after morning, for quite a long period.

During this last winter, without any deliberate intention, we somehow fell into the way of going all together into the study as soon as dinner was over. There we sat together, I smoking and some of us sipping our coffee, while we all chatted and laughed. Will often slipped away before the rest. He had his lessons, sometimes too many, to prepare in his sanctum ; and, beyond that, he had to secure a



quiet hour or two of reading all by himself in some quiet corner of the drawing- or dining-room. For he was the most assiduous general reader in the family, and the best. He rarely read a book some bit of which did not sink without any effort into his fine natural memory and become part of him, to turn up again just as naturally, to correct or complete or illumine, or to give the humorous touch to our conversation at table. For there was no parade about Will, not the least touch of ostentation, or forwardness, or self-assertion. But the opposite. He came in *last*, always ; and nearly always best. Indeed, so unobtrusive was this gifted boy, so sweet of temperament, so genially interested in all things and persons other than himself, that it is only now, when we have him not, that I am clearly aware of the tranquil beauty of these qualities in the boy. He moved about in his world without ever colliding with any one.

His Friday evenings and his Saturdays he gave to carpentry, of which he was particularly fond. He would work at his bench—a bench given him by his friend Goronwy—till it was far in the night, if he was permitted. And he worked with a will. He had plenty of ‘through-put,’ as the Scotch say : the work seemed to melt away before him, and things seemed to go into their proper places of their own accord—which is ever the true sign of naturally skilful hands. He was not ambitious, but he made what his mother wanted in the way of boxes and other simple articles for the house ; and he presented me and his uncle William with a pipe-rack—the latter somewhat ornate and of Will’s own devising. Many were the happy hours he spent in his workshop, and I can see him now pressing through his task with a kind of solid efficiency that was delightful to observe and watch. And I can recall the readiness with which he would say, ‘*I ’ll do it, Mams,*’ or ‘*I ’ll go, Dads.*’ There was a charming alacrity in his obedience ; and I think that he felt himself to be more or less in charge of anything in the house that needed to be repaired or set right.

Latterly, on Sundays, he had taken to going long walks all alone—walks of twenty or twenty-five miles. He would be first out of bed in the morning, prepare his own breakfast,

and set off to the country with a piece of bread in his pocket, returning late in the afternoon, or early in the evening, after a supremely happy day. He had a very strong love for animals, and would spend hours watching the birds, or the rabbits and hares. But, apart from the route he had followed, he never told us much of what he had seen and heard and thought in his lonely walks.

Between his fondness for reading, and for manual work and long walks, and the share he took in all that interested his brothers and sisters, his life was full to the brim with peaceful enjoyment, like a broad river that filled its banks. He had also, latterly, taken to gymnastics, and was specially good at the gloves—cool, inventive, and of iron endurance. And he was a thoroughly practised swimmer—a well-grown, well-developed, healthy, and most competent boy. In school he was a great favourite. ‘He never passed me,’ said his little cousin, Jimmy Fife, ‘without saying to me something kind or funny.’ In the literary and parliamentary society his humour and his repartee were irresistible attractions to the boys. He was member for the little village in Anglesey which has the longest name in the world; and he insisted on being rightly called by the Speaker. He had quite a real interest in politics, considered himself a ‘Liberal,’ and was stout for his side, revelling in debate.

I do not know what gifts of serious, convincing public speech he possessed. But when he was too small to be shy he was a little given to ‘oratory’: he had, I think, the orator’s imagination, which in merely *thinking* of public speech conjures up an imaginary audience and selects the speaking rather than the writing style. He once asked his mother ‘whether a minister or a professor had to speak most’: he wanted to get the profession where there was most speaking. And he used to give a most ludicrous exposition of ‘The chief in silence strode before.’ Mounted on a chair, with a solemnly humorous little face and a wriggling body, he introduced into his recitation the interchange of noises between an old-fashioned Welsh minister, elder, and audience, which he had heard me imitate. When he was older, though I knew he prepared his debating speeches, and especially those he gave amongst the boys in

school in defence of Free Trade, I heard none of them. He was given, I think, to conceal his shyness and his earnestness under his show of fun; or to run the debate into rollicking absurdity or boyish banter of his opponent.

The variety of Will's interests, his manifold efficiency with head and hands, might have made it difficult to fix upon a profession. His mechanical inventiveness and his delight in making things led me sometimes to ask him if he would care for shipbuilding or naval architecture. But his fondness for books, his intellectual avidity and capacity for absorbing all kinds of information, his love for debate and a certain convincing weightiness of judgment, pointed to the legal profession as his natural province. He would have adopted it, and we would have put up with some little straining, if necessary, in order to equip Will fully for the bar. I had dreams of wide influence for Will, and indulged at times in hopes for him beyond the bar. I thought of him as a worker for the public good, devoted to social service. His natural sense of justice, his sympathy and chivalrous readiness to defend the weak, his calm breadth of judgment, and a certain emotional profundity rarely stirred but, when stirred, stirred massively like a deep ocean, and finding utterance, on these rare occasions, in a restrained silence as well as in impressive speech—all these qualities, I fondly believed, pointed him out as a captain in the service of men. I thought of him as the actual doer of the social work I can only see to *need* doing, and as beating some far wider music out than was ever given to me to do. He promised to be first my companion, the sharer of my better projects, then my guide, and last of all my stay. And his mother looked to having in Bill, if her own home were ever stripped bare of those she loved, a quiet shelter for her declining years; for his hearth, she assumed as a matter of course, would be a 'laund place.' During the last few months, before I left home to lecture in Oxford, there was clearly forming a deep intimacy between me and the boy. An unjust letter, in which he was charged, at the instance of a neurotic and stupid master, with not doing as well as he might in school, had drawn us closer together. An incident which might easily have been mishandled and led to revolt and mischief we dealt with together—he and

Jim and I. And as a result he gathered his strength together with a calm resoluteness, took a deep dive into his work, that promised, I believe, a college career, especially in literature and philosophy, of unusual brilliancy, and a great, strong after-life of devoted service to his times. Mr. Bowman, who coached him just at this time, discovered these endowments and shared my illusions, if illusions they were.

But none of these things was to be. One morning, the 23rd of April, we parted lightly, like two chums—he for school, and I for Oxford. The next time there was naught for me to see but the broad, white, cold brow—my boy, and *not* my boy! On Wednesday the 23rd of May, at noon, he returned from school in great pain. His brother Jim, who for the last three weeks had been alone with him at No. 1 The College, suspected appendicitis, and his suspicion was confirmed by Dr. M'Gregor Robertson's assistant, Dr. Robertson himself being away from home at the time. On Sunday evening the 27th of May, just before eight o'clock, he passed away without having received from me even the one word of encouraging love which I had time to send.

From Saturday the 19th of May to Monday morning the 21st, he had been with his mother and sisters and his brother Arthur at Birkhill, Lesmahagow, where Jeanie lay ill with pleurisy, superadded to her great weakness after a serious operation. He rose early to go by train, preferring the longer ride on his bicycle through the morning sweetness to Lesmahagow, to the shorter journey to Coleburn station, for he was in utter fullness of health and peaceful joy. The next time his mother saw him he was in the nursing home.

And now, what more shall I say, sitting amidst mysteries, as in the depths of a great ocean that washes eternally around my little life and my whole world with its things of space and time, all marked with change and mortality? Not 'Nothing,' though speech and thought must fail: not 'Nothing.' For the mystery veritably is not the black darkness that swallows up; it is rather a twilight that suggests and suggests—suggests some unimaginable 'becoming,' a movement *through* being and not-being, of a



reality into which death fits, within which it finds its own proper place—a place that is quite subordinate, just the pause of silence implying sound ; the discord, the temporary sundering of elements meant to be in harmony, as they move into resolution in the music of eternity, the chorus of all being, the vibrant glory of God's own infinite nature, which is all Love and Wisdom, one unspeakable Beauty.

I see my boy as part of a world-whole, all sane, all ordered in goodness and in a wisdom deep as the foundations of eternity. He was, if you will, a mere breaking wavelet, or a frail bubble, on the surface of an ocean whose waters submerge space and time, shoreless for ever, and never resting. But 'the ocean' is more than an ocean—it is God ; and my lad was more than a bubble—he was a living personality, an incarnation, in his degree, of God's own nature. I turn my back on metaphors that lower spirit to the level of the things of sense. For Nature is not dead, nor are its changes the swinging and breaking of senseless waves. It is spirit incarnate, spirit breaking into manifestations, like a sunbeam into rainbow colours, caught up by the senses and lifted into significance for the mind, purpose for the adventurous will, emotion that gives the worth of things and melts them into unity with the soul and the soul with itself. And Spirit, the Spirit which is eternal, immeasurable God, knows its way ; it does not fail, nor pause for death. Death lies in the hollow of His hand, a tame thing and obedient. He guides His own through *Death* : through Death after Death, into Life after Life. And who is not His own ?

I see my boy prepared in the womb of things, led through form after form, from stage to stage of being, amidst the low roots of things, emerging ever with some new possibility from some dumb experience deeper than sleep ; and at last appearing, not as Nature, but as Spirit, awake and purposive, filled with derived instincts, treasured possibilities, now to break forth into the light of open day, to learn a new communion with the God who guided him through all the darkness of unconscious being. Evolution may be a temporary toy for the growing intellect of man, by which he learns for a little while the uses of his mind, to be broken yet and cast aside. But when it is cast aside by man

matured, its use, its truth, will remain. It will have left some deeper trust, some clearer view of the stages of the great history through which the life of man is led unerringly—thus far, and how much further ?

It is this Spirit-World that I feel all around me when I think of my lad, and which altogether prevents me from calling him 'lost.' It is the living God whose breath moves through human life, like the breeze in a wide forest, stirring its innumerable leaves into the murmur of shoreless music. I am content : I have him yet. We may meet again ; for God does not fail, nor spill. I witnessed the dawning blush of a radiant manhood in the boy, the timid peep of a glorious day. If the mist came and surrounded him, will the mist not lift ? What is it but a cloud ? And clouds flee—leaving the sun one brightness.

It is mere hypothesis, you will say, the mere fiction of a stricken heart seeking solacement for its wounds. And that is true. But the hypothesis of hopelessness is also hypothesis and nothing more ; and it has naught to rest upon except the despair that will not see for its impatient tears beyond the surface show of things. In all other matters which concern man, does he not repudiate surface show and first appearances ? What is knowledge and the sum of all its conquests, or what is morality and its deepening experience of what is right, except one continuous detection of the falsity of what comes first, and the substitution for it of a hidden, more permanent real—of forces that do not pass, of reality that persists through every change, of laws that hold, of rightness that is like the everlasting mountains ? Looking at death I claim the same right of the intelligent and moral spirit : the right to look behind the appearance to that which ever *is*. And I refuse to call it final.

I shall raise a stone that shall commemorate the broken life. It will speak to those who pass of naught but longing sorrow. But in my heart of hearts I shall raise another stone : my 'Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' This little life that is rounded by a sleep, this round earth and all its dumb significance, this real realm of being veiled in the unreality of time and space, shall be for me the meeting-place, on an eternal journey, of souls that

communed with one another, that learned from each other and taught each other the mystery of love, and that may meet again at some higher stage on the spiritual way which knows no end.

I trust God, for He is very great, and I do not fear at all. I have my boy yet : not in memory only, not in an experience more ripely mellowed by the dew and rain and heat : I have him travelling with me, a bairn amidst my bairns, growing with them, though beyond the veil, and, in all probability, called to some fairer way of life, to show forth some new aspect of the powers that lie in spirit, folded here, like the rose in the closed bud.

Till we meet again, then, my beloved boy, in God's own way and in God's own time !

## APPENDIX

### LIST OF CHIEF PUBLICATIONS

#### Books :—

- Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher.* Maclehose, 1891.  
*The Philosophy of Lotze.* Maclehose, 1895.  
*Scottish Education Reform* (jointly with Dr. C. M. Douglas).  
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*Idealism as a Practical Creed.* Maclehose, 1909.  
*The Working Faith of the Social Reformer.* Macmillan, 1910.  
*Social Powers.* Macmillan, 1913.  
*Philosophical Landmarks.* Rice Institute, Houston, Texas. 1915.  
*Principles of Citizenship.* Macmillan, 1919.  
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 J. H. Muirhead). Maclehose, 1921.  
*A Faith that Enquires* (Gifford Lectures). Macmillan, 1922.  
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*Social Responsibilities.* Maclehose, 1906.  
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*The Idealism of Jesus.* 'Hibbert Journal' (Supplementary Volume, 1909).  
*Tennyson.* (Centenary Lecture to the British Academy.) 'Hibbert Journal,' January 1910.  
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